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[FASCINATION.]

THE WARNING VOICE.

By the Author of "Mrs. Larkell's Boarding School," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

For I am sick and capable of tears:
A woman naturally born to fears:
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

King John.

DORA REDGRAVE cordially welcomed her brother back to town.

At first she was half frightened at his very speedy return. She remembered the letter she had written, and feared lest he had come inflamed with some desperate feeling toward the Donna Ximena de Cordova. One glance at his face reassured her; she saw nothing very ferocious in its expression, and so throw herself into his arms in a charming sisterly fashion, which was irresistible.

"I wouldn't have asked you to come up, Ormond," she said; "but it is very dull out of the season, you know, and I was really getting alarmed."

"About that woman?" he interrupted, firing up.

"Hush! Pray don't," said Dora, glancing timidly round, as if she expected to encounter the dark face over her shoulder.

"Why, you're not really afraid of her, Dora?" the brother asked, holding the fair girl at arm's length, and gazing into her open, ingenuous face.

"No. No, I won't say afraid," she replied; "but isn't it strange, Ormond, that she still remains here? That she has no communications from her business-people? And what I told you of that midnight adventure—was it not mysterious and suspicious?"

"I tell you what!" said Ormond, firmly, "there must be an end of this. I've been a fool; but what I did was done with a good motive, and I'll take care that it shan't be abused. I've come back almost entirely with that object."

"I am so glad!" cried Dora.

And there the conversation dropped.

In the course of it there were two noticeable points. Free and unreserved as the communication between the brother and sister appeared to be, both kept something in the background, and what was concealed was the true motive of action on both sides.

Ormond said not a word about his feelings toward Beatrice Ingarstone. He did not confide to Dora that it had been a point of honour with him to leave the house glorified by her presence, lest he might be tempted to forget her position in relation to Andrew Nolan. Nor did he add that it was the effect that Dora's letter about Donna Ximena produced on Beatrice which decided him to come to town instantly—without a moment's delay.

These were hardly facts to be told, even to a sister.

And, on her part, Dora did not mention the young lord, who had visited her more frequently than was absolutely necessary; and least of all did she feel herself bound to confess that the sight of Cecil Ingarstone and the donna together, in the park, had influenced her more than anything else in longing to see the last of their distinguished visitor.

All of us have our secrets. We are apt to give but half-confidences in our most confiding moments. Ormond and Dora only shared a weakness common to humanity.

After this hurried interview, Ormond hastened to pay his respects to his mother.

Lady de Redgrave was, as we have stated, an invalid, seldom able to quit her room. She was a fine type of the English matron in advanced life. The old Frenchwoman is either a ridiculous manufacture made up of false hair, false teeth, false bloom, false sentiment, false manners, and false morals, or she is simply hideous—sallow, dirty, and repulsive. Lady de Redgrave was seventy years of age, and was almost as pleasant an object to look on as her daughter Dora. Her refined, aristocratic features retained their freshness and purity. She wore her own hair, and it was white and glistening as spun-glass; and as it parted over her temples in bands, with a natural wave in them, it was positively beautiful. Then she had a bright grey eye—once blue, but now faded—and a pure skin: her hands, always carefully tended, were white and

soft as those of a child; and she dressed with perfect neatness and cleanliness, and with just such an approach to the prevailing mode as good taste dictated.

Ormond Redgrave admired his mother as much as he loved her, while on her part she absolutely doted on her brave, handsome, noble son.

As he entered the room, her ladyship's face expanded with a smile of delight.

"Ormond!" she cried, "Back so soon! I did not even expect you."

"It was time, mother, was it not?" he replied.

And, observe, he called her "mother." He was a lord's son, and educated on the highest models, yet he did not address his lady-mother as "ma," after the affected fashion of the day. He felt the superior beauty of that noble old English word "mother!" it expressed, as his heart told him, a hundred times as much as the petty French substitute which people consider more genteel. But then he was a gentleman, and so he had no ambition to be genteel.

A warm, passionate embrace was the mother's reply to her son's question.

Then he sat down, and they talked of many things, but chiefly of what had been happening at Ingarstone. The lady was curious to learn every particular, and Ormond was too good a son to deny her that gratification. He told her the story from first to last.

"And what is your opinion of Nolan's guilt?" his mother inquired, when she had heard all.

"Oh, I hardly know; and surely it doesn't much matter," was his careless answer.

"Not matter! You forget, Ormond, it must be of the very last importance to Ingarstone's daughter. Think of her feelings, poor girl!"

Ormond coloured at the allusion to Beatrice.

"I have, mother," he replied; "and my own opinion is that she ought to be very thankful for the turn things have taken. It was her own fault. She had no business to have encouraged a mere nobody."

"He was an admiral's son, you say."

"Yes, yes; but what of that? Fifty admirals wouldn't make ancestry. What would a pedigree be, all admirals, even if it could be shown that the first

admiral of the blue intermarried with the family of the first admiral of the red, and that the blood of the first admiral of the white flowed in the veins of their descendants? It is blood, mother, pure blood to which a man must look; and what right had Beatrice Ingarstone to think of a fellow who, if you cut him, would ooze tar, not blood?"

Lady de Redgrave did not smile at the jest.

There came over her intelligent face a serious, not to say, pained expression.

Ormond looking up, saw it, and it recalled a startling memory. Just such an expression had his mother's face worn when, years ago, at Eton, he had inquired why he, the descendant of a Saxon race, had raven hair and black eyes?

And as on that occasion, so now, she sought to conceal her emotion.

"Birth is a great gift, Ormond," she said: "but we must not be ungenerous or unjust. Many a good and honest man has been unable to trace his pedigree back even to the Commonwealth."

Ormond impatiently expressed his dissent.

"I hate a parvenu!" he cried, rising, and going to the window.

"We must not be too intolerant," said her ladyship, quietly.

"As to that, we at least can afford to take the highest ground on that score," answered Ormond, impatiently.

"Well, well, at all events, I greatly sympathize with Lady Beatrice, and sincerely trust that Nolan may prove his innocence, and so restate himself in her favour."

Ormond turned sharply from the window.

"Why, you don't think that she would ever consent to receive his advances again?" he asked.

"Certainly—if she loves him."

How simple were those words! Yet Ormond Redgrave turned again to the window, and putting up his hand, leant his brow against it, heart-sick. "If she loved him," ~~that~~ was the point. He had been rash. He had assumed too much. Because he despised Nolan, thought him a criminal, and called him a parvenu, he had jumped to the conclusion that Beatrice must, on a sudden, see with his eyes and share his feelings. His mother's words put the matter in its true light. "If she loved him," she would undoubtedly act, not as he, Ormond, had taken it for granted that she would, but as a true, generous, loving woman must feel herself compelled to do.

"If she loved him!" That was, indeed, the question.

After that remark, Ormond Redgrave had no heart to continue the interview. He quitted the window, pressed a kiss on his mother's cheek, and strode out of the room.

Lady de Redgrave waited till the door was closed; then, dropping upon a sofa, she buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, my poor, proud boy!" she moaned. "Heaven grant that he may never gain an inkling of the truth! With me alone the secret lives: with me it dies. May a Merciful Power grant that my mind may cultivate my body, and that I may know to the last that I have never divulged even a hint of the truth that would be his death."

Such was the mother's prayer!

CHAPTER XXI. CRITICAL MOMENTS.

With upturned look toward his darkening face,
She stood beside him with a studied grace,
All purity without, all guilt within—
A lovely image of incarnate sin. *Anon.*

GREATLY perturbed in mind, Ormond Redgrave quitted his mother's chamber. He could hardly himself tell how it was that he was so moved. The thought of Beatrice's love for Nolan was not a new one: the fact that he was her accepted suitor presupposed it. Why, then, did it so disturb him?

He asked this question of himself.

"Fahaw! All's clear enough," he exclaimed, answering his own query aloud. "It's my being away from Ingarstone that does it. While I was there, I had no fears: I was satisfied with Beatrice, and myself; but once away, and I don't know what may happen."

Gloomy and depressed, he returned to the drawing-room.

Dora was not there.

But, as he entered, another figure rose majestically, and confronted him.

It was the Donna Ximena de Cordova. She looked magnificent and queenly. Her style of dress was always such as to display her beautiful face and superb figure to the very best advantage. On this occasion, she seemed to have outdone herself in the arts of the toilet. She wore a dress of purple moire, with square body and ample sleeves, and so voluminous in train,

that she appeared to rise out of a shimmering, rustling sea of dress. Her hair—which, in addition to being jet in colour, was so voluminous, that, unrolled, it would have descended to the knees—she had, as usual, arranged in a Spanish fashion, without ornaments, except that one star of diamonds glittered in the night of blackness which formed its background.

"Mr. Redgrave!" cried the lady, rising, with well-assumed astonishment. "You have returned to town?"

"Only for a few days," he replied, quietly, returning the shake of her proffered hand with a frigid pressure.

"It is enough that you have come!" cried the lady, with warmth. "I am so delighted. It seems an age since you left us; and what an adventure you have had! All your life is one long series of adventures—one acted romance. Didn't we say so on board the yacht?"

"We talked an infinite deal of nonsense on board, I'm afraid," said the young man, struggling hard to maintain his sterner indifference, and to overcome a certain fascination which this woman always exercised over him directly he found himself in her presence. "I should be sorry to have to repeat a tithe of it."

"Yet you seemed very happy," she said, plaintively.

"Happy! oh, yes, I was happy enough. It is in my nature to be happy in congenial society," he replied; "but you can quite understand that more serious matters have driven all our nonsense out of my head."

The beautiful woman still retained his hand; her dark eyes seemed looking into his very soul; her fragrant breath was warm upon his cheek; and he was conscious of the pervading presence of high-born beauty, which always acted like a spell upon him.

The donna knew all this.

She was distinctly conscious of the influence she was exercising over the young man, as she responded in a soft, melting voice:

"But you do not regret those hours?"

"No; I think of them only as a dream."

"From which the awakening was very pleasant?"

"From which it was, at least, necessary to awake. The temptation to wander in the border-lands of romance, to give ourselves up to the influence of our feelings, and all that sort of thing, was very great, and the result very charming—while it lasted. But the moment we touched land, the hard stern realities of life aspersed the delusions of romance. We awoke; the past was nothing—and now as to the future."

The beautiful donna dropped the hand which had rested so listlessly in hers, and a heavy sigh escaped her.

"It is ever so," she murmured.

The brow of Ormond Redgrave knotted into a frown.

"Of what do you complain?" he asked.

"No; understand me—I do not complain," Donna Ximena replied. "It is the fault of my own over-sensitive, over-poetical nature. It is the penalty which those of my temperament always incur. We are like flowers that open our hearts freely, generously, to the first gleam of sunshine; and it is ever succeeded by the chill wind or the nipping frost. No, Ormond, no; I do not complain. I do not blame you. It is my own unfortunate nature that I grieve over; my foolish susceptibility—that eager longing for sympathy which always ends in disappointment and pain. I had no right to yield myself up to the enchantment of those moments. I had no right to revel in the intoxication of those dreams; or if I did, I ought to have remembered that they were 'dreams,' not realities, and that they must be succeeded by the inevitable awakening. I do not murmur—I do not upbraid; but even you will sympathize with me in the weakness which makes the recollection of those hours very precious, yet very bitter, to me!"

What could he answer?

Those large, melting eyes were already luminous with tears. Besides, the point of what she had said was not to be mistaken: it was full of flattery for him; and what handsome young fellow—or ugly young fellow, either, for that matter—can resist the insidious flattery of a woman's beautiful lips? Ormond was only human, and he acted as most of us would act under similar circumstances. Five minutes before, he had intended to give his guest a short, sharp, unmistakable message, such as would lead to her speedy departure; and now he took a chair, and yielded himself up to the fascinations of the eyes.

"I don't know that I quite comprehend you," he ventured to remark; "but if you are unhappy, you have my very deepest sympathy."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" she cried, spasmodically.

And she clutched his hand again. She held it tightly in one of hers—in one that was white, and soft, and pulpy; that had dimpled knuckles, and the rougiest of almond-shaped nails.

"I am neither stern nor cold—" the young man was about to say.

"You are an angel of goodness!" cried the donna. "At least, I should be very sorry to have been the means of inflicting pain on you. And I may have done so unconsciously. Those hours on board the yacht were delightful."

"They were heavenly!" she interposed.

"Enchanting!" he admitted; "and I am not apt to exercise much control over my feelings, or over my tongue; and I may—I freely confess it—I may have exaggerated my sentiments, and led you on to believe that I was more in earnest than I was, or more than I did; but as I was saying, if this was the case, I am very sorry for it, and I shall be only too glad to make you all the reparation in my power."

The donna smiled on him through her tears.

That April expression of face became her, and was most bewitching. And it happened, somehow, that she did not hold his hand, but he held hers, white and soft and pulsating, in his grasp, as she replied:

"This moment atones for all! Oh, Ormond, do not misjudge me, or think lightly of me. Among the attributes of high birth—as you know but too well—there is always given us a pride that is poisonous in its constitution, and a depth of feeling such as others make no pretension to. These constitute a fatal dowry, to my own more especially. These lead us into error, and torture us with unnecessary pain. But I have no right to trouble you with those things. I cannot know why I did so, except it was that at the sight of you all the happiness of the past seemed to rush into my mind in contrast to the and present and the perplexing future."

"Do not think that you bore me," said Ormond, with perfect truth, his words reflecting his thoughts at that moment. "I owe you many delightful hours, and your face can never become a matter of indifference to me."

"Ah! you have not forgotten, then?"

"Forgotten!"

"That night, that delicious night, in which we experienced the mingled delight of moonlight, love, and song! What a magical beauty rested on the sea that night! How the spirit of love trembled in the very air! And our voices—how soft, and low, and tremulous with passion they were, as they blended in the delicious strains attuned to your own words—to your own words, Ormond—and, oh, their beauty! Never did the feelings of an impassioned nature, a love-burdened heart, a burning, tumultuous ecstasy of being find such an expression! I listened with my very soul. I yielded myself up to the enchantment of the hour; my bosom experienced a fresh sensation, new life thrilled through my veins; divinely kindled fire throbbled in all my pulses. I blushed, I trembled, I was consumed with heat, I was dissolved in celestial languor. I no longer thought or reasoned—I was all feeling, passion, and delirium; in a word, I loved!"

Ormond Redgrave started. He could hardly credit the words to which he listened.

But his palm still grasped the white hand which seemed to dissolve into it.

And the luminous eyes were bent on his face, full of an inexhaustible tenderness. And the fragrant breath was still glowing upon his burning cheek. And he forgot the strangeness of the confession in his sense of the beauty of the woman who uttered it.

"That was indeed a night!" he cried.

"And we believed that it was but one of many!" exclaimed Ximena.

"Our wishes were the prophets of the hour."

"Yes—as if such moments ever repeat themselves!" cried the beautiful woman, in a mournful tone.

"Seldom—very seldom," Ormond replied.

"Never."

"Happiness is protean. It takes innumerable forms," said the young man.

"Pleasure does," replied Ximena; "but happiness—the heart knows it once, and but once. It may know it for years; for the presence of the loved and loving one is a perpetual Paradise; but, once lost, it is never revived. The dream once fled, we awake, and all is over."

"Ximena!" cried Ormond, surprised into speaking by the woman's earnestness, and by the mournful—the almost bitter tone of her remarks. "You are unhappy?"

"At this moment—no. No, no!"

And a heavenly smile came into the face but so earnestly upon her own.

"But you are. I am sure of it; and your words convince me that I am to an extent responsible for your wretchedness. How sincerely I regret this, words cannot express. Till this moment it never occurred to me that I had gone so far as to endanger your peace. I did not mean to do it. Nothing was

farther from my intentions. But I made, I fear, a terrible mistake. I regarded you as a woman of the world, as one of the queens of society, whose experience was both a safe guard and a warrant for freedom of speech, and liberality of sentiment. But I forget that a woman of the world is still a woman, and that a queen is still herself; her nature unchanged by the diadem that encircles her brow. In this I was to blame. You were my guest, and it was for me to have respected your condition. If unconsciously I failed to do so, if I have been the means of bringing you unhappiness, I must entreat you to forgive me."

"Ormond," murmured the lady, in a low tone, "do you think I regret the past?"

"You do not?" he exclaimed.

"No. Not for one moment have I wished that we had never met, or that we had never spent the hours in which we indulged in those ecstatic dreams."

"Your words re-assure me," Ormond answered.

"The satisfaction of finding a congenial soul, and a sympathetic heart like yours could not be too dearly purchased. Nor have I any fears as to the future."

Ormond started.

The delusion to which he was rapidly lending himself seemed to vanish with the utterance of these words.

They were little in accordance with the feelings which had influenced his being during the past fortnight, and seemed to jar upon his sensitive organization. He thought of Beatrice Ingarstone, of the suspicious his sisters entertained of the Donna Ximena, and the fascinations of the latter were at an end.

She did not perceive this—or, if she did, she did not care to notice it; and still grasping his hand, still gazing with rapt eyes into his face, she repeated:

"No, I have no fears—none whatever. It was present unhappiness alone that I deplored. After such intercourse as ours, your absence left a blank in my life which nothing could fill. It was the force of contrast. It was what all of us—all our feeble sex—feel in the absence of those to whom they become attached, and it is that which makes them so exacting."

"That is to be regretted," said Ormond, in a tone very different to the one in which he had been speaking; "because I cannot hope to favour you with much of my society for some time to come. It was, in fact, that which I wanted to speak to you about."

For a moment, and only a moment, a lightning glance shot through the black night of those half-veiled orbs with which the donna regarded her victim.

And in that instant she half withdrew her hand, but instantly corrected the movement.

"You are going away again?" she asked.

"Yes. You know what has occurred?"

"About the murder at Ingarstone?"

"And the part I have taken in it. The hasty and not otherwise part you will perhaps say?"

"Why, what could you do?" said the donna, applying a delicate touch of flattery; "as a true, brave, honest man, what other course could you take? When I heard what had happened, I said: 'It is so like him!'"

"Well, well; at all events, this will compel me to return to Ingarstone, and at once. The thing is too serious for me to throw it up, or neglect it, and much as I should have liked to have extended my hospitality to you—"

"I understand," cried Ximena, hastily, "No apology, pray. You have done me a great service by permitting me to remain your guest until my affairs were settled. That is now, happily, accomplished. I was about to inform your sister that my agents have discharged their duties, and that the mansion secured for me in Belgravia, is ready for my reception."

Ormond was fairly checkmated.

He had returned home with the intention of turning an adventures out of his house, and he found her about to take her leave in a manner which disarmed all suspicion and renewed her claims on his attentions.

He could but express his delight at the settlement of the lady's affairs.

"Oh, you are so good, so kind!" she replied in a rapture.

"Not at all," he murmured.

"Oh, but you are—goodness, kindness, itself. And you will come and see me? And will still give me the advantage of your business habits and experience in my affairs. You will promise this, won't you?"

She bent towards him with an earnest face, a panting bosom, and spoke in a tone of melancholy pleading that went to his heart. It was as if the beautiful woman felt that the whole happiness of her life hung on the answer to his question.

That answer was never given.

At that critical juncture, the door of the drawing-room was stealthily opened; and when they looked up, they perceived that a man had entered, and was standing gazing upon them, with amazement depicted in

his face, while his manner betrayed the utmost nervousness and irresolution.

"Be,—beg pardon, don't y' know. Ten thousand pardons, I say, don't y' know," stammered the intruder.

"Who are you, sir? and what are you doing here?" demanded Ormond, rising fiercely, and moving toward the man.

"My name? Well known name—legal circles—Flacker," said the other, speaking, as usual, in disjointed sentences, which he seemed to jerk out of his throat by means of a prominent "Adam's apple" that worked up and down in it.

"One moment, Ormond!" exclaimed the donna, clutching at the young man's arm as if she feared that he might wreak summary vengeance on the intruder.

"It is quite right. This is my lawyer—my man of business."

Ormond eyed the visitor thus self-introduced with anything but favour.

It was rather a critical moment to have been intruded on by a legal man.

Besides, he did not like the expression that played over those malicious features.

"You will not leave us to-night?" he said, holding out his hand to the lady.

"No; not to night."

And Ormond Redgrave quitted the apartment, leaving Donna Ximena de Cordova in secret conference with the man whom we last saw conducting himself so strangely in Tim Holt's prison cell.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST DOOR SHUT.

She should have died hereafter.

Macbeth.

It was with astonishment that Beatrice had heard of the abrupt departure of Ormond Redgrave.

With astonishment—with pain—with a numbing chilliness which in the heart of the young is so often prophetic of evil.

And yet she argued with herself that she was not altogether sorry, and that it was, after all, better that it should have happened so.

This conclusion she arrived at after a night of anxious thought and heart-searching investigation.

Not for an instant throughout that long night had she forgotten the face of Andrew Nolan, as she saw it white in the moonlight, nor the expression of those terribly despairing eyes of his; nor had there ceased to ring in her ears the cruel, reproachful tones in which he had spoken to her in the garden.

And she had said:

"I have no right to deal with this man more harshly than the world deals with him. That holds him innocent until his guilt is proved. It is content to await the event, and surely I—I should be the last to condemn him upon mere surmise. More than this, far—far more, it would be wrong—it would be wicked did I seize the pretext of a mere accusation to free myself from an engagement on which the happiness of another's life, as well as my own, may depend."

So she had prayed heaven that she might have strength of mind to resist the great temptation which she felt had come upon her, and to do her duty simply and bravely as became a woman, let the loss to herself be what it might.

Her feelings were, it may be seen, the exact counterpart of those of Ormond Redgrave, and found expression in almost similar words. The only difference between them was, that Beatrice regarded Nolan in a tender and sympathetic light; to which the other was of course a stranger.

At times she believed she loved him; it might have been the mere force of habit; but if so, that had grown very strong upon her; and more especially in the silence and desolation of that night all the fondness and admiration which he had inspired, all his fine personal qualities, all the shining points in his character, came upon her with unwonted force, and her heart pleaded for Nolan, as it had seldom done, even from the first.

It is not impossible that that story of the young Lord Cecil might have had something to do with bringing about this result. The fair girl would not have owned, even to herself, the influence of the feeling of jealousy; but she could scarcely forget that none of the excitements of the previous night had affected her so strongly as the narrative of Redgrave's romantic attentions to the Donna Ximena de Cordova.

It was on learning that he had extended to that woman the hospitality of his mansion in May Fair, that she had fainting.

That Redgrave should have gone so abruptly, so contrary to his half promise (a fact which she learned on descending to the breakfast parlour in the morning), seemed a naturally startling climax to the emotions of that distressing night.

Lord Cecil, who informed her of the fact, saw with surprise how greatly it moved her.

"Did he leave no message?" she inquired; "no word in parting?"

"None," said the youth, who was of a gay and sprightly turn. "I thought you got over all that in the garden last night."

At the mention of the garden, all the colour died out of her face.

"Business might have called him away," she faltered, trying to avoid the subject of the over-night.

"Certainly. Business or pleasure, or love, for the matter of that. If love and pleasure are not one and the same thing."

She did not answer him; but moved to her seat at the head of the breakfast table.

The breakfast was laid as usual, in what was called the armoury. It was a grim and gloomy apartment, of dark oak, the walls and floor being polished up to a highly uncomfortable extent. Trophies of armour, and weapons of remote fashions, gleamed upon the walls, and formed their only relief.

But in the midst of this gloom, the breakfast-table formed a bright, shining spot, which the morning sun, creeping in through swaying ivy, which formed a natural curtain to the windows, seemed to single out, and to delight in illuminating. It glowed upon the antique silver, upon the huge urn, and reflected itself on every liquid in forms that danced and shimmered on the walls.

Breakfast was laid for three; but the chair set on the right of Beatrice for Lord Ingarstone remained, as it very often did, during the morning meal, unoccupied.

To this circumstance the young lord was about to advert in his jocular way, when a servant entered with a tray, on which was a visiting card.

"For my lord," he said, hesitating.

"Important?" asked Cecil, carelessly.

The man looked from the speaker to his mistress, and back again in an irresolute manner; then, as the easiest way of getting over an unpleasantness in his own mind, handed the young lord the card.

"What is this?" said Cecil, reading:—"Mr. ANDREW NOLAN. What on earth—"

Any further exclamation was stopped by a cry which burst from his sister's lips.

Looking up, he saw that her face was quite rigid, and that she had risen to her feet.

"What does this mean, Beatrice?" he asked.

Apparently, she did not hear him; but with an endeavour to suppress all appearance of emotion, she forced herself to enquire whether Mr. Nolan waited.

She was informed that he did.

"And he desires to speak with my father?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady."

"Good! You will show him in."

The domestic retired.

"This is very extraordinary, Beaty," the young lord began.

"Cecil," she interrupted, in a deep and earnest manner, "will you leave me but for a few minutes. Will you oblige me this once?"

Astonished alike at her manner and her request, the fond brother, nevertheless, did not think of opposing her wishes.

With a sigh of relief, Beatrice found herself alone. A few moments of quiet concentrative thought were necessary to her.

She had formed a quick purpose—formed it as she had heard her lover's name uttered.

She had determined to see him.

That parting of the over-night was not such as she could permit. It was a wrong to Nolan; it was a still greater wrong to herself—to her own high, womanly character.

She seized this opportunity to repair it.

As the door opened, Nolan entered the apartment in a quick agitated manner. He raised his eyes, expecting to encounter those of Lord Ingarstone, and he started and crimsoned as he saw the face of the Lady Beatrice, and understood the trick which had been played upon him.

"You have done this to mock me," he said.

The pained expression of her pale face—the involuntary clinging together of her lithe fingers, was in itself an answer.

But she also replied in a low, faint voice:

"Not to mock you, Andrew, I do you justice."

"Justice!" he echoed, scornfully; "I have had enough of justice—of this kind of justice—God help me!"

"Andrew," said Beatrice, approaching him—"pray you, listen to me. I did not know when we might meet again, or how many painful hours might intervene before I could say to you what I have it in my heart to say; and that is why I have deceived you into seeing me. My father will be here directly; but before he comes, pray let me tell you this. Our interview of last night pained me cruelly—not from the words you used, bitter and reproachful as those words were, but

because it was possible for you to use them and for me to be wounded by them."

He would have spoken; but she motioned him to silence, and went on:

"In all this wretched business—in all the miserable events of these few weeks—it has been my struggle, and it has not been a light one, to hold myself rigidly free from every feeling but a strict sense of duty. On the one hand I have placed the honour of my family, and the sacred memory of my most unhappy sister; and upon the other the obligations which I owed to you, and which you have the greatest right to expect that I should not overlook. It may have been difficult for a young and inexperienced woman to have acted always with the nicest regard to all these considerations; but I have tried to do so, I have prayed to do so, and there is in my heart no accusing voice warning me that I have failed. Andrew, I have respected your love and your honour. I have confidence in your innocence; and should that be demonstrated, it will not be my fault if all between us is not as it was before. This is my answer to your words of last night; and having said this—"

He interrupted her.

A rapturous look lit up his wasted features.

"Having said this," he cried, "you have filled me with hope—you have given me a new life—you have dispelled illusions which prompted me to utter words of madness. Led by appearances, I believed that you not only held me guilty, but had unjustly pronounced me criminal, without proof and without commiseration."

"And you are now convinced," she said, "that it was not I by whom an injustice was done?"

"Can I doubt it?" he replied. "Can I fail to see that it is I who have been the offender?"

"As to Redgrave—"

"Spare me," he interposed; "I was cruel—I forgot myself. Led away by idle rumour and my own jealous fancies, I last night uttered words which I can never enough deplore—since they were so unjust to you, and caused you such unhappiness. If you will but forget them?"

She was about to answer.

The sound of the hasty opening and closing of a door interrupted them.

"It is my father."

With a natural impulse, he held out his hand in the act of bidding her adieu.

And she—did she take it? That hand perhaps stained with her sister's blood!

No; she could not!

She gazed at the extended hand, and half advanced her own to meet it. Then paused, shuddered, and drew back.

The action was almost imperceptible; but he saw it!

"God help me!" he cried, as pressing his hands to his brow, he staggered from the apartment.

From the house itself, too, he beat a quick impulsive retreat. What had passed had been too much. He felt himself unequal to an interview with Lord Ingarstone. Perhaps the few words which his daughter had uttered had indeed rendered it unnecessary.

The beautiful, fresh air of the morning cheered and refreshed him, as he hurried through the park.

It seemed to bestow new life—to give an elation and elasticity to which he had long been a stranger.

"She is not false—not false!" he burst out, again and again, uttering the words aloud, in the fulness of his satisfaction. "She still loves me—she may yet be mine!—yes, mine—mine—if I can only clear away this cloud which threatens me—if I can but prove that I am, as I know myself to be, innocent of this crime."

Instigated by this new and irrepressible feeling which had suddenly taken possession of him, his brain worked with strange intensity. He reviewed again and again, with lightning rapidity, the circumstances of his position.

Hitherto a dull despair had alternated with a haunting jealousy, and these combined caused him to drift into sullen recklessness. Now there was fresh impulse for action—there was ground for hope—spur to exertion. Life seemed worth saving, since, if saved, it might be crowned with the radiance of Beatrice Ingarstone's love!

Out of the many ideas springing from this new state of feeling, one arrested attention from its simple and practical character.

"It is Holt's mother's evidence which will convict him," he said. "Surely, then, that ought to be sufficient also to save me. As yet she has said little; there must be many details—if pressed home she will speak to these. She must know that I had no part in the affair, and, by heaven, she must be brought to prove it, too. Fool that I have been not to seize on this before."

As it was, he determined to lose no time.

He bent his steps at once in the direction of Holt's cottage.

Striding through the dewy sward, by a short cut, he was not long in reaching it.

As he drew near, he saw that a saddled mare, of sturdy build, was reined to the pailings which skirted the garden.

He had scarcely noticed this before the door of the cottage opened; a man came out, and leapt lightly into the saddle.

It was the village doctor.

Nolan knew him in a moment, and a strange mis-giving came over him.

He hurried over the short space which separated them, and hastily accosted the old practitioner.

"Nothing serious?" he asked.

The old man shook his head in a manner which confirmed the inquirer's fears.

"Serious for Holt, sir, I'm afraid," he said.

"Indeed—what has happened?"

"Dead! poor soul—just dead."

"What do you mean?"

"It was too much for her—I feared so at the time."

"Why, you don't mean to say that the woman—"

"Holt's wife—Hannah Holt."

"What—dead! She dead? Does heaven itself conspire against the innocent?"

(To be continued.)

"LIVES" OF BANK NOTES.

THE average period which each denomination of London notes remains in circulation has been calculated, and is shown by the following authentic account of the number of days a bank note issued in London remains in circulation:—£5 note, 727 days; £10, 770; £20, 574; £30, 189; £40, 137; £50, 388; £100, 284; £200, 127; £300, 106; £500, 118; £1,000, 111.

The exceptions to these averages are few, and therefore remarkable. The time during which some notes remain unrepresented is reckoned by the century. On the 27th of September, 1846, a £50 note was presented, bearing date 20th January, 1748. Another, for £10, issued on the 12th of November, 1762, was not paid till the 28th of April, 1845.

There is legend extant of the eccentric possessor of a £1,000 note, who kept it framed and glazed for a series of years, preferring to feast his eyes upon it to putting the amount it represented out at interest. It was converted into gold, however, without a day's loss of time, by his heirs, on his demise—a fact which can very easily be credited.

Stolen and lost notes are generally long absentees. The former usually make their appearance soon after a great horse race or other sporting event, altered or disguised so as to deceive bankers, to whom the Bank furnishes a list of the numbers and dates of all stolen notes.

Bank notes have been known to light pipes, to wrap up snuff, and to be used as curl papers; and British tars, mad with rum and prize-money, have not unfrequently, in the time of war, made sandwiches of them, and eaten them between bread and butter.

Carelessness gives the Bank enormous profits, against which the loss of a mere £30,000 note is but a trifle. In the forty years between 1792 and 1832, there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England—presumed to be lost or destroyed—amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the Bank.—*Cyclopædia of Commercial Anecdotes.*

AN interesting incident took place in the Rue St. Honoré this week. A Savoyard, with a hurdy-gurdy, fell down fainting before the window of a printseller, exclaiming, faintly, "My mother! my mother!" When he came to, he was questioned, and explained that the picture in the window of the Savoyard's cot, with a woman and children, was that of his home, and of his mother and brothers and sisters—a subject that had taken the fancy of some passing artist to depict. The people were much moved with the scene, and subscribed a sum sufficient to enable him to revisit his home; and a gentleman went in, and bought the picture for the boy for 80 francs.

A CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack, a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman—the man designated, we believe, as "No. 1," whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself upon this man's shoulder, and could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged, the poor little thing would ram its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Captain Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released his grasp it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the

smoke-begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry, what instinct led this bird to thus place itself. Possibly, frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon this gunner as a protector. But, whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it.

LIFE IN BATAVIA.

THE Dutchman rises (says the author) generally at five a.m., lights his cigar, and then sallies forth to take his stroll, or, as the natives term it, *matin ajein*, signifying, literally, to eat the wind.

About seven he returns to partake of a collation of eggs and cold meat, after which he drinks his tea or coffee, and smokes again. He then takes his bath, throwing buckets of water over his head, after the manner adopted by all who reside in Eastern climes.

After the enjoyment of this necessary luxury, he puts on his day suit, always of light texture, on account of the heat, and generally white, and entering his carriage, is driven to his kantor, or house of business.

If he is a wealthy citizen, he probably returns home at twelve, at which hour the breakfast—as it is termed, though at mid-day—awaits him, consisting of all kinds of Eastern delicacies, rice, curry, and endless sambals, or small piquant side dishes.

After this heavy meal, Morpheus waves his hand over Batavia, and all his votaries who can spare the time retire to digest their food in a siesta, of from two to three hours' duration.

Rising from this, the first cry is *Spada*—a contraction for *Sapa ada*, "Who is there?"—which is immediately followed by *Api*—"light," a demand promptly attended to by some boy, who, prepared for the summons, quickly appears with a cigar-box, containing five hundred or more Fillippinos or primers, in one hand, and a lighted Chinese joss-stick in the other; while another boy brings a tray, on which is a cup of tea and some cakes.

Another delicious cold bath generally succeeds the smoke, after which the luxurious European retires to dress for the evening, reappearing with the usual mouth appendage and a stick in hand—no hat, of course, for the Batavian fashion is for neither gentlemen nor ladies to wear anything on their heads, except when they go to church on Sundays.

Thus attired, he wends his way quietly to the Koningen's Plain, or to that of Waterloo, to gaze on the *dicke* and fashion walking or driving about, which the ladies do in full dress—*decolleté*—and wearing ornaments in their hair.

The carriages containing gentlemen are distinguished by the lighted joss-stick in the hand of one of the footmen, who stands behind his master, ever ready to present the aromatic torch. The quantity of cigars consumed in a day by one individual is really astonishing, and the rapidity with which each is smoked is remarkable. From personal experience, I should say, Dutchmen in the East are much greater smokers even than Spaniards.

On reaching home after his promenade, our Dutchman partakes of orange bitters, diluted in *Kirschwasser*—Hollands—or brandy, as a stimulus to the appetite; and then, after the enjoyment of another weed, the *Mandoer*, head-servant, or butler, announces dinner. When the ladies retire from dessert, cigars are immediately handed round, and cups of excellent Java coffee.

The gentlemen generally sit but a short time after the ladies leave, adjourning after them to the drawing-room, where they continue to puff vigorously at their lighted cigars, to the perfume of which the ladies never make any objection.

As this room always opens on a verandah, some retire to seek the coolness of the night-air, while others while away the time by music and chit-chat, &c., retiring generally about eleven or twelve, to renew the same life next day.—*Life in Java, with Sketches of the Javanese.*

INFLUENCE OF STRAWBERRY PLANTS ON TREES.

—There are but few, if any, cultivated plants so pernicious to fruit trees and berry bushes as the strawberry, when planted around and near them. They not only feed largely upon the mineral, vegetable, and electrical ingredients of the earth, but also partake of the life-producing qualities which surround them in the atmosphere. While the strawberry looks thrifty and vivacious, the other fruits it has encompassed appear wan and sickly, notwithstanding the soil they stand upon may be rich and fertile. You must not expect large rich fruits to grow within its surroundings, for the natural reason that the strawberry plant holds a stronger affinity in attracting the gases and electrical currents from the vivifying atmosphere, and the more crude and unwholesome absorbents from the earth.



THE FATAL SECRET.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Short is the date in which ill acts prevail;
But honesty's a rock can never fall.

Steele.

A MESSENGER had been despatched to Dunlora to inquire concerning Philip and the missing heiress, and when they were expected to return. As he was about to rise from the dinner table, a letter from Mr. Vane addressed to Somerton was brought in. He hastily opened it, and read the following lines:

"MR. SOMERTON—Sir:—I have the honour to inform you that your inference with regard to Miss Fontaine is correct. She left her home under the protection of my son, and by the time this reaches you she will doubtless be his wife. They will come to Dunlora on their return, as at present I fear Fontaine would be too warm a place for them to find themselves comfortable in, although it is winter weather. However, I hope this event will not long cause you to think with the immortal bard, 'this is the winter of my discontent,' for I assure both yourself and the respected aunt of my daughter-in-law that my son will prove to you both as good a friend as you have ever possessed.

"Your course is evidently to submit gracefully to what you can no longer prevent, and to make things smooth and harmonious for the advent of Philip among you, as the future master of Fountains. With profound respect, I am yours to command,

JOHN VANE."

This pompous and offensive effusion was read by Somerton in silence, and then handed over to Senora Roselli. She glanced rapidly over it, and then, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, read it aloud to Miss Carleton, commenting upon it as she proceeded. She finally said, with a hysterical laugh:

"You see for yourself how much forbearance Mr. Fontaine has to expect; for this old stupid speaks already of his son as master here. I suppose it is his intention to rule us all right royally, and we are expected to bow submissively before the authority of the young sultan Savella has been fool enough to make the ruler of her fate."

"This letter is certainly not that of a well-bred man, though I have hitherto regarded Mr. Vane as such," said Miss Carleton. "But you have one consolation, madam: if Philip proves a disagreeable inmate, you can leave the house, which he will probably look on as his own, till Mr. Fontaine is again in a condition to assert his own authority."

[SAVELLA EXULTS OVER THE FALLEN HEIRESS.]

"That I will never do!" she said, almost rudely. "This is my home, and I have at least as good a right to it as that handsome popinjay. I have had the care of Savella from her infancy, and she shall not now cast me off, even if she is wrought on to consider me a burden. I don't intend to be thrust aside, I can tell you that."

"Of course, you understand your own affairs best," said Miss Carleton, rising. "I do not presume to give advice to one so competent to take care of herself as you are. I will now go up to Isola," and she left the room.

The senora and Somerton went together into the sitting-room, which they now had entirely to themselves; but when together, they never spoke in English; if anything was accidentally overheard by the servants, that domestic police, which is always on the alert, they could understand nothing. Perhaps that was one cause of the intense disgust felt by the house servants toward the "furriners," as they called them when speaking among themselves, though from this sweeping condemnation they excepted their master's niece. She was a Fontaine, and of course she must be vastly superior to the "senora and that Somerton," as the two were called by all the servants.

Somerton closed the door carefully, and curtly asked:

"Have you decided to accept my advice? Does not that absurd letter clearly show you what are the expectations of these people? I shouldn't wonder if old Vane and his silly wife were looking forward to establishing themselves here permanently."

"There is no danger of that, and I will soon give Philip Vane to understand that if he is nominally master here, I am really mistress. When he revolts, it will then be time enough to drive the goad into him. At first he may have some scruples as to carrying out our plans, but after enjoying the sweets of possession a short time, I mistake him greatly if he will not concede to any terms that will enable him to retain the wealth for which he has sold himself."

"Then you will receive them with courtesy? You will not fly like a tigress at Savella when she returns with her pretty purchase?"

"No; that would be folly now. We must tolerate the airs of the new prince till we have him in our power, and Savella may have her swing for a few weeks, perhaps longer; but if she abuses her liberty, if she turns a cold shoulder to me, I will summarily put her down. You will see."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, I shall see a regular set-to between you, for

Savella has too much of your temper for her good. However, I shall be by to make peace, and dictate conditions, which shall be for our benefit, you may be sure; for now our interests are at war with hers."

"Oh, if we could only have kept her free till Fontaine was out of the way," she said, in a tone of repressed rage. "Then we could have turned the estate into money; have gone back to Italy and lived in splendour, but this selfish and ungrateful girl has overturned all our plans."

"We may be able to accomplish that yet. Leave Vane to me; I shall manage him without much trouble. He can do what we dared not attempt. I will make him sue the estate for arrears, and grasp the whole, from which he shall pay us what I may choose to demand for keeping back what would ruin him. I begin to see that, after all, it isn't so bad a thing for us that Savella has taken her fate into her own hands. He is a poor schemer who cannot turn every chance to his own advantage."

"If you make anything out of this mal-apropos elopement, you will prove yourself a modern Machiavel," she spitefully replied. "Savella is not so near to you as she is to me, or you would not so coolly make up your mind to the fate she has chosen for herself."

"Perhaps not," he indifferently replied. "Yet, I think, a little reflection will teach you that I have done more to advance her interests than you, or anyone else. Since this marriage has taken place, we must reconcile ourselves to it as well as we may. There are other means of influencing people besides fear; and if we can gain our ends without a family quarrel, it will be best on many accounts."

The senora reluctantly acquiesced in this sensible view of the case; and after some further consultation, Somerton sat down and wrote the following reply to Mr. Vane, while the senora retired to her own room for the purpose of inditing an epistle to her runaway niece.

"SIR:—Your letter has been received, and I write to assure you that no obstacle will be thrown in the way of Savella's return to the home which is rightfully her own. Influenced by the opposition of Mr. Fontaine to the union of his niece with your son, Senora Roselli and myself did everything in our power to prevent the marriage which has taken place in so disgracefully clandestine a manner.

"If we had known how irrevocable was the determination of Savella to become the wife of Mr. Philip Vane, we would have consented to her union with her lover, and avoided incurring the scandal which

she has brought upon herself, and all connected with her, by the course she has pursued.

"Of course, both her aunt and myself feel this keenly, for we only endeavoured to perform our duty by preventing Savella from disobeying the express commands of her uncle. She has baffled us. Mr. Fontaine is in no condition to oppose the reception of the young people here, and through you we tender them an invitation to come to Fountains as soon after their arrival at Dunlora as may be agreeable to themselves.

"Family jars are best cemented as soon as possible, and to your son personally we can have no objection. He is a very elegant and attractive young man, and I trust that he and Savella will find that happiness in their precious marriage which I, her spiritual guardian and best friend, daily pray the Giver of all good to shower down upon her.

"Respectfully, "THOMAS SOMERTON."

With this hypocritical effusion, Senora Roselli sent one which ran thus:

"Come back to me, Savella, for my heart is half broken by your desertion. At the intercession of Mr. Somerton, I have forgiven you, and you can return with your husband to Fountains without dreading reproaches from me. It is now too late to alter them, and I feel that perhaps I have already indulged myself in too many.

"You know, Savella, that my affection for you must lead me to forgive everything; that I can only embrace the object of your choice, much as I have hitherto opposed this marriage. Say to Mr. Vane that I will pardon him for taking you from me, if he will only make you happy.

"Your affectionate, though deeply afflicted aunt, "SENORA ROSELLI."

These letters were intended to be sent at once to Dunlora, but, in a fit of almost-mindless jealousy, Somerton dropped them in the post-box, and they were taken to the adjacent town, posted there, and only after the lapse of several days reached those for whom they were intended.

Savella, in her new happiness, gave little thought to those she had left behind her. She was not troubled with sentiment, and if the angry image of her aunt intruded, she dismissed it with the thought that she need give herself no further trouble concerning her; for with Philip to protect her, and wealth at her own command, she could surely rid herself of this incubus upon her life.

In truth, Savella was heartily weary of the subjugation in which she had been held from her earliest recollection, and the most clearly defined wish of her heart was to emancipate herself entirely from the control of both the senora and Somerton; for since he assumed the office of her tutor, he had tyrannized over her nearly as much as her relative.

Philip waited with some anxiety for an invitation to Fountains. Without it he could not well enter the place as master, and establish himself, as he fully intended, at his ease. Since he had sold himself for a man of pottage, he was resolute that it should be rendered to him to the last crumb, and he greedily listened to Savella when she spoke of the accumulated debt which Somerton had assured her was justly due to her from her uncle.

Philip already knew as much from the lips of Fontaine himself, and he mentally calculated how large a sum would be necessary to maintain the master he was about to dispossess in a private madhouse. He intended to inaugurate a style of hospitality at Fountains far more magnificent than anything hitherto known in the valley; and the presence of an insane man would be too great a drawback on his pleasure to be tolerated a day longer than he possessed the power to rid himself of it.

As the believers of all this, he felt grateful to Savella, and his apparent devotion rendered her the happiest of mortals. Philip, her best-beloved, her king, was everything to her, and his parents congratulated each other that her blind devotion to their son would induce her to yield the entire control of her fortune to him.

Cards had been sent out for a reception at Dunlora before the return of the bridal pair, and Mrs. Vane had taken the precaution to order a dress for Savella suitable to the occasion.

She appeared in white lace over satin, adorned with the same pearls her mother-in-law had once designed as a gift to Isola.

Invitations were sent to Fountains and the Vale; but from neither house came a token that they had been received. All the other families of note in the valley thronged to Dunlora on the appointed evening, and the newly wedded pair might have been consoled for the neglect of their nearest friends by the congratulations and compliments lavished upon them.

With the halo of her new happiness around her, Savella looked almost radiant, and Philip could never be less than pre-eminent in grace and beauty over every one brought in comparison with him. He was

in the gayest spirits, and the guests departed from the feast satisfied that the match was a most suitable one and could not fail to prove fortunate.

The next morning Philip said to his wife:

"I suppose the people at Fountains mean to cut us altogether. Rather a cool proceeding on their part, considering the position they hold as dependants upon us; eh, Savella?"

She laughed as she replied: "It's lucky that my aunt did not hear you say that, dearie. She would have been tempted to fly at you, and shake you, and pull your hair, as she used to do with me till I grew strong enough to fight my own battles."

Philip was fastidious, and he regarded the speaker with a horrified expression.

"Savella! you cannot be in earnest. You have never really fought with your aunt?"

"Of course I have; would you have had me submit to be buffeted at her will, when I had fingers and nails, with strength enough to use them? But you need not look at me—so, I scarcely know how; for she has treated me with more respect since I have been declared an heiress. Of late, she has only lashed me with her tongue, but that has all the venom of a scorpion."

"My poor girl," he tenderly said, "I must try to make up to you the bad treatment you have so long borne, by being doubly tender to you. But if your aunt is such a female fury, how am I to get along with her. I will never bear her taunts to you, if she attempts to utter them now you are my wife; nor will I submit to be mocked by her myself."

"You say as well prepare yourself for the infliction, for you will have to hear it, Philip. I can suggest but one remedy—"

"And what is that, my angel?"

"Get rid of her. Yes; send both her and Mr. Somerton back to Italy, for I shall never feel that I am really my own mistress till they are gone."

"My dearest Savella, you give me now life!" was the delighted response. "I have thought of this, but I did not believe you would consent to it. The senora has so long had the charge of you that I feared you would be unwilling to part with her."

"Before I knew and loved you, perhaps I might have been; but you suffice to me now, Philip. My aunt wishes to return to her own country; she had some absurd vision of taking me there to marry me to a nobleman, but I have found my prince here, and I wish him to reign over my heritage without being interfered with by others. Give them enough to live on comfortably in Italy, and both she and Mr. Somerton will gladly go back again."

"I will provide liberally for your aunt, but it seems to me that the tutor has no claims on you beyond the payment of the salary agreed on between himself and Mr. Fontaine for teaching you what I fancy you seldom learned."

"His office of late has been rather a sinecure," but that was not as much his fault as mine. I was tired of lessons, and I evaded them whenever I had an excuse to do so. I don't understand the bond between the two; but I warn you that if you expect to deal effectively with Senora Roselli, you must include Mr. Somerton in the bargain."

"I had no idea that your aunt is so pious as to require the services of a domestic chaplain," replied Philip, with a scarcely repressed sneer. "I will feel my ground; and if it proves indispensable to pension him too, I suppose I must do it, to get you all to myself, my precious wife."

"Am I really precious to you, Philip? Do you love me as the one desire of your heart, even as I do you? Sometimes I am afraid that the very excess of my love may cool yours."

"If it does, Savella, I should prove myself the most ungrateful of men. My dear girl, I owe you too much ever to underrate you, I assure you."

"Don't speak of a debt to me, Philip. I will have nothing like bargain and trade in so divine a thing as love. Ours is a thing apart from worldly considerations, and I will not have you talk of the wealth I can bestow on you in that style. What is mine is yours to do with as you please."

"You are the dearest and most disinterested creature in the world," said Philip, with enthusiasm, and Savella raised her love-lit eyes to his with an expression of perfect trust that touched him, and made him think that he would endeavour to be all to her that she so confidently expected. He presently returned to the topic with which the conversation had opened.

"I cannot understand the tactics of the senora. I begin to think that I had better ride over to Fountains and see how things are going on myself."

"I do not wish you to do that; for if my aunt is not prepared to receive you as my husband, she might give you a specimen of her temper that would not prepossess you in her favour. Mr. Somerton has great influence with her, and he has judgment enough to comprehend that their authority over me is at an end. They

both know very well that without your consent they cannot maintain their position at Fountains, and if you give them time to get over their first wrath, they will do what is right. I am very happy here; happier than I have ever before been in my life; if Dunlora is not as grand a place as my uncle's, it is to me a far more agreeable one."

While she was speaking, a servant came in, bringing an open letter, with a message from Mr. Vane. Beside it, on the waiter, lay a second one, addressed to Savella, in the superscription of which she recognized the writing of her aunt.

Hastily tearing it open, and glancing over the lines within, she exultingly exclaimed:

"The lion is tamed! See what my aunt has written to me. We can now go back in triumph, Philip."

The young man read the note addressed by Somerton to his father, with a curling lip and flashing eye. He handed it over to Savella, as he disdainfully said:

"The old hypocrite says we have disgraced ourselves by running away to be married; but you and I differ from him on that score, Savella. In spite of his clerical character, he tells more than one fib in that letter, and a more cunning piece of duplicity I never read. Decidedly, I shall rid myself of the supervision of Mr. Somerton."

Savella nodded approvingly; and after some discussion, it was decided to accept the invitation by a formal acceptance, appointing the following morning for their return to Fountains, with the intention of taking up their permanent abode there.

Philip felt some annoyance at the thought that he must meet Isola there, and ask her to consider his house as her future home; for he shrank from her clear eyes even more than from the surveillance of Senora Roselli.

But this fear was set at rest by the chatter of Mrs. Vane, when they appeared at dinner. She had been from home all the morning, collecting the news of the neighbourhood, and the most important item of it was that Miss Carleton had publicly declared her intention to adopt Isola, and retain her under her own protection, until the return of George Berkeley enabled him to claim her as his bride.

Betrothed to George already! The thought wounded the all-absorbing vanity of Philip, and he listened to his mother with incredulity. He said:

"It is very likely that Miss Carleton will attempt to make a match between her protégée and George Berkeley; but that such an engagement actually exists I am far from believing. In fact, I know that Berkeley himself resigned all hope in that quarter before he went away."

"You seem very unwilling that he shall succeed," said Savella, in a tone of pique. "I hope it is now a matter of indifference to you who Isola may marry."

"You misunderstand me, my love," he replied, with heightened colour. "This young girl is no longer of any consequence in my eyes. I was thinking what a misalliance it would be for my friend George; but for her, of course, it would be a fine thing to marry General Berkeley's grandson. Come, Savella, give me some of your divine music; my soul thrills for the sweet sounds that flow from your fairy fingers."

She arose at once, passed into the drawing-room, and placed herself before the piano. Piece after piece was called for by Philip, who scarcely listened to the strains he professed himself enraptured with. His thoughts were wandering back to those years of daily intercourse when the freedom of schoolboy life was his; when his heart clung to his child love with all the truth that was in his nature. He felt that he had not sought Isola merely as the heiress of Fountains, though he had given his hand to her rival solely as its possessor.

For the time he almost hated George Berkeley; but when Savella at length ceased to play, and turned to him, he smoothed his brow, bent over, and, kissing her tenderly, said:

"My darling, you have soothed me infinitely. I am the most fortunate of men to possess so charming and devoted a wife."

And Savella believed him.

CHAPTER XXXII

None lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning some new trouble springs,
But bold inquietudes will break their rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb their anxious breast.

Angelic forms and happy spirits are
Above the malice of perplexing care. *Pemph.*

As soon as Fanny heard of the illness of her friend, she came over to see her, and declare her belief that, in spite of the solicitude of the two plotters for her recovery, they had caused the illness from which Isola was suffering.

Fanny was preparing to set out for town, under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Stuart, whose husband was a member of the legislature; and she rejoiced that Isola

would come to the Vale in time to fill the vacancy caused by her absence.

If her mother would have permitted her to do so, Fanny would have given up the visit altogether; but the younger Mrs. Berkeley had long ago arranged with her sister-in-law that her daughter should make her *début* in society with her cousin, Augusta Stuart, and she would not suffer her plans to be interfered with.

Mrs. George Berkeley declared that, since Miss Carleton had declined her annual visit to London, she and Isola could certainly fill the vacancy in the domestic circle made by the absence of Fanny; so it was settled that Fanny should go.

She visited her friend every morning, and rejoiced to see the rapid improvement in her health. Toward the close of the week, Isola was well enough to sit up, and it was arranged that the carriage from the Vale should be sent over on the following morning, in time to take Miss Carleton and her *protégée* thither to dinner.

In the afternoon, Isola lay down to rest, and Miss Carleton went out to take her usual walk.

The young invalid fell into a light slumber, from which she was aroused by the sound of footsteps in her room.

Looking up, she saw Senora Roselli crossing the floor toward the couch, with the air of a person who has made up her mind on some important subject, and decided on the best course of action to pursue. Celia was sitting near the fire, finishing a piece of needlework, and the senora spoke rather sharply to her:

"Take that away with you, and leave me with your young lady a few moments. I have something important to say to her."

The girl looked toward Isola, who made a sign to her to obey, though she was internally wondering what the senora could possibly have to say in private to her.

With some reluctance, Celia obeyed; and the Italian followed her to the door, and examined it to see if it was perfectly closed.

She then seated herself near Isola, and, regarding her earnestly, said:

"I think you are now well enough to bear a little excitement. I must risk it, at all events, for what I have to say cannot longer be deferred."

Wondering to what this prelude would lead, Isola merely said:

"I can bear what you have to say. I am stronger than you think."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear, for you will need all your strength to sustain you under the revelation I am about to make to you. I may as well plunge into it at once, for nothing can prepare you for it. Isola, your family—your father is known to me!"

The young girl raised herself, with dilating eyes. "My father! does he yet live? who then is he, and how have you made this discovery?" she asked, in faltering accents.

"I recognized you through a singular accident. The night you were so ill I saw a mark upon your shoulder which identified you with a child I had known from its birth. Isola, you are the daughter of one of my early friends, and many times in your infancy have I caressed you as if you were my own."

Isola here sat up, in irrepressible excitement. She did not speak, her agitation was too great for words; but her imploring eyes entreated the senora to go on with her revelation.

"Your father was a cousin of my husband, and bore the same name. Leonardo Roselli was an artist—that is, he was a fair copyist, and he made a bare living by copying the fine pictures in the Roman galleries. But his poverty did not prevent him from making an early marriage with a girl who was as poor as himself. After your birth, Leo found it difficult to support three persons from the scanty gains he made, and he accepted an offer from a Bavarian nobleman to visit Munich and make copies for him of some of the paintings collected there.

"He left his wife in Rome; but at the end of a few months he wrote to her to join him in Munich, as he obtained better prices there for his work than he could command in his native city. I assisted your mother to prepare for the journey; Clotilde was to travel post with the courier of Count Borowski, a Polish nobleman, who had extended many kindnesses to Roselli and his wife, and she set out in high spirits to join her husband.

"Many weeks elapsed before she was heard of, and then came the dreadful news of the fate that had overtaken her. In winding over a mountain road which skirted a rapid stream, the carriage lost its balance, and fell over the precipice into the raging waters below. As it fell, the mother had presence of mind to cast her infant from the open window. The child's clothing caught upon the branches of some shrubs that grew on the edge of the precipice, and

she was held there in safety till a stranger, who had witnessed the fearful accident, came to her rescue. You know the rest—the carriage was dashed into fragments, and the bodies of its occupants swept away. Claude Fontaine was the stranger, and you were the infant thrown upon his protection in this singular and most tragic manner."

Isola suddenly asked: "Have you not known from the time of your arrival here how I came to be under Mr. Fontaine's care? Why then did you not at once recognize me as the child of your friend?"

She replied with truth:

"I only was told that he had found you homeless and motherless while travelling. It never occurred to me to identify you as the daughter of Leo Roselli till the proof came to my eyes in the shape of the singular mark you bear upon your person. Then I inquired into all the particulars of your adoption by Claude Fontaine, and the story tallied exactly with the facts already known to me."

"And this mark? What caused it? I have such a thrilling horror of blood that I have sometimes thought some fatal accident must have given me this birth-mark."

"Dismiss all such fancies, then; for it was occasioned by a bottle of Burgundy falling from a shelf, and breaking against the shoulder of your mother, while she was engaged in some household duty. But you do not inquire of your father. Have you no wish to be restored to his arms? I assure you that he sought to recover you for several years, but failed to find any clue to you. He has never married a second time, but has spent his life in wandering from land to land in the hope of recovering his child. Strange as it may seem to you, he is in this country at the present time. Only two weeks ago I had a letter from him, in which he informed me that he came to England as scene painter to a company of French comedians, who have had great success here."

"To be sure, it is a great fall for you, my dear, to come down from the height of Claude Fontaine's heiress to such a station as that. But your father is a most respectable man, in spite of the evil fortune that has brought him lower and lower every year, till now he is glad to get his living in any honest way."

"And I shall not respect him the less for his willingness to do so," said Isola, with emotion. "If my father still loves me, still desires to claim me, it is my first duty to go to him, whether his station is humble or lofty. If I could be of use to him who has so long been a parent to me, I should feel that my place is still here; but, alas! my presence only excites and annoys him whom it could once soothe. If Miss Carleton will consent to relinquish her claims on me, I will, if he desires it, prepare to go to join my father."

"There is no doubt that he wishes it above all things. He will be wild with joy when he hears that you are found."

"But, madam, he may find me a burden to his slender resources. I should be unwilling to become that, even to my own father."

"He will never regard you in that light, for the most yearning desire of his heart has been for years to reclaim you. So soon as I made the discovery that enabled me to identify you, I wrote to him, and in a few weeks he will doubtless be here. You can spend the interval with your friends, but Leo will certainly claim you, and insist that you shall go with him."

Isola listened with a feeling of bewilderment, and she reproached herself with feeling no elation at the prospect of meeting her unknown father. She thought of George Berkeley, and a cold fear swept through her heart that this discovery would put his love to a stern test than loss of fortune had been to Philip. She said, after a painful pause:

"Describe my father to me, if you please, senora. I have a great desire to learn something of his appearance and habits."

"He is a tall, dark man, rather heavy in person; for his misfortunes have caused poor Leo to indulge in wine rather more freely than is good for him. But, aside from that failing, he is a very good man."

Isola shuddered, and her heart recoiled, in spite of herself, from this unknown parent. A drunkard! an attaché to a company of wandering players! what could she look forward to, in the associations to which he would introduce her, but disgust and degradation?—she who had been so carefully, so fastidiously reared? And in spite of her efforts to keep them back, tears sprang to her eyes.

Having accomplished her task, the senora arose, and, with assumed sympathy, said:

"I see that you are overcome by the excitement of this discovery, Isola, so I will leave you to recover your composure. By the way, your name was Clotilde in the days of your infancy; but I suppose you will choose to retain the one given you by Mr. Fontaine."

"Certainly, madam; I have known no other; and

the expressive name he bestowed on me is best suited to my position."

"How can that be, when I tell you that a doting father is ready to take you to his heart? You will no longer be isolated."

"I hope it may prove so, madam; but I am afraid there will be little sympathy between my father's habits and my own. That is, if your description of him is correct."

The senora sneered:

"I see very plainly how it is. You are unwilling to give up the ease in which you have so long lived. You are afraid that the scene painter's daughter will no longer be considered the equal of the aristocratic Berkeleys; and since Philip Vane is beyond your reach, you had made up your mind to take the next best that offered. I agree with you. George Berkeley will now never stoop to lift you to his level; and if he would, your father would refuse to permit you to remain with his family."

Miss Carleton had opened the door, expecting to find Isola alone, and the concluding words of the senora fell with startling distinctness on her ear. She came forward as soon as she recovered from her astonishment sufficiently to move, and spoke, with chilling hauteur:

"You answer for the Berkeleys, madam, in a most summary manner. What am I to understand by such language addressed to the adopted daughter of Mr. Fontaine, and also to one I have taken under my protection? I am sorry to find that Isola so greatly needs a friend in this house."

The senora turned to her, quite unmoved; she calmly said:

"I have only been showing this young girl the actual position she holds in society; and in place of manifesting some feeling towards the father I have assured her is still living, she evidently shrinks from the thought of being claimed by him, because he is poor, and follows a humble calling."

Miss Carleton listened in incredulous surprise:

"Her father known to you! Why, then, has this important secret been so long withheld?"

"Because I was only aware of it myself a few days since. If you will give me your attention a few moments, I will explain to you all that is known to me with reference to Isola's parentage."

Miss Carleton sat down, and signified her readiness to attend to the promised revelation. The senora then went over the same story she had told Isola, without making a single variation.

At its close, Miss Carleton asked:

"Why should you infer that Isola will be less acceptable to our family as the future wife of George, even if her father is reduced to the necessity of gaining his bread by painting scenery for a theatre? You say that Senor Roselli was once a respectable artist and associated with men of cultivation; he must therefore be a gentleman himself, and no one who knows Isola can doubt that she is a lady, not only by education but by birth. In my turn, will answer for the Berkeleys that the scene painter's daughter will be welcome among them for her own intrinsic worth; and I insist that in her intercourse with you, Isola shall be treated with the respect due to her future position, since you have turned aside all that Mr. Fontaine's affection should have invested her with."

"Really, Miss Carleton," said the senora, with a red spot glowing in the centre of her sallow cheek, "your infatuation about this girl leads you to forget what is due to me in the house of my niece. I am not accustomed to be taken to task by any one, and I cannot see why such a fuss should be made about what is said to be so insignificant a child as Isola. As long as she stays here, I shall take the liberty of speaking my mind to her."

"I am happy to inform you that you will have that privilege but a few hours longer, for I shall take her with me to the Vale to-morrow morning, to remain there until this newly found father seeks her at my hands. If I find him worthy to claim such a gem, I will give her up; if not, I will make such terms with him as will induce him to surrender his parental authority to me."

"The last you will find rather difficult, I fancy. But it is as well for Isola to leave this house, for to-morrow Mr. and Mrs. Vane return to it to take up their abode; and after all that has passed with reference to him, I fancy it will be as well for the forsaken one to seek another shelter."

With this Partisan shaft, she swept from the room, and Miss Carleton, turning toward Isola, took her hand in her own, and tenderly pressed it, as she said:

"Do not heed her malice, my love; she hates you, and strives to wound you in every way. What is your opinion of the story she has related to you? Do you feel as if this man can really be your father?"

"I cannot tell—my instinct leads me to doubt everything Senora Roselli says. When he comes, perhaps I shall be able to judge; there should be some intuitive attraction between those so nearly related;

but all this seems so strange that I am bewildered. To tell you the whole truth, cousin Carrie, I am afraid that I was rather humiliated at the thought of my unknown father's humble calling."

"Isola," said Miss Carleton, with energy, "I believe these people have made up this story to get rid of you. They will bring forward some low creature to personate your father, that may drag you down to the valley of humiliation to which they wish to bring you. But there is one comfort, my dear; I have more money than I know what to do with, and I can bribe him to leave you with me. I promised George to be your friend, and I will stand by you in every difficulty."

"Oh, cousin Carrie, you overwhelm me with kindness. I can never—never repay you. But do you really think Senora Roselli capable of such wickedness as that?"

"We are told to 'judge not, lest we be judged;' but I am afraid there is too little charity in my heart toward these people to refrain from doing so in their case. I have had strange misgivings toward them from the first, and my observations since I have been staying here have only tended to confirm them. Oh! I wish, I wish that I could remove another from their influence as easily as I can remove you. But that is impossible; I have no power to do so; but now Philip is coming, I hope, for the sake of other days, that he will see that every attention is given to Mr. Fontaine."

"He will surely do that; and Savella has a good heart; she seems to be attached to her uncle. If I could be of any service to him I would remain here, unpleasant as it would be to live in the house of which Philip Vane is the master. But my father seems utterly estranged from me; even the sound of my voice excited him so much that Dr. Sinclair prohibits me from speaking where he can hear me. Dear cousin Carrie, you do not know how deep a wound this estrangement inflicts on me. If he would only love me as in other days—only let me minister to him—I should be almost happy again; but the strange fantasy possesses him that a voice constantly warns him not to permit me to approach him."

"I know it, my love. I have seen Mr. Fontaine since I came hither; I have talked with him, and he repeated the same thing to me. Alas, Isola! I sadly fear that we must relinquish all hope of his final restoration. Claude Fontaine is a ruin, but a noble ruin still."

Isola kissed away the tear that rolled over the speaker's cheek, and both remained silent many moments. Then an earnest and confidential conversation ensued, in which Miss Carleton expressed the conviction that Isola was to be made the victim of a conspiracy, from which she declared her determination to rescue her at all hazards. She ordered her supper to be brought up with Isola's, and remained with her till she saw her comfortable for the night.

On the following morning the carriage came over for them at an early hour, and immediately after breakfast the two ladies set out for the Vale. At the last moment it was very hard for Isola to tear herself away; for the servants crowded around her with tears and blessings, and she could scarcely realise that she was bidding adieu to the home of her childhood, perhaps for ever.

As a parting favour, Dr. Sinclair permitted her to look upon Fontaine behind the friendly shelter of the curtain, and she was glad to see that his physical health seemed to suffer little, although his restless movements and the expression of his face showed her that his mind was far from being at ease. She wept many bitter tears as she tore herself away; and, as a parting shaft, the senora said:

"Make the most of your time with your friends, Isola, for your father will doubtless soon be here to claim you. In a few days I shall look for a letter from him, in reply to the one in which I informed him of my discovery. I will send it over to you when it arrives."

"Do so, madam," said Miss Carleton, "that we may form our own judgment as to the validity of his pretensions."

And the carriage was driven away to make room for one that had just entered the gate, which was at once recognised as that of Mr. Vane.

As Philip and his bride came up on one side of the wide carriage sweep, Isola was borne away on the opposite one. They did not meet; but Savella waved her handkerchief to the dethroned heiress as she drove in to take possession of the inheritance she had been taught to look on as her own.

(To be continued.)

A MONSTER REPTILE.—The "Geological Magazine" states that Mr. E. Hartsinck, of Charnmouth, has recently obtained the most perfect Plesiosaurus ever discovered upon the Dorsetshire coast. It was found between Charnmouth and Lyme Regis, in a bed

of marl, intercalated between two of the uppermost beds of the lower lias limestone. The specimen, 13 feet in length, exhibits the entire dorsal view of the skeleton, with very few bones displaced. The great perfection of the specimen lies in the completeness of the four limbs or paddles, of which not only are nearly all the numerous bones preserved, but they are all, excepting a few of the ultimate small ones, perfectly undisturbed from their original arrangement and relative position. It is gratifying to learn that this magnificent Enaliosaurian relic makes an addition to our knowledge of the liassic fauna, as it is a new species of the genus, differing in important points from those hitherto known. This specimen has now been purchased by the authorities of the British Museum, and will shortly be described by Professor Owen.

The custom-house officers of San Francisco have discovered a very ingenious Chinese trick, which led to the seizure of a lot of smuggled opium. Among a cargo were 400 tubs, invoiced as eggs, value stated at one dollar each. The eggs were coated with a peculiar kind of varnish, to preserve them. One of the officers, in examining the eggs, scraped off a little varnish, and disclosed a metallic case, egg-shaped, filled with opium. Each metallic egg is worth 300 dols. There were a thousand of them.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HUMBUGS OF THE WORLD.

No. 3.—MONSIEUR COUPE-TOUJOURS, THE SHORT-CAKE MAN OF PARIS.

THE whole world seems to concentrate its oddities in Paris. At the present day, the parti-coloured exterior life of that wonderful city is best seen in its development on the Boulevards, which are to Paris what the Grand Canal once was to Venice, and what to-day the Corso is to Rome, the Corso del Servi to Milan, the Graben to Vienna, the Unter der Linden to Berlin, the Perspective to St. Petersburg, the Puerte del Sol to Madrid, and Regent Street to London. But the Boulevards, in their vast extent, are traversed by a general stream of the entire population.

During my stay in the imperial city of Napoleon, I was especially struck by the peculiarity thus noticed. On the Boulevards, I could see representatives of every class of the Parisian population; not here and there a specimen only of each, but hundreds, nay, thousands of all, hurrying along to and fro on their various errands; and I understood at a glance how any thing new or strange brought to public attention there, at once became known literally to the "million."

My readers will not find our preliminary stroll together on the Boulevards of Paris ill-timed, when I come to introduce them, in subsequent papers, to a few of their celebrities, but will all the better appreciate the anecdotes I may here relate.

One morning, a few years ago, the throng that hurried past the Theatre of the Gymnase, on the Boulevard de la Poissonniere, observed among the fruit-stalls and newspaper booths adorning the sidewalks of that locality, something new and rare. Close beside the theatre itself was a table about six feet in length, covered with a spotless white cloth, on which were displayed some three or four large, round, flat, cakes, greatly resembling those delectable compounds known to our rural population under the various names of "griddlecake," "johnnycake," "shortcake," etc., etc. Behind the table stood a ruddy-faced, jolly-looking individual, attired in a white frock, with sleeves down to his wrists, and a white cotton cap and tassel jauntily tossed over his left ear, in the guise and manner of a French cook or "garçon de cuisine." This personage was armed with a long, broad-bladed kitchen-knife, which he wielded with inimitable dexterity and grace, while he shouted at the top of his voice, to the passers-by:

"Ah! la! la jolie galette, un sou la coupe!"

"Ho! here you are! the pretty cake! a penny a cut! Taste it, ladies and gentlemen—taste it!"

Then, as the customer approached, he would, with two motions of his knife, delicately detach a wedge-shaped piece from the cake before him, just as we cut a portion of a tart or pie, pointing to the centre, and hand it over on a neat little slip of coarse clean paper that lay ready at his right hand.

The cake really looked very inviting. It was thick, rich, and substantial, and always perfectly fresh, so that it was not long ere the populace discovered that it made a good solid mouthful for a sou. Workmen on their way to labour, gamins hurrying by on errands, grisettes executing commissions for the shops in which they were employed, and, in fine, the thousand and one varieties of the human species in the lower walks of life that diversify the Boulevard de la Poissonniere, quickly discovered the merits of the new cake, or "galette," and became constant customers.

Very often, no doubt, the poor working-girls found in Monsieur Perrichon the friend who supplied them, for the only coin they had, the only meal they could afford to purchase in the long day; and it became a regular thing for him to count upon the custom of the grisettes at nightfall, when they were returning from their work. The galette was rich and solid, and, at least, half an inch thick; so that Marie or Fanchon could subsist upon it, with a pint of milk, over night in her humble lodging very well.

But in Paris, as in most other great cities, there are plenty of well-dressed promenaders who have nearly everything they possess on the outside of their persons. The straits to which these unhappy pretenders are often reduced make them glad to find anything fit to eat at so small a price as "one sou;" and very speedily friend Perrichon was quite amazed at the number of neatly-attired gentlemen who stopped at his table in the middle of the day, just to try this galette which was making so much noise in the world.

Poor fellows! More than one of them would watch his opportunity to quietly slip the nutritive substance, carefully enveloped in its protecting paper, into his pocket, to be secretly devoured in some remote garret, with a glass of "eau claire" (pure water), or in some mysteriously-obscure wine-shop, with a small cup of villainous "piquette" to wash it down!

Meanwhile, Monsieur Perrichon flourished and made money. His table gradually grew longer, his cakes bigger, and his knife more active, until at length, from morning until night, and far into the dark hours, too, he was unceasingly at work. Within the lapse of the first three months after he opened the campaign, he had already earned the nickname of "Coupe-Toujours," or "Cut-all-ways," from the incessant play of his doughty blade.

The cake or galette got to be known as "la galette du Gymnase," from the proximity of the table to that famous theatre; and every regular patron of the latter deemed it a sort of duty to give Monsieur Perrichon a call as he went into the play or came out.

The "canard" about this time took hold of the galette, and the most extraordinary stories began to be repeated along the Boulevards. The first of these related to Perrichon himself, who was declared by these voracious chroniclers to be an eccentric nobleman tinctured with certain philosophical and benevolent ideas favourable to the people, and not shared by his order.

The cake was most deliciously baked, and was evidently composed of the finest flour and purest butter that could be had for love or money. Hence, persons in the trade, and the quidnuncs and wiseacres generally, were at a loss to conceive how the article could be sold at Perrichon's rates without an absolute loss, let alone any idea of possible profit. So the rumour, quickly circulated by the "canard" brigade of the Boulevards, easily obtained, that our friend "Coupe-Toujours" was a man of rank and enormous wealth, who, *blasé* with the world, took this method of employing himself, and feeding the people for a song.

His great liberality contrived largely to sustain this notion; for he was often seen bestowing some of his cake upon the poor who had not even a sou to purchase it; and many a wretched wandering child, or homeless woman with an infant in her arms, could be detected crouching beside his table in the dead hour of the night, and munching eagerly the delicious morsel his charity had bestowed.

For a long time, too, the method by which he did the baking was a mystery. There was always a full supply of the article, and yet no one could make out how it was produced.

At length, however, some tattler connected with the Gymnase disclosed the secret that the baking was done by pre-arrangement within the lower portion of that building.

Perrichon's rumoured quality of noble birth and hidden wealth of course attracted the attention of the "aristos," as the blouse-men call the leaders of Parisian society; and from the moment when that story began to circulate, elegant cabriolets and barouches daily stopped about noon opposite the stall of Coupe-Toujours—not only to gratify the curiosity of their inmates, but to enable the latter to taste the far-famed galette.

The intrinsic excellence of the cake was acknowledged by all who once put it to their lips; and as the dealer himself and everything about his table were the very pattern of cleanliness, the purchases of the "big-bugs" soon extended from pennyworths to whole packages.

Finally, the report of its excellence passed from one circle of upper-tendom to the other, and, for awhile, "la galette du gymnase" became the rage. In pleasant weather, it was no unusual sight to behold the genuine Parisian dandy, with his gloves "couleur de beurre frais" (fresh butter colour), jostling the poor

mechanic in his soiled blue cotton blouse, while awaiting his turn at Perrichon's table to be served with "galette."

To the reporters of the Paris newspapers the incident was a godsend, and their allegiance wavered between the literary baker in the Rue St. Honoré and the galette-man on the Boulevard de la Poissonnière. They, of course, contributed their valuable aid to the *écrit* of Perrichon, and his fortune needed but one more auspicious event to crown it. This was supplied by the notice of the Emperor, who, one day, taking a family drive, as, a few years since, he frequently did, with the Empress Eugénie, the young Prince, and one of the ladies of his court, in the imperial laudan, actually stopped opposite the galette. In a moment the crowd around the table stood apart, expecting Perrichon to saunter forth from the sidewalk, and approach the new "man of destiny" with all the "booming" and "booming" of servile delight. But, sturdy Coupe-Toujours, who was a "man of destiny" himself, in his way, merely touched his white cap respectfully, giving the tassel a little extra twitch perhaps, and then went on with his cheery carol just the same as ever:

"Aha! Messieurs et Mesdames—la galette! la jolie galette! goutez la—un sou la coupe!" suiting the action to the invitation, and cutting away.

His Imperial Majesty, highly amused, sent his aide to make a purchase, like anybody else, and in son pieces too; for Coupe-Toujours accepted no largesse; and he, the Empress, the Prince, the maid of honour, all the illustrious party in fine, proceeded to nibble away at the galette with murmured exclamations and unmistakable gestures of real satisfaction. Indeed, so energetic was the approval of the juvenile Napoleon, that another package was purchased on the spot for home consumption, and the party rode away amid the cheers of the crowd.

It is almost needless to say that M. Perrichon was now "out of the woods," and his short-cake went off like hot cakes, according to the popular ideas on that subject.

Shortly afterward, he made his appearance, one fine morning, at the stand with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour tacked on to the breast of his apron, and thenceforth was really a great man.

The genius of a "canard" again took him under its protecting wing, and declared that the Emperor, finding the galette to be the only thing except bran bread, that he could comfortably eat in the morning, had expressed his appreciation of Perrichon by sending him the "ribaud" of the order, and a regular certificate as galette-baker to the Tuileries.

There is, probably, no one now in all Paris more widely, or, in his walk of life, more favourably known than Coupe-Toujours; and no inquiring visitor from abroad leaves the capital without paying him, at least, one visit. Whether he, at times, subsidized the legions of the "canard" is not known, but he succeeded perfectly in his point, gently humbugging very many, and yet really deceiving nobody in the end.

It was my chance to visit the great Perrichon on a trip I made to Paris, some time since. He was still in the plenitude of his fame, but retained his table in the open air. I found him as clean, as brisk, as jovial, as rubicund, and as busy as ever, cutting away like lightning with his long knife, and distributing the savoury wedges of galette to an enthusiastic throng of customers.

I frequently returned to the spot, during my stay in Paris, and shall not willingly forget the smile, the knife-work, or the bakery of the great and glorious Coupe-Toujours.

Of late he has opened a handsome restaurant, by far the best near the Gymnase Theatre, and still keeps a side-room and table devoted to the sale of galette. He has accumulated a fortune of some millions of francs, and is still remarkable for his unostentatious charities, his great public spirit, his large family, his joyous temperament, and his incomparable pastry.

He, too, has been rated by the idle world as a "bumbug" because he had new and practical ideas; but by energy, integrity, and industry has succeeded, after all, in getting "his cake baked" in the very best sense of the word.

The success of the French baker should encourage thousands among my readers to set their wits at work, hit an original idea, then carry it out with energy, diligence, and integrity. With good habits, but one result could follow—prosperity and happiness.

P. T. BARNUM.

(To be continued.)

BAGS.—The whole world of organized beings is put into bags, and is made up of bags. If we examine our own bodies, we find that every organ is placed in its appropriate sack, and each is formed of a series of sacks. The brain is surrounded by the pericranium, the heart by the pericardium, each bone by the periosteum, and all of these are delicate membranous bags.

Each one of us, as well as each of the myriads of lower orders of animals that have appeared on the earth, commenced its existence as a simple sack or cell; and its growth proceeded by the addition of other cells. If we place a thin shaving of any bone, or a minute scrap of any organ under a microscope, we find that it is formed of multitudes of minute cells, or bags. And finally the whole system is put into that perfect bag, the skin. Bags also play a great part in civilization. The whole organization of society—with its commerce, manufactures and agriculture, its armies and navies, its churches and courts, its republics and monarchies, its opulence and its pauperism—all depends upon that little cloth bag, the pocket.

MR. PHIPPS'S UNCLE JOHN.

Mrs. POLLY HODGE was left a widow—to quote her own language—at an early and tender age, while yet in the childlike innocence of her girlhood—thrown upon the mercies of the cruel world, reduced to the dire extremity of starving or earning her bread by the sweat of her brow.

Mrs. Hodge had read a great many romances, and had derived from them some "hifalutin" ideas, that had got her very much in the habit of using strong expressions, and fancying matters more desperate than they really were.

Her case was not nearly as bad as it might have been. Mr. Hodge had left her a good house, and about three thousand pounds' worth of property—all her own—as their union had been unblest with children.

But the heroines in her favourite works were all destitute labourers for a subsistence, always managing, however, to preserve through it all lily hands, and immaculate white morning dresses.

Mrs. Hodge resolved to follow in the illustrious footsteps of those unfortunate maidens—become a heroine, and make money at the same time. She put entirely out of mind the well-known fact that heroines never coin money, unless they turn authoresses, in which case, their first book consigns them to Shakespearean fame and immortality, and the wealth of the Rothschilds.

But Mrs. Hodge—fortunately for her—had no literary aspiration, and after thinking over the various methods of making a living, she decided on taking boarders. Men's hearts were reached best through their palates, she had heard her grandmother say; and as that lady had been four times married and still survived, she ought to know.

Not that Mrs. Hodge particularly desired to reach any man's heart, for the purpose of supplying the place of "poor, dear, dead and gone Hodge;" oh, no! she never should marry; but then it would be pleasant for a lone, unprotected widow woman to have friends. So she put a card in the window, which read thus:

"Unmarried Gentlemen taken in at Reasonable Rates." Baiton, the residence of the widow Hodge, was a smart, thriving place, and there were plenty of single gentlemen willing to be taken in by a likely widow; and in the course of a week after, Mrs. Hodge's spare apartments were all taken. Indeed, she had to turn away the new lawyer—Dr. Gregg's student, and Dobbins, the clerk.

Among her boarders was a young man rejoicing in the cognomen of John Jehahel Phipps. He kept the books of Mr. Hillhouse—the principal lawyer.

Mr. Phipps was a solemn-visaged young man, wore a white neckcloth, and was never seen to smile. His whole manner was grave and sanctified, and gained for him the sobriquet of the parson. Indeed, it was the popular opinion that Mr. Phipps was studying for the ministry.

Mrs. Hodge was sure of it, and deported herself accordingly. The mass of leather-bound books that he brought home to his room every night must be works on divinity, she said, and twice she had caught him with the great Bible open before him, though singularly enough it was open at the family record, but, of course, that was only a blind.

Mrs. Hodge had no idea of setting her cap for Mr. Phipps, certainly not; but then it was so genteel to be a minister's wife, and have all the flock looking up to you, and asking your advice, and giving you things. Of course, it was her duty to be scrupulously polite to Mr. Phipps, in consideration of what he might be, some time.

The third morning after his arrival, Mr. Phipps was seated at the breakfast-table, at the right hand of the hostess. Mrs. Hodge was all attention.

"Have some butter, Mr. Phipps? This is nice country butter, the best in the village; I had to pay an extra price for it, but I like good butter."

"This is like Samson," remarked Mr. Phipps, partaking sparingly; "every time I inhale its fragrance, I think of that immortal patriarch."

"Yes," consented Mrs. Hodge, having a very indistinct idea of having heard of Samson before, but in what connection she could not recollect.

"Ah, these eggs would just suit my uncle John! he is so fond of fresh eggs! And I think, Mrs. Hodge, that you would suit my uncle John to a T."

"La! Mr. Phipps! how can you?" cried the widow, blushing and smiling; "he never saw me in his life."

"That makes no difference. Don't you believe in kindred spirits?"

"Well, yes, I must say that I do," simpering, and toying with her handkerchief; "but who is your uncle John?"

"He is my uncle John—a nice sort of a man, but suffering from an early disappointment. Ah! how many times I have seen him go to the grave where she lies buried."

"Dear me! poor man! how affecting! And he has found no consolation?"

"None, madam. He has never taken another. But he is the kindest and gentlest of men. He has but one failing."

"What is that?"

"He is hard of hearing, and very bashful, besides. I have written to him about you, my dear Mrs. Hodge; I want him to make your acquaintance; I think the hand of Providence is in it. He is wealthy—has a fine house and a large heart. I trust you will be friends."

"Assuredly, Mr. Phipps. I will try to console him, for the respect I bear to you, if nothing more. And I, too, have buried the best part of my life."

Here she broke down, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

Mr. Phipps had finished his breakfast by this time, and remarked, at parting:

"It is possible my uncle may be here to-night. As I said, he is very hard of hearing, and you will be obliged to speak loud; but he is, also, very sensitive on the subject of his infirmity, so you will be careful not to allude to it in any way."

Mrs. Hodge promised; and awaited impatiently the advent of uncle John. The only spare room she had left was fitted up for his use. Mr. Phipps had thought it possible his relative might want to remain a few days.

Uncle John came a day later than was expected. He was a handsome, portly man, in the prime of life, and Mrs. Hodge made herself especially agreeable to him because of his early disappointment, and his handsome house.

The only thing that was disagreeable to her about him was his exceedingly loud voice, which could be heard all over the house; but this was, probably, the legitimate result of his deafness. He was not aware how very loud he spoke.

On the evening of the third day, Mr. Phipps took Mrs. Hodge aside:

"My uncle," said he, "is greatly smitten with you, Mrs. Hodge, and it will break his heart if you refuse. Invite him into your sitting-room after tea, and encourage him all you can; remember his early disappointment."

Mrs. Hodge blushed, and after tea she asked Mr. Porter—that was uncle John's surname—to walk into her own sitting-room and see some photographs.

"Take a seat here on the sofa, Mr. Porter; the light is better," she screamed; in fact, she had screamed so much since Mr. Porter's arrival, that she felt as if she had been taken apart, and put together wrong in the region of the lungs; but he had a nice house and had had an early disappointment.

"Oh, I can see," roared Mr. Porter, "thank you."

The widow squeezed her chair close to his; and he, perspiring and blushing, would have backed off, but he was in a corner, and could not well get clear.

"It's a fine evening, Mr. Porter."

"Yes'm, I—I—"

He came to a dead halt.

"Yes, it is beautiful! so translucent and starry. I am a great admirer of nature, Mr. Porter, in all her varied forms, from the little flower that blows upon the border of the gurgling rill, to the beautiful children at play in the clover meadows."

"Oh! then you like children?" at the top of his voice, and turning almost purple with the intense effort.

"Dear! oh, yes! how could you doubt it? But, alas! I have had none of my own! Ah, me!"

"Then I may dare to ask you—"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Porter, you may dare anything! I shall never be offended with you! Oh, yes, indeed you may—"

"But I was afraid you might not—"

"Oh no, Mr. Porter; far be it from me to disappoint the glowing hopes and anticipations of your bosom!"

"Then I trust that you will—that you will—"

raising his voice at every word.

"My dear John, don't hesitate! don't be afraid!"

I have a gushing heart filled with pent-up affections, ready to lavish them upon—"

"Then I may hope that you will take me—"

"Oh, Mr Porter!" cried the widow, falling upon his clean shirt-bosom, greatly to the destruction of starch and polish—and throwing her arms around his neck—"this is the happiest moment of my existence! But it is so unexpected—so—"

"Good heaven!" cried Mr. Porter, in a cold sweat, and struggling madly to free himself—"I—I—this is—I can't bear it! I shall faint away!"

"Oh, murder!" cried the widow; "but joy never kills! no, never, John! It is the elixir of the soul!"

"I—I—won't you let go, just a minute?" panted Mr. Porter. But Mrs. Hodge remembered Phipps's injunction to "encourage" him, and held on.

Mr. Porter arose hurriedly, and commenced a backward retreat. Unfortunately, the door he selected by which to make his exit, led to the cellar instead of the hall, and down he went backwards—thump, thump, with Mrs. Hodge still clinging to his neck.

"Never mind!" said the lady; "it was only an accident! I always told Hodge something would happen from having those doors so near together. You're not hurt, are you?"

"No—that is—I've barked my leg against that door. Don't hug me so; I—I ain't used to it—and Abigail would kill me if she should learn about it!"

"Abigail! I defy any one to harm you, John!"

"Good heaven, Mrs. Hodge! you'll stop my breath! there's the boarders staring and laughing at us, and John'll tell Abby! And you're so deaf I have to yell to make you hear, and they're catching every word!"

"Abigail? I ask you, sir, who is Abigail?"

"Why, my wife; and we have six children, and I wanted to come here to board."

"Your wife! John Porter, are you a married man?"

"Oh, dear, yes!"

"A married man! You sneaking, old, rascally deaf haddock, you! And here I've been screaming my lungs out to an old deaf married man!"

"Deaf! who's deaf?" bellowed uncle John.

"Why, you, sir! in a stunning voice that made the very windows rattle."

"Never! it's you! you're deaf as a post! Gracious!"

"How dare you say so, you old sinner, you? I can hear as well as the sharpest-eared person in the world! But you might as well not have any ears!"

"Who said I was deaf?"

"Mr. Phipps. Who told you I was deaf?"

"John! He's always up to some such tricks; but I never suspected him of this."

"He said you were deaf, and had met with a disappointment. Had buried your love, and never taken another!"

"The deuce! John, what did you mean, sir?"

"I referred to the old mare, sir."

Mrs. Hodge took the law into her own hands. She seized the shovel, and the way which Mr. Phipps and his uncle John left the house was an improvement on the speed of the telegraph.

She still takes in single gentlemen; but has a seated antipathy to young men with solemn countenances.

Mr. Phipps boards with a rich old maid; and so also does his uncle John, Abigail, and their six children. They are spending their summer in the country. Mrs. Hodge says she hopes it will do them good. C. A.

WELSH MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCE CONSORT.—The model of the proposed Welsh memorial to the Prince Consort, after having been approved of by her Majesty, is now on view at the Town-hall, Tenby. The model of the statue and pedestal stand together about 5ft. 6in. high; the statue, which is robed, being 2ft. 8in. The figure of the prince is attired in a field-marshal's dress, wearing the collar and the badge of the Order of the Garter. It the right hand is one end of the Field-Marshal's bâton, the other end being placed across the right leg, which is thrown forward. The left hand rests on the side. The likeness is considered an exceedingly good one, and altogether it promises to be one of the finest statues ever produced in the principality. The height of the pedestal, when finished, will be 12ft., and the statue 8ft. 6in.

FRENCH WOMEN.—A habit prevails in France, in regard to young unmarried ladies in the wealthier classes, so entirely different from our own system, that it is worthy of mention. The young ladies, till the day of their marriage, must dress plainly and cheaply; they must not, even in company, wear jewellery, flounces or ribbons to any extent. The mother may carry into company ten times the value that her daughter can. And it is astonishing how the old women of France do dress. One might very well take their modestly dressed daughters at their side for a family instructress, or a favourite servant. Not only must the daughters dress plainly and modestly,

but they must never move out of sight of their mother, or chaperons, nor speak to a gentleman without permission, until they are married; then, custom allows them to make up for lost time, and, as far as I have been able to observe, they do make it up with a vengeance. The study of the fashions is very apt to become at once a mania with them; and unless they are gratified to the full extent of their desires, the husband very often becomes a sufferer in more ways than one. A Frenchman, however, cannot resist the fascinations of a Frenchwoman; and he generally yields to all her wishes, even if he sacrifices his happiness in other particulars. A more independent, exacting, diplomatic, showy race of married women cannot be found.

THE STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXV.

What cannot art attain! Many, with ease,
Have learned to weep both when and how they please.
Congress.

ESTHER WILLIS was seated in her cosy little apartment, in her boarding house, early in the evening of the same day. The muslin curtains were drawn over the two windows; the gas burned brightly in the chandelier; and a bright coal fire glowed steadily in the grate, all giving the room a pleasant home-look.

But Esther appeared to notice none of these things, her hands being folded idly in her lap, and her gaze fixed upon the polished fender. She had changed somewhat since her father's death; her pure, earnest beauty being heightened by the trials she had undergone, and the anguish she was enduring. Her face was pale, but had lost none of its delicate oval; and she looked fragile, but none the less inexpressibly lovely.

Her thoughts were with Harry. Night and day she thought of him, one moment blaming herself for doubting his love, and inventing a thousand excuses for his silence and seeming desertion, and the next regarding him as false to her, and stealing her heart against him.

On this particular evening her heart yearned towards him with a weary sickness she had never before experienced, and she murmured, almost unconsciously:

"My poor father! How little he suspected that I was so soon to be bereft, not only of fortune and home, but of Harry's love! How little he dreamed of what his daughter's position would really be!"

She sighed, resolutely repressing the tears that thronged to her eyes, and had hardly nerved herself anew to patience and courage, when there came a low and gentle tap at the door. In response to her invitation, Pierre Russell entered.

At sight of her visitor, Esther's countenance brightened, and she gave him a hearty welcome as she arose and placed a chair for his use.

As already stated, Russell had called upon her several times since her removal to her present home, and had been so unobtrusively kind to her that she felt a generous liking for him. He generally brought her books and papers, with a bouquet of fresh flowers, and bestowed upon her many delicate attentions, never once whispering of his love; and Esther had begun to feel a reliance upon him, and regard him as her true friend. On this occasion he brought her a bouquet and a couple of new books.

"You are not looking well, Esther," he said. "Your cheeks are as white as that camellia. What can I do to bring back its delicate bloom?"

Tears started to the girl's eyes, and she exclaimed, impulsively:

"Oh, Pierre! only prove to me that Harry is true to me—that he still loves me!"

Russell shook his head, and said, in tones that were tremulous with his well-feigned sympathy:

"I wish I could, Esther—I wish I could! If by laying down my own life I could win back his affection, or arouse his sense of gratitude—"

Russell's artful speech had the effect he intended. The proud blood quickly mauled Esther's cheeks, and she exclaimed:

"No, no! If he has deserted me, I would not put out my hand to recall him. But, oh, Pierre, I have been so disappointed in him! A month ago nothing could have convinced me that he was capable of such falseness! Have you seen him to-day?"

"Yes. You know I have kept you informed of his presence at aunt's. In fact, I left him tête-à-tête with Elinor when I came to see you."

Esther started, and regarded her visitor almost wildly, and her voice was hoarse as she said:

"Of course, he did not know you were coming to see me?"

Russell hesitated, and averted his head, as if not wishing to reply.

"Tell me!" said Esther, her tones trembling with anguish, "did Harry know you were coming here?"

Russell turned and looked at her, with an expression of tender and respectful pity, as he said, with assumed reluctance:

"Since you compel me, I must tell you. I asked Moreland to come with me and see you, telling him how lonely you were, and—"

"What did he say?" demanded Esther, seeing that he hesitated. "Dear, kind friend, do not fear to tell me what he said."

"He answered me," replied the hypocrite, "that I must see that since his failure, he was in no condition to marry a portionless girl. He said that he wished to enter on business life again; in fact, he had already done so; and he must have money with his wife."

"Is that all?"

"He added, that if I thought there was any deep feeling between you and him I was mistaken. He said that you two had grown up together, and that his love for you was the calm and quiet love of a brother; and that since you were now poor, he would not wrong you nor himself by a loveless marriage. He bade me tell you that if he prospered he would pay you an annuity—"

Esther had been drinking in every word Russell uttered, with implicit belief, her dark grey eyes luminous with her anguish, and now she uttered a low cry, and covered her face with her hands.

Russell possessed tact enough to remain silent, and watch the effect of his false communication.

It was some moments before the girl looked up, and her face was deathly white, although her voice was low and even, as she said:

"You say he has again entered business. Where did he get the money?"

"He is engaged to Elinor," replied Russell, slyly; "and aunt lent him ten thousand pounds, as part of Elinor's dowry."

Again Esther groaned; and her attitude was so full of awful despair, that Pierre resolved to turn her grief to indignation, and went on:

"Dear Esther, I do not ask you to take my word for all I have told you. I prefer to give you proof."

As he spoke, he drew a daily paper from his pocket, and pointed out a notice of partnership, with Harry Moreland's name as the new member of the firm.

"I wanted no proofs!" moaned Esther, when she had glanced over the notice. "I believed you, Pierre."

"But I do not ask you to believe me, Esther, without the proofs," said Russell, gently. "All that I have reported to you in regard to Harry's living with aunt in order to be near Elinor, his engagement to her, and consequent falseness to you, should be corroborated by your own senses. At times, despite what I have told you, I don't doubt but that you hope against hope, and invent excuses for his conduct. All this wears upon your health. Why not obtain an absolute certainty upon all these points?"

"How can I do that?"

"The way is clear," responded Russell. "I can introduce you into aunt's house without any one's knowledge. I left the couple making love in the front drawing-room. The adjoining drawing-room, at the back, is always unlighted in the evening, when the family is alone. By placing ourselves there, we can see all that is going on in the front room, and hear all they say. You owe this to yourself, Esther."

"No, no," said the girl. "I know you tell me the truth, Pierre. I will not go."

Russell combated this resolution, setting forth the advantage that would accrue to her from an absolute knowledge of her lover's falsity, and imploring as a favour to himself that she would go.

"I have a latch-key," he said. "No one will see us enter, and no one need know that you have been there. Aunt is gone to the theatre. End your doubts at once, Esther."

The girl assured him that she knew he spoke the truth, and that she had no longer any doubts of Harry's real falsity, but the artful persuasions of her visitor finally induced her to consent.

"I will get a cab," said Russell, his eyes full of satisfaction, "while you attire yourself for the risk. If I may suggest, Esther, something soft and dark would be best, as you will not then be noticed, should the door happen to be open!"

He went out to order a cab, and soon returned with it. Esther was awaiting him, attired in a soft, dark merino, and black cloak, and he immediately led her down to the cab, and gave his orders to the driver, after which they entered and drove away.

During the journey Russell exerted himself to rouse Esther's spirit, and succeeded, she being composed, though despairing, by the time they arrived at the corner nearest to Mrs. Willis's residence. There the cab stopped, and they alighted. Russell gave the driver directions to remain on that spot until their return, and then drew the girl's arm through his, and led her to their destination.

"Have courage, Esther," he said, as they glanced at the brilliant light that came from the drawing-room,

in ascending the broad steps. "You shall soon see Harry, and test his love, without being seen!"

He inserted his latch-key in the lock, and they entered the hall, closing the door behind them, and then hastened to the back drawing-room. Their ingress had been unseen, and the room they now entered was dark and unoccupied, as could be seen when entering from the gas-lit hall.

"Here we are, Esther," whispered Russell. "Now be brave!"

He had little fear that Elinor would not play her preconceived part well, and knew that she must have heard their entrance; still his pulse beat a little faster than usual as he gently pushed aside one of the sliding doors, and peered into the room.

What he saw seemed very satisfactory; for he closed the aperture, placed a soft ottoman beside it, seated Esther thereon, holding her hand in his, and then slid back the door again, leaving a small aperture, sufficiently wide to give them a good view of the room.

The apartment was beautifully arranged, but the eyes of the watchers were riveted upon its occupants.

Harry Moreland was seated in an easy chair, half turned away from them, so that while they could see and recognize him, they were themselves unseen.

On an ottoman at Harry's side, and facing them, sat Elinor Stropes, her beautiful dress shimmering in the abundant light, and her handsome face aglow with all her hopes of success. She was toying with Harry's hand, slipping off, and on one of his fingers a diamond ring, which Esther herself had once given her.

Grateful for the kindness of Mrs. Willis and her daughter, and feeling a brother's interest in Elinor, Moreland showed no distaste for the girl's attentions, believing them to be dictated by a sisterly and friendly interest; and, if Esther had ever had a doubt of the truth of Russell's assertions, that doubt perished in that moment.

Her heart thrilled as her gaze lingered on the noble head and face of the man she so devoutly loved—thrilled with a lance-like pain, and she was almost tempted to call his name, but her pride restrained her. In the flattering gas-light, she did not notice the ravages that grief had made on Harry's noble countenance; she did not see how rigid were the lines on his face, nor how the old happy light that had been used to shine in his blue eyes had been replaced by an expression of deep suffering—she only saw that Harry was sitting before her, with his hand in that of Elinor Stropes!

"You see?" whispered Russell, his eyes shining through the gloom.

Aware of the presence of her unseen visitors by the sliding of the door, Elinor proceeded to play her part in a manner that would give credit to the instructions she had received from her mother and cousin.

"Dear Harry," she said, regarding him affectionately, "how little we would once have thought of bearing the relations we now bear to each other! How little I used to know you! I fancy you used to regard your Elinor very differently from what you do now!"

She looked archly into his face as she spoke.

Moreland scarcely comprehended what she said, his thoughts, by some mysterious sympathy, having reverted to Esther, whom he so idolized; but he answered, in a tone of friendly interest:

"Yes, indeed, Elinor. I was led to misapprehend your character in those old days, and now know how noble and good you are. You are indeed a blessing to me!"

He took her hand, and raised it to his lips.

"You hear?" whispered Russell.

He felt the girl's hand tremble in his clasp, and her whole frame shake as with an ague, and for a moment feared Esther would betray herself. He little knew the vast fund of womanly pride hidden beneath her girlish exterior, or the Spartan courage that animated her in that hour of awful trial.

"Dear Harry," said Elinor, resolved to put a leading question, and trembling as she did so, "you have forgotten Esther, haven't you?"

Russell almost cursed his cousin for her imprudent question, and half-resolved to withdraw Esther before the answer should be given, but he could not. The girl held her breath in her eagerness to hear it, every hope hanging upon it.

She could not see Moreland's face, nor the rigid, anguished expression that passed over it; she did not hear his quickened breathing; she heard only his voice, calm with his stern self-control, as he answered:

"No, Elinor, not forgotten, but I have put her out of my life. 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' We will turn to the future."

Never dreaming that Moreland's answer was prompted by an agonising thought of her falseness to him, and a keen reluctance to expose his bleeding heart to even so faithful a friend as he believed Elinor to be, Esther almost fainted.

She was upheld by the strong arm of Russell, who

was overjoyed at the unexpected answer of Moreland, and soon recovered.

"Yes, Harry, we will have a happier future! If the most earnest devotion on my part can make it so, our lives shall be a perfect paradise!"

She sprang from her ottoman, and threw herself in Harry's arms, whispering loud enough for every word to reach the listeners' ears:

"Oh, Harry, I love you—I love you! My own darling, now and for ever!"

"You see? You hear?" whispered Russell, struck with admiration for what he mentally termed "the genius" of his cousin.

"My God!" gasped Esther, her brain reeling, and her hold of life seeming to slip away for ever. "Take me away!"

Russell noiselessly closed the door, in obedience to Esther's agonized whisper; and then, drawing her veil close over her face, he bore the half-fainting girl unobserved out into the hall, and thence into the street.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,

Through the dark veil of rainy sorrow.

Shakespeare

THE chilly autumn air soon revived Esther sufficiently for her to return to the cab, with Russell's aid, and they were then driven back.

The wild despair and anguish of her heart kept her silent during this ride, and she appeared, even on reaching her lodgings, like one in a horrible trance.

"Come Esther," said the porter, in his gentlest voice, after paying and dismissing the driver, "let me assist you to your room."

Weak as a child, and trembling in every limb, Esther gladly availed herself of her companion's arm, and he assisted her to alight; and, on being admitted, he half-carried her up-stairs to her apartment, where he gently removed her bonnet and cloak, and gave her a glass of water. He then noiselessly stirred and renewed the fire, turned on more gas-light, and hastened to bathe her hot and throbbing head, uttering gentle assurances of sympathy and consolation.

As soon as the wild light in Esther's eyes had become somewhat subdued, and her face had lost something of its rigidity and fixedness, the crafty schemer prepared to take his departure.

"I beg you will forgive me, Esther," he said, with pretended grief, "for having plunged you into this trouble, although I sought only your good. Perhaps it would have been better to remain ignorant of Harry's proceedings—"

"No, no," interrupted Esther, quickly. "I thank you sincerely for having taken me to your aunt's. It is better than to cherish a delusion! I am grateful to you, Pierre—deeply and lastingly grateful."

A flush of joy mantled the villain's face.

"Then, if my course has pleased you," he said, "let me say a few words more. There are some considerations which especially belong to this hour—a realization of what you owe to your own womanly dignity, a proper sense of self-respect. Let me suggest, as a friend, therefore, the avoidance of all useless grief, and of all vain regrets. You must not allow yourself to be crushed by the discovery of Moreland's falsity—I will not say baseness. The heart will ache, I know, at such terrible experience—that is but natural, but you have only to remember what you owe to yourself, Esther, to find the means of endurance. Despite Harry's conduct, men are not all villains, nor is the world all darkness. You've only to rally against this bitter blow, and all will be well. You will find noble and worthy hearts around you, and discover, sooner or later, that there is such a thing as true love—such a thing as pure and disinterested affection—such a thing as devoted and imperishable friendship!"

Esther's heart was too full to reply to these words; but she extended her hand to the speaker, in a way which attested how much she was consoled by them.

"You must refrain from looking back on the past," resumed the artful villain, "and turn your mental gaze toward the future. What you will now require is a daily change of scene, and I hope you will occasionally take a little excursion with me in the afternoon or evening. You must go to the theatre, drive out, have all the new books, and in every way strive to wean yourself from this deep affliction. Now, promise me, Esther, that you will adopt my advice, and be worthy of your own noble self in this crisis."

"I can do no less than say that I appreciate all your thoughtful suggestions," Esther replied, endeavouring to smile through her tears. "I am touched by your goodness, Pierre, and will strive to be worthy of it. Come and see me to-morrow."

With a heart full of satisfaction, Russell pressed Esther's hand to his lips, and took his departure, with an earnest and tender adieu. He had not alluded to his hopeless (?) love for her, and his words and actions

were so kind, considerate, and full of honest friendship—to all appearance—that the very favourable impression Esther had lately formed of him was much strengthened.

"Cleverly done!" he ejaculated in the street, as he directed his steps toward his aunt's. "My future is now clear—a splendid wife, and half a million of pounds! It only remains to follow up my advantage!"

In the meantime, Elinor Stropes had played her part well, as will be seen by a direct relation of what had followed the withdrawal of Esther and Russell.

The instant Harry realized the last-recorded words of Elinor, and the more startling demonstration attending them, he arose abruptly, disengaging her arms from his neck, and saying:

"Elinor! I am astonished!"

The rebuke conveyed by his tone and manner, even more than by the words, momentarily disconcerted Elinor, it was so much more quick and stern than she had expected.

"Forgive me, Harry," she faltered, covering her face with her hands, in an apparent agony of distress. "Oh, what have I done? What have I done?"

Moreland made no reply.

"You do not answer me!" she said. "You despise me! Oh, I wish I were dead!"

"Do not say so, Elinor," said Moreland, gravely.

"Explain your strange action!"

Elinor half-pushed away her handkerchief, showing her black eyes suffused with tears and her face with blushes, that Moreland charitably supposed were produced by a sense of shame, and sobbed:

"Oh, Harry, I must tell you the truth, let you think what you will of me. When—when you used to visit Esther, and make love to her, I—I learned to love you. I concealed the fact in my own heart, and—should never have betrayed myself, had it not been that I saw to-night how pale you were, and how sad you looked. My heart swelled with pity and love, as I saw Esther's work in your altered looks, and wished I had been Esther, for I would have treated you differently. Oh, Harry, I can never forgive myself for my want of self-control. Do not despise me! Oh—"

Her voice died out in an incoherent murmur, and she gave way to a paroxysm of grief.

Moreland still regarded her in grave silence; but his heart was touched by her apparent suffering, as well as by the thought that she had loved and clung to him in adversity, while Esther had seemed to desert him.

The anger and disgust he had experienced at first left him, and he felt a deep pity for her.

"I—I could have concealed it," sobbed Elinor, "only my heart was so wrung by your suffering. Oh, Harry, don't condemn me! I cannot—cannot—bear to lose your respect."

"You have not lost it, Elinor," said Harry, in his grave, gentle tones, that were full of a deep and tender pity. "I do not condemn you. From the first glimpse I have had of a heart that was once all true and womanly, I judge all women tenderly. I do not despise you for the hopeless love you have cherished. On the contrary, I admire your nobleself-abnegation in renouncing the usual exchange of hearts; but, Elinor, I can do no more than pity and admire you. The love of my boyhood, the first fresh sweet love of my life, as well as the more ardent love of my manhood, have been and are still given to Esther."

"But—but she is false to you."

Moreland's features were momentarily convulsed with pain, but he said:

"My heart will ever be true to her, Elinor—wherever and whatever she may be! She was to me a pure and noble type of womanhood—and as such, despite late events, she will ever remain enshrined in my heart. But even if my heart is broken," he added, "you and I will still be friends."

Elinor took his outstretched hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"I shall never, never forget your generosity," she whispered. "You have saved me from despair, for I feared that I had for ever forfeited your esteem. Forget my outbreak—if you can!"

"It is forgotten," answered Moreland, pressing his hand to his forehead. "We will never think of it again!"

"And," said Elinor, blushing tearfully, "by the hopeless love that glows in my own weak heart, let me sympathize with you!"

She appeared to fling off her grief, and rouse herself to the task of consoler, exerting all her womanly tact to widen the breach between him and Esther, and thus the dark web drew near its completion. She knew that her late conduct, unless clearly seen to be acting, would eventually tend to draw his thoughts to her; and it was with a quiet feeling of hopefulness and contentment that she continued to devote herself to him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Alas! they had been friends in youth!
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is stormy, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Coleridge.

A few days of gentle attention from Russell to Esther followed. He visited her frequently, and prevailed upon her to allow him to escort her in her walks and rides, and tried in every manner to divert her from her grief. He was successful in so far that she strove to be cheerful, and read the books he brought her, scarcely ever mentioning Moreland's name. About a week after Esther's clandestine visit to her aunt's house, as Russell was calling upon her one afternoon, he said:

"Esther, you need more of a change. Let me take you to some theatre this evening. Will you?"

There was a weary expression on the young girl's face as she declined the invitation, but Pierre urged her, and finally obtained her consent to the proposed step.

"We will take Mrs. Jones's daughter with us," said Russell. "She will be company enough; and if we are seen, no one could attach enough consequence to our going to annoy you."

Esther thanked him for his thoughtfulness, and he took his leave, hastening to his aunt's and entering the presence of Elinor.

"Well, Elinor," he said, smiling, "I've done a real thing to-day—induced Esther to consent to go to the theatre with me this evening. We shall take a private box opposite the one you and aunt have already engaged. Now, if you can manage to take Moreland with you, we can leave the rest to fate. You can tell him that she goes to the theatre nightly, and has plenty of admirers—that Pierre has had several walks and rides with her, although he had refrained from paining him with the statement of the fact. Tell him all this, and as much more as your fertile brain will prompt. Will you do it?"

Elinor promised, full of delight at the scheme.

"But your going with her," she said, doubtfully—"couldn't some one else go?"

"Oh, she won't go with me alone," laughed Russell. "She insists upon Helen Jones, her landlady's daughter, a tall, raw-boned specimen of humanity, accompanying us; and I agreed, of course. I believe, Elinor, that I shall earn my fifty thousand in services to you!"

Elinor seemed relieved by this statement, and agreed to confront him and Esther at the theatre.

"She thinks him false now," she said; "and if he sees her with you, he'll be confirmed in his belief. How nice it all seems!"

Russell soon went to the room he still retained, and Elinor awaited the arrival of Moreland.

She had not long to wait, he coming home at six o'clock.

She met him in the hall, with the look of humility and timidity she had assumed since her declaration of love for him a week before, and said:

"Harry, mamma engaged a box at the theatre for this evening, expecting that Pierre and I would go. But Pierre says he has an engagement somewhere, and we must do without him. We shall have to stay at home, for it is impossible for ladies to attend such a place without an escort, unless you would be kind enough to take us?"

Harry did not long resist the appeal made to his generosity, feeling glad to repay in even so slight a service some portion of the great debt he felt he owed Mrs. Willis and her daughter.

As soon as she had received his consent, Elinor went up and reported to her cousin, who soon after left the house, his countenance evincing a marked delight.

He procured a cab, and drove to Esther's residence, where she awaited him in readiness for the proposed visit.

He thought he had never before seen her look so lovely, her delicate blue bonnet setting off her fair hair and complexion; and her rich blue silk dress, and black velvet cloak, both the latter gifts from her father, adding to her elegant appearance.

"The night is chilly, Esther," he said, after admiring her a few moments in silence. "If you only had furs—"

Esther went to a trunk, and brought out a set of real ermine, worthy of the days when she was heiress to half-a-million, and put them on, asking, with a faint smile:

"Will I do?"

"Indeed you will," was the enthusiastic reply.

He led her to the carriage, where they were joined by Miss Jones, and they drove to the theatre Pierre had selected for their evening's entertainment, and immediately went to their box.

A considerable audience was already collected, and Russell exulted in the many admiring glances that

were lavished upon the beautiful girl beside him, as if she already belonged to him.

They had been seated but a few moments, and Pierre was engaging Esther in a pleasant conversation, when his keen eyes detected a movement on the opposite side of the house; and the next moment the rival box was occupied by Harry, Elinor, and Mrs. Willis.

He glanced at his companions. Miss Jones was giggling at some friend she saw in the pit, and Esther was smiling at a comical remark Pierre had just made.

"Esther," he whispered, "show no emotion, but look across the house to the opposite box!"

Esther looked across as directed, and met the earnest gaze of Harry Moreland. There was a mutual recognition.

"Don't betray any emotion, Esther," whispered Pierre. "Be worthy of yourself—and rebuke the false-hearted man!"

She obeyed him, schooling her features, and repressing all sign of emotion, although she did not immediately withdraw her eyes from the fixed gaze of Moreland.

Elinor whispered something similar to Harry, and thus the lately fond lovers looked coldly at each other, without so much as a nod of recognition—although the hearts of both were almost breaking.

Esther finally withdrew her gaze, and turned her attention to the stage, seeing nothing and hearing nothing of the performance. Occasionally she glanced across, but usually saw Harry apparently absorbed in the acting, or pleasantly conversing with Elinor; and her pride prompted her to feign unusual gaiety, much to Russell's pleasure and Moreland's anguish.

But the poor girl soon complained of feeling ill, and Pierre bent over her with a lover's solicitude, making it appear that she was only coquetting with him, and in the pause between the acts he took her from the house, hastening with her home.

Pierre saw no more tears from Esther, no more quivering of the pale lips, nor mute beseechings in the splendid eyes. Instead, she showed a woman's firmness, with a sort of stony calmness, as if the world had done the worst for her, and she was utterly weary, and without hope or fear. The great dream of life had failed her, she thought; its glory dissolving into a cold mist, and henceforth everything should be alike to her, she caring for nothing.

We need not linger upon the adroit manner in which Russell followed up his successes during the next hour. Suffice it to say that he completed his work of turning Esther from Harry, that he ministered greatly to her sorrow, and so conducted himself that she regarded him as the most noble and gentle of men, and that his feelings on leaving her were ecstatic, he having received so many palpable evidences of the success of his wooing.

(To be continued.)

WASHING DAY IN GERMANY.—Yes! even in Germany they have washing days. They are thus graphically described in a letter from a lady:—"It is one of the chief glories of the German housewives to possess abundance of linen, and for the purpose of displaying their wealth, they put off their washing till used up—some three weeks, some six, some half a year, and those who are more affluent have washing but once a year. Every house contains a "Schwartz Waschkommer," where the dirty clothes are kept hung up on poles or lines in the air. When the drawers and presses are nearly empty, two or three washer-women are hired, who come at two in the morning, take each a cup of coffee and some bread, which is repeated at the usual time. In the forenoon they again have bread, with wine or cider; dine at twelve; at three or four again a cup of coffee with bread, and then wash till supper, at eight. They wash in very large oval tubs, at which four or five can stand at once. So it goes on for several days, according to the number of clothes. The remainder of the week is spent in ironing—sheets, pillow-cases, and all the ungathered clothes are mangled, and towels, stockings, &c., are only folded. During the whole week no woman in the family can think of anything but the wash; and by the end of it some have sore hands (for they use lye), and all are out of humour.

EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENT.—Some few days since a naval officer made the following communication regarding the late Confederate ship of war Alabama. "We tell the tale as 'twas told to us."—Referring to the last engagement, this gentleman's account of the loss of life in the action with the Kearsarge differs very much from that which has been hitherto published. Two men only were killed, and two only drowned—Frank Stevenson, of Bremen, received a fatal blow on the head from a splinter knocked off the bulwarks by a shot; John Anderson, a Norwegian, was cut in two by a splinter detached by a shell. The two drowned were John Williams, of Dublin, and William Martin,

of the Isle of Wight, acting gunner's mate. All the rest (the complement being 151, including 44 officers, engineers, and stewards) were picked up by the Kearsarge, the steam yacht Deerhound, and the five French fishing luggers. The one which saved our informant was commanded by Captain Cheverea, who rescued eleven. In the action he was stationed at the pivot gun forward, which was spiked when the colours were struck. As the ship was going down he picked up a gun handspike, and with its aid sustained himself three-quarters of an hour in the water, until rescued. According to this marvellous story, Mr. Llewellyn, the surgeon of the Alabama, is alive, and concealed somewhere in France; he is said to be suffering from his immersion, and under medical treatment.

RELATIVE DECAY OF THE SEXES.

DECAY of the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males, throughout England and Wales, was 518,066, while the deaths among females were only 499,058, giving an excess of male deaths in three years of 18,048. After this statement, it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males.

In the present time, in London, there are 996,600 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 119,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July, 1839, and 30th June, 1840, 5,247 females, aged eighty-five and upward; whereas, of the same age, there died only 3,954 gentlemen, leaving what is called in the city a "balance" in favour of the old ladies of 1,293.

Among the females who died, seventy-one had passed the age of 100, but only forty males. There are only three diseases common to the sexes which carry off more females than males; they are consumption, cancer, and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only eight per 1,000 of the total mortality; and as half a million children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 3,000 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only one death to 170 confinements.

The researches of the Registrar-General have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases affect the two sexes. In the ymatic tribe the uniformity is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8,194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4,443 were males, and 4,051 females, a difference of only ninety-two. Again, out of 17,862 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8,927 were males, 8,934 were females, a difference of only seven. On the other hand it appears that out of 14,806 dying of pneumonia, 8,177 were males, and only 6,629 females. Out of 22,787 dying of convulsions, 12,689 were males, and only 10,098 females.

The superior value of female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance officers, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable to any differences in the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than the woman); but first, to the smaller demand made upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind; and thirdly, to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilized country, falls to the share of woman.—Dr. G. Gregory.

ALL THE SAME, YET HOW DIFFERENT!—In England we have the House of Lords and House of Commons; in France there is the Corps Législatif, or Senate; in Austria, the Reichsrath; in Greece, the National Assembly; in Spain and Portugal, the Cortes; in Switzerland, the Federal Council; in Norway and Sweden, the Storting; in Denmark, the Upper and Lower Houses of the Rigsdag, the Lands-thing and the Folkething; in Holland, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Prussia, Italy, and Moldo-Wallachia they have a Chamber of Deputies; at Frankfurt they have a Diet, so also has Dalmatia; the Federal and the Confederate States have their House of Congress and House of Representatives; in Mexico things are in a state of transition, but they used to have a Congress; in South and Central America the different Republics each have their Senate or Congress; the Emperor of Brazil summons his Cortes; in the Sandwich Islands they have a Convention. We hear of Eastern princes and statesmen holding a durbar or levee. Most of our colonies have their Houses of Assembly. It is singular that the Emperor of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey should each be able to govern without any assistance from their subjects.

DIVORCE AND RE-MARRIAGE.—The marriage returns for 1862, which have just been issued, distinguish the marriage of 28 divorced persons in the year. Ten of these marriages took place in London. Fifteen divorced men married spinsters, and two divorced men married widows; nine divorced women were married to bachelors, and two divorced women to widowers. There was also another instance, occurring at Birmingham, where a man and woman, once husband and wife, but divorced, were re-married. The number of divorced persons is increasing, and hence these marriages of divorced persons increase; the number reported in 1862 was about three times as many as in any previous year.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—The *Egypt* publishes the following curious piece of intelligence:—"Letters from Abyssinia state that Théodore, emperor of that country, has just crowned his imperial eccentricities by an act which exceeds them all in extravagance. Having learned of the widowed Queen Victoria, he has had a letter written to her, offering her his hand. Mr. Cameron, the English consul, was charged to forward this missive to his sovereign. The reply to so unforeseen an offer not being immediately forthcoming, the Emperor Théodore got angry, and had Mr. Cameron put in chains until his Majesty should have obtained satisfaction for such a want of attention towards him. On learning of the imprisonment of Mr. Cameron, her Britannic Majesty is said to have decided on replying by a polite refusal, the sending of which by post was more economical than a special message to Abyssinia."

THE PRIDE OF POWER.

The ponderous bell in a mill at Winsted told off its six strokes. The shrill whistle answered, and there was a general whirr and bustle, a crash of machinery, a great running to and fro, and banging of doors; then, as if by common consent among bodies animate and inanimate, a general silence settled over all. Groups of toil-stained men and rather careless-looking girls walked down the wide alley, pausing to exchange a word or two, or answer a laugh; dispersing at the gate, and wending their several ways homeward. The quiet seemed the more profound and curious because the sun was yet bright in the heavens, and the long summer day evinced no sign of being near its close. That great, irregular, dingy-looking building appeared so forlorn when you no longer saw faces at its many windows, or thick volumes of smoke throwing out their black gauge of defiance against the cloudless sky.

The place was not entirely deserted. The watchman and general overseer began his customary rounds from room to room, and the fireman threw himself lazily on some bags of wool, for a chat with his familiar companion, now that the brazen-throated engine no longer deafened him. There might have been another letterer or two about, and in a room on the second floor two persons still remained.

If you can imagine anything pleasant in that dreary place, full of dust and the usual concomitants of a manufactory, this room certainly was. Being on the corner it had a window looking each way; on one side, past the dusty street and ruinous outhouses, over a stretch of grass-grown commons, and fields that had been rich in waving golden grain, to the edge of a wood where a gentle ascent began. The other view was quite different. After the factory yard came a few dirty streets, then a sort of irregular mass of cottages and gardens in different stages of cultivation, jumbled in unpicturesque confusion. Beyond this rose the village of Winsted, really pretty, neat, and orderly. It contained a street of small shops, two churches, and a rather imposing hotel. The grand old oak trees redeemed it from any suspicion of newness, for they were perfect patriarchs. How lovely they looked, as their long green boughs blew about in the summer air! for at that distance it was fragrant and pure. The townspeople had been wise in banishing all manner of disagreeable things to the Centre, as it was usually called.

From her desk, where she sat and wrote the living-day, Janet Sheldon had both of these views. Sometimes her heart lingered among the peaceful cottages, and she thought of fair young girls growing up to bright futures in those sweet homes. But oftener fancy wandered to the purple woods and shadowy land beyond, for in her weariness it seemed to proffer perfect rest.

I said the room was pleasant. Its chief charm, beside sunshine, was a kind of womanly grace and order discernible in the arrangement of the scant furniture. A few engravings were tacked by their corners to the wall; sad, beautiful faces, and strange landscapes of lonely shores, or deep ravines between almost impassable mountains. On the desk stood a rich Bohemian glass, filled with flowers; sometimes

simple wild ones; on other days, rare, fragrant blossoms that had been reared with choicest care. Now it contained scarlet geraniums, heliotropes, rosebuds, and a cluster of small, drooping white lilies, whose subtle odour told of far-off lands.

Janet Sheldon had arranged her books, pens, and papers in their usual order, and locked her desk; but she still retained her seat, and was resting her cheek on her hand, listening to her visitor.

Ross Chantrey might have found prettier girls to bestow his favours upon among the laughing, careless host that earned their daily bread under his supervision. There were brighter eyes, rosier cheeks, and rounder figures; for this girl was thin and pale, and you could not imagine her ever being gay. The oval of her face was too long, and the features, though straight, and not irregular, lacked vivacity. Her forehead was broad and low, the light brown hair brushed smoothly across it, and gathered at the back in a large coil. It was beautiful in its satin smoothness and abundance, but it needed lustre and waviness for such a face. The arching line of the brows was finely kept, and pencilled to perfection, and the eyes would have redeemed almost any lack of beauty. They were large, and of that soft, luminous brown, so well calculated to express all the deeper shades of feeling. Indeed, Ross Chantrey always knew her state of mind when he could obtain a glimpse of light from under those long lashes.

He was an undeniably handsome man, haughty and prideful. He carried his will in his face. Before he had said a dozen words to you, if you were an inferior, you knew he was master, and meant to be obeyed. He settled incipient rebellion with a glance. When he looked you over from head to foot with his cool, surprised stare, and told you, in a clear, steely voice, what you might do, and what you could not do, you yielded, or put such a distance between him and yourself that it was never necessary to receive another order from him. Yet I think in the factory he was generally liked; for his manners were courteous, and he never gave a command unless it was needed. Mr. Balfour, his partner, stormed about by the hour, without accomplishing half as much.

He was a very ambitious man, Ross Chantrey. He could remember a childhood spent amid luxury—prodigality I might say—and was left, at the death of his father, with a pittance that barely sufficed for his education. He had set himself about redeeming that past. For ten years he had been bending every energy toward it, and at eight and twenty, was satisfied with his position, but in nowise relaxed his efforts. He did not like the life he was leading; he wanted ease, polished society, and to be surrounded with all the appliances of wealth while he was still young enough to enjoy them keenly. And he meant to be—this was his aim.

There was another side to the man's character—a peculiar tenderness, a passion, a fervour, a want that no gold could supply. His soul hungered and thirsted after love continually. I suppose there were hours when he despised the cry, tossed it out like a vagrant child to die of neglect. But it always returned. He had never known mother or sister, or indeed any near tie, so the fancy of attachment had the charm of newness for him.

It was strange, perhaps, that he had never fallen in love. He was wary and cautious to a degree. He meant to marry a woman who could advance him in life, and he fancied he had found this woman in Miss Balfour. She was an only child, accomplished, entertaining, and beautiful in effect. It was in detail you found her lacking. Then you remarked that her eyes wanted depth, her mouth tenderness, her voice a capacity to express degrees of emotion, and her mind—Ross Chantrey had never found the right adjective to apply. Her friends liked her, and society admired; indeed, she was just the woman to succeed with the world. She had ambition, practical sense, and tact, and none of that sensitive humility that keeps some souls in the shadow. There was not the slightest fear of the desert air being enriched by the waste of her sweetness.

I do not mean you to think worse of her than she deserved. She was a good daughter; that is, few demands were made on her, and those were of a pleasing nature; so she and her father were on the happiest terms. They fancied they worshipped one another; perhaps they did as far as such a feeling went in their natures.

Two years previous to this, on her return from school, she had met Mr. Chantrey, and liked him better, I think, than she had ever liked any person before. She set herself about winning him, for her father's prediction that "Chantrey would be a rich man" satisfied her on that score. Then he was just the kind of a man girls fancy at that age: tall, black haired, black eyed, imperious, authoritative; with the charm of reading and singing and talking that makes men of this style irresistible.

He might have wooed her in a month. As it was,

he made investigation into the uttermost depths of her soul, and found out every thing or thought stored away there.

He knew very well, while she listened to his reading, she was thinking of her attitude, making sure that her white, dimpled arms were placed in the most advantageous and graceful position, that her dress was becoming, her flowers artistically arranged, and the little foot straying from beneath the folds of her dress, perfect as foot could be.

Yet she was never inattentive—never at a loss for a remark or criticism; and her mind had been well cultivated, so she rarely committed a blunder. He liked her refinement—her nice instincts of harmony and propriety, and the manner in which she ruled others, while yielding to him.

He had always been a friend. Twice in these two years, when she could have been won by other men, he had prevented it, from a vague desire to have her himself.

She would make a fine wife, so far as outward matters went; and, as for the rest, did any man ever meet with just the woman he could love, and marry?

They were becoming a little nearer together now; he took her out, and she gave up other society for his, and rumour began to couple their names.

I think he would have decided long ago but for Janet Sheldon.

She had come to Winsted with her poor old grandparents, and opened a little school; but, failing to make that support them, she had applied for work in the factory.

Her education was a strange, incongruous one for a girl; her faculty of settling accounts brought her into requisition among the hands; and this attracting Mr. Chantrey's attention, he had given her, upon due examination, a position of under-bookkeeper. She was prompt, correct, silent; when he wanted women to talk, he went where inelegancies of speech and manner would not jar upon his fine sense.

Yet, seeing much of Janet Sheldon daily, and finding her unlike any of the sex he had yet met, he began first to speculate, and then draw her out; and now he came to her for pleasure—gratification of some of the finest and most selfish elements in his nature.

You could see this in his face, as he sat there, reading some stray poems out of a newspaper. One was Owen Meredith's "Mignonette"—that sweet, sad, tender farewell to a woman who had not yet learned there was any bitterness in love when parting came; a child, rather—a gay, laughing girl, whose spring-time was still in April.

But he read it to a woman, and he watched the effect of every line.

As one of the workmen had once said, "he had eyes everywhere;" and so now his eyes noted the faintest trace of feeling that hovered in the pale face, whose eyes were downcast to the floor; and when he came to the last, a stray, quivering flush stole into her cheek—her protest against such ignorance as Mignonette's.

He drew in a breath of keenest enjoyment. Then the long lashes fluttered, and the soft, deep eyes looked out.

"Poor child!" she said; "poor child!" and her voice had a touching inflection.

"Poor lover!" Mr. Chantrey replied. "I wonder what he dreamed of those long autumn evenings, when he sat solitary? She was happy elsewhere, doubtless."

"And that is why I pity her. To have such a love laid at one's feet and be ignorant of it. To miss so much of life! Not to be able to solace his loneliness. Oh!"

He came slowly over to the desk, as if he was carrying a goblet of rare wine, and was fearful of losing one bead of the precious foam. Taking her cold hand in his, he held it tenderly, and said, in a soothing tone—

"Little Janet, it was only a poet's vagary. You have had a hard day, and are tired with your work. I should have found something better to read to you."

All this while he was looking into her eyes, and reading a delicious secret. Did he dare solve this mystery, plunge into what might be a sin? He had a wonderful command over himself, and dallied on the brink of temptation many moments, during which he broke off flowers and placed them in her hair. What a thrill it gave him! Why had no other woman ever so stirred his heart? His hand sank down on her shoulder; fingers slender and white, but strong. One wouldn't care to fall into the angry grasp of such a hand.

Well, he yielded to the temptation. Not exactly because strength was failing, but the moments were flying, and he must let the girl go. So he bent over a little lower, until she felt the warmth of his face close to hers, making it all one tremulous glow.

"Janet, child," he said, "would you miss me if any fate took me away?"

Her hands stretched out towards him unconsciously. He caught them both, and pressed some eager, frantic kisses on their coldness that gave them a vivid glow. Then, as if the hands were too soulless, he sought her lips.

It might have been fright, timidity—she sat quite still.

"Kiss me, love," he said, in a voice husky with emotion.

She obeyed with shy hesitancy, to him a hundred times more fascinating than any freely-given caress. And knowing all her quiet, lonely life, he hugged to his heart the sweet consciousness that his love was the first she had ever responded to. I think he would have proved a tyrant to the woman he loved, his real nature was so selfish and absorbing.

She rose and freed herself from his clasp. No princess of royal blood could have been more innately dignified. Her purity of soul touched him.

He had come to a time in his life when one word, nay, a look or a gesture, could settle the aspect of his whole future. He knew at that moment, as well as he could ever know again, that he loved Janet Sheldon with all his soul; that she was the woman of the whole world for him. Pride rebelled stoutly; and though pride could not conquer love in an instant, it could delay the decision. Did he think he should ever look back to these golden moments with wild, unavailing regret? Not then. It was all in his own hands. He could consider the matter leisurely, learn what love really was, before he bartered all for it.

Janet took down her bonnet and mantle, and put them slowly on. If they had been costly silk and lace, and she a lady born and bred, she could not have handled them more daintily. He wondered a little how she came by that rare grace of manner.

"You have forgotten your flowers," he said.

The lilies were in her hair where he had placed them. She took the others and fastened them in her bosom.

"I shall take back one bud to remind me of the day," he continued; "and now, little Janet, good-bye."

Yet he held her there many moments, reading her heart as it was written in eyes, and on brow and lip.

She stole down the long stairs quietly, like a little grey nun, only never was such a face worn by nun of any degree. The walls, fences, and trees were all casting long shadows, and the sun began to show tawny hues. The fresh wind came up with a waft of meadow fragrance and running brooks, and she was glad to feel it on her flushed face. She turned into a shady lane, when a familiar footstep fell on the ground beside her, slow and regular as if treading to the music of some grand march.

"Is that you, Maurice?" she asked, faintly, only partly turning her head.

"Yes; you are late to-night, Jennie."

"I staid—"

Her voice died away on the summer air.

"It's a shame for Balfour or Mr. Chantrey to keep you till this time of day. It's almost seven, and you're tired; I hear it in your voice."

"No one kept me," she began, eagerly. "I wanted to stay. And I have not written ten lines since five o'clock."

Once she stole a backward glance at the little room, she had so lately left. The ashes were still up; and was he there? Then she walked quietly by the side of her companion.

He was, perhaps, the only person beside Ross Chantrey who had taken any interest in her. And, strange to say, the men being widely different, they had both chosen the same means of awakening her feeling.

Maurice Allison was her next-door neighbour. To him and his mother she owed all the kindnesses her grandparents received from any hand save hers. Her grandfather was a querulous invalid, journeying only from chair to bed, and back again, and keeping her grandmother in attendance mostly all the time. It was Maurice Allison who kept the garden in order, who watched that the stock of coals might never be out, and saved many steps for the poor old dame. He never thought of these things in connection with Janet; in his mind she was indissolubly associated with books and quiet evenings. Her hours at home would have been lonely enough but for him. She had no chatty girl friends to enliven them, and as the necessities of her life kept her at home, she was deeply grateful for these kind attentions.

Just now she could not help contrasting the two men. The one supple, graceful, deep-eyed, and passionate, with a curiously fine strength; the other large, broad-chested, with a herculean development of limb, a grand, full voice, a fair, open face. The other forehead, framed in by the midnight hair, had no breadth like this, artistically beautiful as it was. The clustering chestnut curls were just what one looked for with these tender hazel eyes. The wide chin was dented by a dimple, as in these summer days

he had discarded most of his beard, and the mouth was a good one, with firm, red lips. Women seldom fall in love with such men from first impulse; regard has to grow and ripen; but with them an affection is given for a lifetime.

Maurice Allison tried to lead his companion into conversation; but she was more silent than usual. They were out of the main road, and had this shady lane all to themselves. He drew her arm through his, for he noticed her lagging steps, though what he translated as weariness came from quite another cause. How could she be in haste that night of all nights? How could she talk when she did not even want to think?

"Janet," he began, at length, "this life is too hard, too wearying for you. At twenty you should have roses instead of such pale cheeks."

"I cannot help it," she said, a little impatiently; "I must work, and Mr. Chantrey has been so kind to me. It is easy there to the dragging life in the work-room."

"Yes," he returned, "you cannot change it, but I can. Some time I meant to do it, but it makes my heart ache to witness the waste of your sweet life, Janet."

"Oh, Maurice!" she cried, interrupting him, for her woman's intuition divined what was coming, "I am quite satisfied with it. It is not as tiresome as you think. Let us talk of other matters."

"No, Janet, darling; you must hear me now. I love you. You are more precious than life to me. I have enough for all at present, and I want you to be my wife. The future will leave to God."

He stepped short in his walk, and looked in her face. Alas, that another had been before him!

"Maurice," she returned, making a great effort at steadiness, "let us be best friends always. But more than that—"

"No; don't say you can never give me a better love. It has been my one thought ever since I knew you. I can wait years, if you will. Forgive my haste and impatience."

His entreating voice moved her heart strangely.

"You have been so good," she said, falteringly, "that I cannot comfort you with a false hope. The truth will be best—"

"Never mind."

His tones were uncertain, as if stranded on some foreign coast. He could not listen to her sweet, fond excuses.

They walked on in silence until her gate was reached. Opening it, he said, in slow, lingering cadences:

"You will forgive me for blundering into pain when I thought only of happiness. In your quiet existence you have not yet learned a woman's needs. If I can comfort you in any sorrow, remember, my love is of the unchangeable. Are we not friends?"

She could never dream what that calmness cost him, yet her reply was full of unwonted emotion.

"Good-night, Janet."

He pressed her little thin hands to his warm lips, and was gone. Unconsciously one of Ross Chantrey's verses floated back to her:

And your little heart too cold,
And your blue eyes too blue merely,
For a strong, sad man to seel,
Weep, or scorn you.

CHAPTER II

ROSS CHANTREY'S midnight dreams of Janet were interrupted by a loud rap on his door. The messenger lost no time in announcing that Mr. Balfour had been stricken with paralysis, and that his life was despaired of. He sprang up, rapidly traversed the lonely streets, and soon reached the familiar place.

There was little noise or bustle inside the house, but a strange dread, and groups of frightened servants huddled together. Miss Balfour with white, terror-stricken face, and the doctor noiseless, but hopeless also. The attack had come on rather gradually at first, but increased in danger, and now the once strong man lay helpless; his power of speech, too, seemed rapidly failing him. Mr. Chantrey was shocked indeed, and listened with deepest attention to the half-articulate murmurs of the dying man concerning his child and her fortune.

To a less ambitious man even the prospect might have appeared tempting. A few words now would win Emily Balfour's love, for she clung to him with a child's trust. They would be as happy, perhaps, as the average. With him no more need of tedious, distasteful years; with her the gratified enjoyment of her heart's dearest wish. He knew this, and while he might have hesitated to put a new passion into words, while another stood in the doorway of his soul, looks, words of fondest sympathy, and the authoritative manner to which she yielded unquestioningly, won it all for him.

There were no broken promises staring him in the

face. All that intimacy with Janet Sheldon had been merely friendly, brotherly. He expected still to take the same interest in her welfare; indeed, he had never fancied it possible to make her his wife. Between them there was too great a gulf.

The workmen at the mill were less boisterous than usual the next day. They missed the portly, bustling figure that was rarely absent; the full, rather impatient voice that was never again to give orders or reprimands. Janet sat at her desk and wrote. Since there were flowers in the glass before her, she knew she was not forgotten; yet brief glimpses were all she had of Mr. Chantrey's grave face.

At night she walked home alone. To do her justice, she thought more of the absent friend than of Mr. Chantrey. She could not shake off the dim presentiment that somewhere along life she would need just such a love as this she had put aside.

The supper was a simple matter, and soon despatched. Then she sat down on the low, wide window-sill, and fell into strange reveries, while her grandmother nodded in her chair. What a spirit of desolation had fallen over everything!

A step on the garden path startled her. It was Mrs. Allison and her son. She was glad to have the embarrassment of the first meeting over in this fashion, so she went out and gave a hand to each. She remembered in after days that Maurice did not raise his eyes, but she never wholly knew the struggle he had been making for her sake. For after he had once clothed his love in words, it stood up in full strength like a mighty giant. To see her, and know she could never be his, was so bitter a pang, he said at first he could not endure it. Neither could he leave her alone to battle with her weary life. So when his mother asked him to come, it seemed this was the strongest, and he consented.

They talked of the mill, of Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Allison mentioned the rumour of Mr. Chantrey's engagement.

"It is not true," Janet said, in a positive tone, and with a slight flush.

"How do you know, child? Mr. Chantrey may not entrust you with all his business. I believe it is true."

A scarlet fire blazed up in the girl's face for a moment, and left it ashy pale. They were sitting on the porch, and under the light of the clustering stars Maurice translated it. He knew now what phantom of fear had stood in his pathway. Mr. Chantrey, handsome, kind, agreeable, had braided in his influence with this poor child's life, and some day she would awake to the bitter truth. Well, he must watch, that no evil befall her.

He saw the topic was vexing her, and gently led his mother to change it. How little any of them dreamed the final step had been taken!

When Mr. Chantrey had made Mr. Balfour comprehend his intentions, the dying man desired the marriage to take place immediately. Mr. Chantrey rather liked skipping over an awkward engagement, and Emily was soon persuaded to fulfil this behest of her father's. Before another midnight Mr. Balfour had passed away, and Ross Chantrey held his weeping wife in his arms, comforting her with gentle words. I think even she would have preferred kisses; still, she was satisfied to know he was her husband, and that she had at last realized her dream.

For the three succeeding days the mill was closed. There was plenty of time to gossip about both wedding and funeral. Janet insisted upon waiting assiduously on her grandfather, and so Maurice came to break the almost deadly monotony. When she took her place at her desk, she was no more quiet or pale than she had been months before. I do not think she was disappointed in any hope, for she had not dared to form one; yet something that lent glory to her shaded life had departed. For a week she saw little of Mr. Chantrey. Did he notice the wild flowers on her desk?

Outwardly the change to him was not very great. He came home to the Balfour mansion, and was its master. Mrs. Chantrey's grief was not so all absorbing as to prevent her from evincing an interest in her wifely duties. The appointments of the house were complete, the servants well ordered, yet the gentleman found his bargain was not quite what he had expected.

Mr. Balfour's sister, several years younger than himself, had angered her father by an imprudent elopement. The old man never forgave her, or, at least, made but tardy amends. If his son left more than one child, a small portion only was to go to his daughter's children at their uncle's death; if only one, it was to be equally divided. Twenty-one years had elapsed since that unfortunate marriage, and no tidings had been heard of Virginia Balfour. Five years were allowed for finding these heirs, if any existed, and after that, Henry Balfour's children came in possession.

So, instead of beginning that pleasant, luxurious life

he had contemplated, there might be years of toil and anxiety still before him. Not real labour to be sure, but the care, and much of the disagreeableness. His nature was not a mean or grasping one, so he placed the matter in a lawyer's hands, with instructions for him to push the business forward as rapidly as possible. If it annoyed him secretly, he never carried the marks of it in his face, or vexed his wife by vain wishes. She considered herself a happy woman, and though she would have been better pleased if her husband had found more leisure to devote to her, she excused him with a tolerable grace, as she remembered "papa" had been used to devoting all his time to the mill.

But as the mists cleared away into olden regularity, the pale little girl at her desk began to haunt him. Not from any desire on her part; her fine sense of honour, even if her pride had been deficient, would have kept her from coveting any attention. Her coldness piqued him. The consciousness, too, that he had enjoyed with her some brief moments of love, such as might never fall to his lot again, gave him a restless longing to woo her back. Even to himself he veiled his purpose with sophisms. Was she not lonely—did she not need a friend, a brother? Could he not make her life brighter, without in any sense injuring the woman to whom he had given his vows. Would she be any the poorer for a ward or smile bestowed on Janet Sheldon?

He brought her some flowers as a peace offering. In a grave, half business-like manner, he detailed his vexations, his extra cares, and made some demands upon her sympathy that she in her boundless generosity could not well refuse to meet. In their earlier acquaintance he had been a little careful about raising false hopes; there was no danger of this now. He said to himself, he meant only friendship; but no lover could have gone more carefully to work. By degrees they came back to the poems and books that had once delighted her; and his low, bewildering voice again held her in thrall.

Circumstances changed somewhat with her. In the autumn the poor old grandfather was released from his wearisome existence, and a month later his wife went to join him. For her grandmother Janet held a warm, reverential affection; indeed, the shock was greater than it appeared to a casual observer. Mr. Chantrey was most kind, and interested himself in all matters of any moment to her. Now that she had no necessity for so retired a home, he chose suitable accommodations for her nearer the mill.

Through all this period Maurice Allison had not been wanting in most thoughtful consideration. He would fain have had her give up her position; indeed, Mrs. Allison was urgent in her wishes that Janet should share their home for the winter, and recruit her worn strength.

She felt sometimes as if this would be the perfection of rest, yet another and more subtle influence drew her onward. And then there was a sense of wrong done to Maurice that withheld her; so Mr. Chantrey gained his point. Was she blind to the danger? I think so, then. But Maurice saw it, Maurice, who was watching over her happiness with fondest solicitude, to whom she each day grew more dear, in spite of her perverseness. She seemed to meet him everywhere; no evening was too cold or stormy for him to come to her; he rose up in unexpected places, at times almost commanded her; until in one fatal moment she wearied of the loving care, and rebelled. The flushed, passionate face, with its bright lips and defiant eyes, startled him.

"Janet," he said, "you are wild. You have been taxing yourself too severely. Where will this all end?"

"It ends here," she returned, vehemently. "Maurice, your care has become a burden—a chain I can wear no longer. Why do you watch me continually, giving me no peace or rest? I will not endure it. From henceforth I am free."

"Yes," he said, slowly, "you are free."

"I mean," she began—"I want you to understand that the old love gives you no claim upon me. I can take care of myself."

He coloured a little at this.

"Will you take care of yourself? Will you promise me—"

"I will promise you nothing," she interrupted. "Am I a child, that I cannot tell what is best for myself?"

"You are a young and guileless girl, ignorant perhaps of danger."

"Danger!" she laughed scornfully. "Where does danger menace me?"

"Shall I tell you? Do you think Rees Chantrey's kindnesses are beyond question or fear?"

"No, you shall not tempt me to doubt. Go, I will not listen to you. It is your childish jealousy."

There was a mocking ring in her voice; but even then, despite her cruel words, she loved her, and longed to save her from this sure destruction yawning before her. He would have taken her hand, but she snatched

it from him. Then he stood up proudly before her.

"Janet," he said, with rare, infinite tenderness, "I love you—God only knows how well. No matter what befalls you, to me you will ever remain the same—the one woman for whom I would give my life. Remember this if any temptation, any misfortune comes to you. I will trouble you no more with my presence, but you cannot make me forget you."

"Go!" she waved her hand imperiously.

Her breath came hard and quick when she found herself alone.

A chaos of wild thoughts rushed through her mind—a sense of something deeper than loneliness—the danger he had feared, perhaps; and it made her shiver with alternate heat and cold. But the glamour around her was too strong; the tired and impatient wings drooped at length.

I think Rees Chantrey was rather pleased than otherwise with this rivalry, so long as he had nothing to fear.

He excused his efforts by saying to himself that Janet Sheldon did not love Mr. Allison, and there was no real harm in keeping his opponent at a disadvantage.

Neither could he help feeling elated when he realized his victory.

He was growing too earnest in the contest; and the placid friendship he had promised himself was flavoured with a spice of feeling more daring and dangerous.

Was Janet blind to the evil closing around her? I think she saw it to some extent, but she trusted to her own strength and pride.

Mr. Chantrey found a line over which he could not go, and at first yielded from a sense of justice to her; but presently it became a contest of wills.

He cast from him the bounds of brotherly regard, a fiction from its first acceptance, and determined to win from her the avowal he was wild to hear; times sweeter than the solitary one of his remembrance. But he went warily to work.

It became to him clear that the struggle was wearing her out. She grew thinner, and there was a restless brightness in her eye, a scarlet spot on either cheek. Her voice, too, had a strange, tense sound running through it. She needed rest, repose, love; she should accept all these from him. He sought a quiet home for her, far enough removed from busy tongues, and used all his persuasive arts to induce her to accept it. And at last nature yielded. The days were too long and weary for her; the pen dropped from her nerveless hand. In this extremity she promised. He crushed down his intense joy lest it might alarm her. Since it was a question of hours only, he could wait for the confession he had promised himself.

A home and rest. Comfort and ease. She said these over that March night, as she sat waiting for the carriage. All her arrangements had been quietly made. Mr. Chantrey had too much at stake to make it otherwise. Her landlady knew she was going away for her health, to a friend's, she supposed. But now Janet paused to look her future in the face. Oh, what was she doing? What would the end of all this be?

A fierce, sudden revulsion of feeling swept over her. Recalling the past, another love rose up, tender, proud, honourable. She had wearied it, spurned it, yet it had begged to be her salvation in an hour like this. Hastily throwing a shawl around her, she ran down to the hall door, and glanced up the dark, desolate street. The wind blew out in fitful gusts, driving the black clouds across the sky. There was time for escape. If she listened to that voice, looked into those eyes again, it would be too late.

She ran to the end of the street in breathless haste, and presently turned into one of the familiar paths. On and on. Her limbs began to tremble and her head grew dizzy with the speed. Now and then she paused to listen for the carriage wheels, as if fearful of pursuers. The heavy clouds broke into a driving rain, but she never noticed it. Ages seemed to pass in that brief while, and once or twice she thought she must die on the way. Then she glanced in at a cottage window, saw a dear, familiar face; how dear she never knew until now; and, opening the door, she cried, wildly:

"Maurice, save me, save me!"

The dripping figure, with its long, fair hair, and cold, wet face, that he pressed to his heart was insensible.

Weeks had passed since then. It was April, late and sunny. All that Janet Sheldon cared to remember was the two kind faces that rarely lost sight of her for a moment. She was growing well and strong again, after the dangers of that fearful night.

Mrs. Allison read a note slowly, and twisted it around her fingers in an uneasy frame of mind.

"Will you tell her, Maurice?" she said, at length. "The doctor thought her able to bear it."

Janet's face paled suddenly. Maurice began, with a smile:

"It's no very painful news. Janet, you are an heiress, and a great lady's cousin."

"An heiress!"

She brightened at this. Now she would be able to make some amends, at least, for the trouble she had caused Mrs. Allison.

"It is all mother's work," Maurice went on. "She was looking over the old papers your grandmother left, and found the marriage certificate of your parents. Your mother was Virginia Balfour."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a tone that troubled Maurice, for it seemed to be more of pain than pleasure.

"Your mother died during your infancy, and on your father's second marriage he sent you to an aunt of his, from whom you had been named Janet Sheldon. So those old folks were not really your grandparents, though you must always have gone by their name. There is a large number of letters from your father, sufficient, at least, to prove your identity. He has been dead a long while, but the lawyer had discovered your stepmother, who corroborates these facts. I believe Mrs. Chantrey's attorney is perfectly satisfied, and as soon as you are able to go out, the matter can be settled."

She covered her face with her hands, and was silent a long time. If this fortune had come earlier!

She was very grateful for their interest, and the pains they had taken, and, after awhile, glad to have the fortune. Watching Maurice Allison daily, she began to compare the two men who had loved her; one willing to sacrifice his plans of a bright future for her, the other ready to sacrifice her. And when she was compelled by the nature of events to meet Rees Chantrey and his wife, the infatuation of those painful weeks died out utterly. Would the new lesson be hard to learn?

She did not find it so; indeed, she had loved Maurice before this. It was only returning to the pleasant paths from which she had strayed. It was true she could give him no more precious gift than herself.

She stood by the table where he was writing, late one summer afternoon. When he paused and pushed the papers away, her hand was laid on his.

"Maurice," she began, with a little tremble in her voice, "a year ago to-day you asked me a question; will you let me answer it again?"

"Yes," he said, just under his breath.

"I have so much now, enough for us all. If you will take me and it, you can begin the life you are longing for without these intervening years of slavish toil."

"No," and he put her hand away from him.

"You do not think me good enough." Yet he had forgiven her hundreds of times.

"Not that. I cannot owe to gratitude what love refuses me."

"Maurice, God, who knows my heart, knows how much I love you."

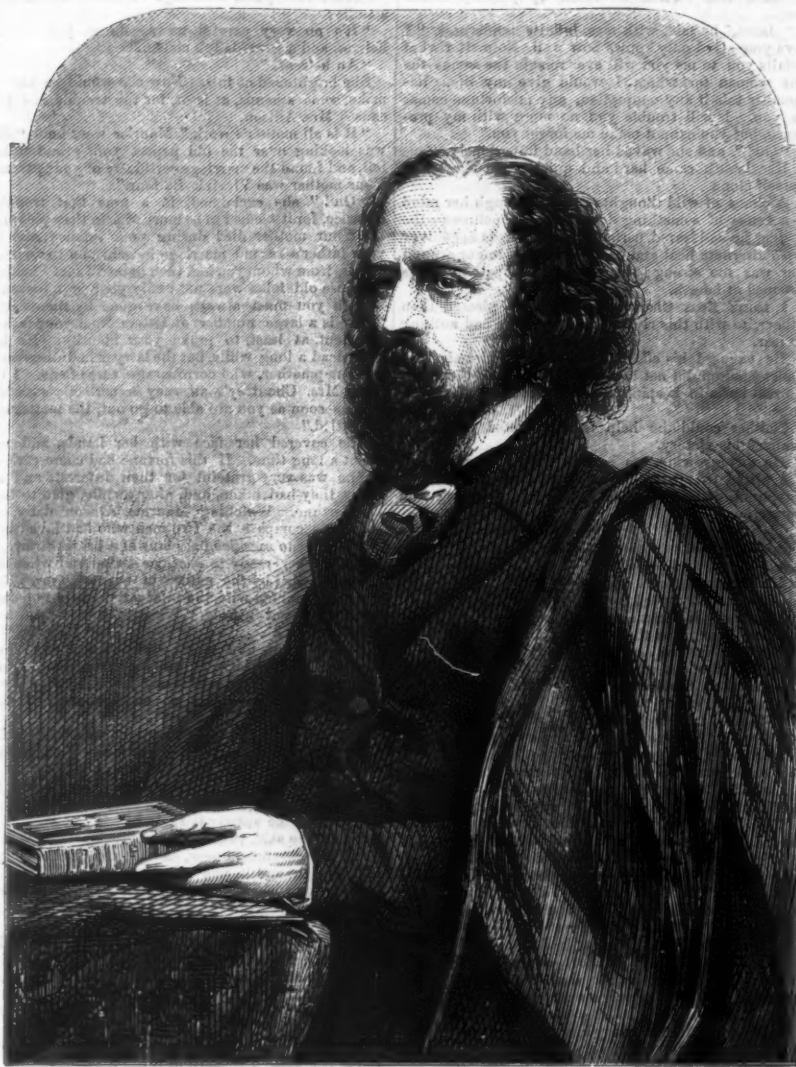
He took her in his arms and kissed her. She could never belong to any one but him.

Sometimes the name of Maurice Allison floats over to Rees Chantrey. He is winning a name any woman might well be proud of; he is happy in his home and his wife. And Mr. Chantrey's brows contract fiercely when he thinks of the woman he loved, the woman he might have won, if gold had not so fatally dazzled his vision. A. M. D.

THE Prince of Augustenborg shows signs of taking possession: he has ordered 10,000 uniforms at Elberfeld. The colours are to be the national ones of Holstein, red, white, and blue, and oddly enough, the the pantaloons are to be tricoloured, so that the soldiers will look as though they were encased in patchwork.

THE black spots at present visible on the disc of the sun are numerous. Two large ones are on the right limb, and three large spots and several small spots appear near the sun's centre. These three large spots present a somewhat dumb-bell appearance. They cover an area, not measured micrometrically, but estimated approximately, of 80,000 miles by 30,000, equal in superficial measurement to 2,400,000,000 square miles.

EL TOUSSON and El Monnaasir, iron clad rams, recently purchased by the Government, have been handed over to Messrs. Laird Brothers, by Captain Paynter, of her Majesty's ship *Majestic*, the builders having contracted with the Admiralty to complete them for sea. The vessels will be re-named respectively the *Scorpion* and the *Wyvern*. They are each to be armed with four 800-pr. guns, or a broadside of 1,200 pounds. The turrets are on Captain Cole's cupola principle. The *Scorpion* will probably be ready in a few weeks, if the damage she has suffered from being exposed in an incomplete state to the winter weather is not found to be very serious.



[ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., POET LAUREATE.]

THE POET LAUREATE.

In our last number we gave some extracts, which we do not doubt our readers cordially welcomed, from the new volume of poems just published by Mr. Tennyson; and this week we engrave the portrait of the poet who is so warmly admired by all classes of his countrymen.

Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., and poet-laureate to the Queen, is the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and was born in 1810. He received his university education at Cambridge; and while there he won, in 1829, the Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem; and in the following year published his first volume of poetry. His advent as a poet met the same severe criticism from the *Edinburgh Review* which Byron and others had encountered. In 1833 he published a second volume; which, however, the critics not only admitted to be the production of a genuine poet, but was so greatly admired by her present Majesty, as to have marked him out for the pension and honour of the laureateship.

In 1842 Tennyson published a third volume, the chief poem in which is on the poet's favourite subject, the hero of it being the "blameless king and stainless man," king Arthur. In 1848 he gave to the world the poem entitled "The Princess," in which the question of woman's intellectual equality with man is humourously and brilliantly stated and discussed. Perhaps the most pathetic and powerful poem of its kind, in any language, is that which followed the publication of "The Princess," and in 1849 appeared under the title of "In Memoriam," a work which Tennyson had laboured at for sixteen years, and devoted in loving sorrow to the memory of his lost friend Hallam. Then in 1855 the critics were

startled by the bold audacity and sweeping social denunciations which marked the chief poem in the volume published that year, under the title of "Maud." To this succeeded what is probably the noblest of all Tennyson's productions, the "Idylls of the King," in which the poet returns to his favourite, King Arthur, and his "Knights of the Table Round." The volume contains four stories, all of which are more or less one in subject, and all of them told in such exquisite poetical diction as only Tennyson can indite. The laureate wrote also a very eloquent ode on the death of Prince Albert (as we must not omit to state, he did on the death of the Duke of Wellington); but with the exception of having produced an admirable poetical memento of the famous charge of the light brigade of cavalry at Balaklava, and a welcome to the Princess Alexandra, the laureate's pen was idle as far as the public knew until the appearance of his latest work, "Enoch Arden."

Of this volume we have already expressed our admiration; and to the extracts from it which we gave last week we now add another; which shows how ably and graphically Mr. Tennyson can write in a style that is wholly new to his readers. The sturdy Northern farmer, half christian and half pagan, whose portrait Mr. Tennyson paints so powerfully in this poem, will be recognized for its force and truth as having its prototype in many a sleepy agricultural hamlet elsewhere, as well as in the North:—

THE NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

Where'asta bein saw long and meil liggin' ere 'aloan?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's
abein an agoon:

Says that I moant a naw moor yalle; but I beint a fool:
Git ma my yalle, for I beint a gooin' to breik my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways
true:

Naw soort o' koind o' use to sally the things that a do,
I've 'ed my point o' yalle ivry noight sin' I bein 'ere,
An I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.
Parson's a bein loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed,
'The amoighty's a talkin' o' you to 'issen, my friend,'
a said,

An' a tow'd ma my sins, ain's toithe were due, an' I
gied it in hond;

I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.
Larn'd a ma' beik. I reckons I 'annot so mooch to lare.
But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.
Thof a knaws I hallus volted wi' Squire an choorch

'an staate,

An' I the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raille

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy Sally war
deud.

An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaiky loike a buzzard-clock
ower my yeid,

An' I niver knaw'd whot a meain'd but I thowt a 'ad
enmut to sally,

An' I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said an' I comed
awaiky.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laaid it to mel.
Mowt 'a bein, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheil.

'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun under-
stand;

I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it easy an'
freik,

"The amoighty's a talkin' o' you to 'issen, my
friend," says 'e.

I went a say men be loiar, thof summun said it in 'alste:
But a reids won sarmin a woak, an' I 'a stubb'd
'Thornaby waiste.

D'ya moind the waiste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was
not born then;

Theer war a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen;

Moist loike a butter-bump, for I 'eerd un aboot 'as
aboot,

But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raaved an' rembled
un oot.

Kelper's it wur; fo' they fun un theer a-laid on 's faise
Doon i' the woild 'enemies; afoor I comed to the
placce.

Noaks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot un as deid as a
naail.

Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my
yalle.

Dubbut look at the waiste: theer warnt not feild for
a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' look at it
now—

Warnt worth nowt a haikore, an' now theer's lots o' faid,
Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seil.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meain'd to 'a stubb'd it
at fall,

Done it a-year I meain'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an'
all,

If godamoighty an' parson 'ad nobbut let ma aloan,
Meil, wi' haite conderd haikore o' Squire's, an' lond e
my oin.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-talkin' o'
meil?

I beint wonn as saws 'ere a bein an' yonder a peil;
An' Squire 'all be sa mad an' all—a 'dear a 'dear!

And I a' monaged for Squire come Michaelmas thirty
year.

A mowt 'a talken Joines, as 'ant a 'alpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a talken Robins—a niver mended a
fence:

But godamoighty a moost taake meil an' taake me
now.

Wi' auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow!
Look 'ow quoloty smolles when they sees ma a passin' by

Says to thessén naw doot 'what a men a beil sewerly!'
For they knaws what I bein to Squire sin fust a
comed to the 'all;

I done my duty by Squire an' I done my duty by all.

But summon 'all come ater meil mayhap wi' 'is kittle
o' steam

Huzzin' an' maikzin' the blessed feilds wi' the Devil's
oan telm.

Git I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is
sweet,

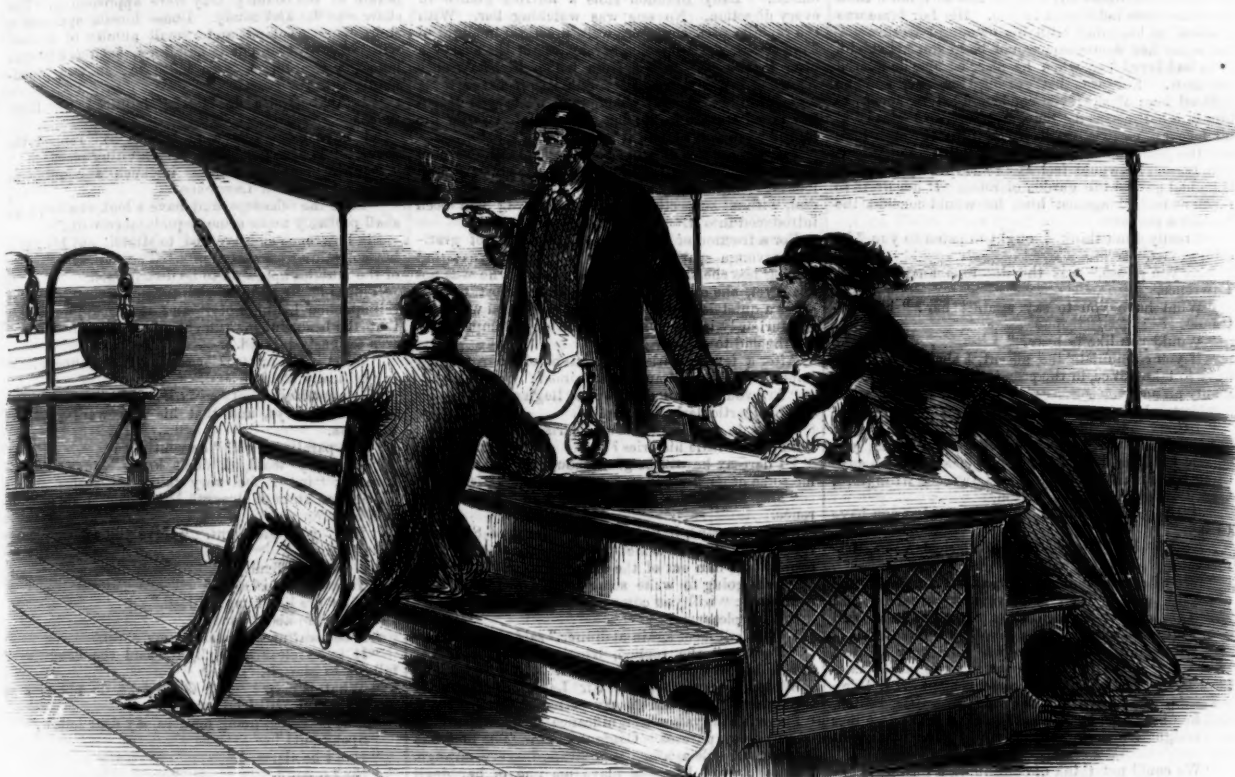
But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to
see it.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the
yalle?

Doctor's a 'totter, lass, an' a's hallus i' the owd taille;
I weint breik rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor
nor a floy:

Git ma my yalle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

* Cockchafer † Bittern. ‡ Anemone.



[POISON!]

THE BONDAGE OF BRANDON.

CHAPTER LVI

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

Hood.

ONWARD once more! Gaily the paddle-wheels dash through the impeding waters, and make the rushing tide subservient to their purpose. Swiftly the hidden screw revolves out of sight, but with sensible effect upon the motion of the vessel.

There is an awning on the deck of the steamer, which keeps the sun off the panting passengers, who impatiently long for the genial climate of the west; where, if it is occasionally foggy, it has the merit of being cool.

A sirocco-like blast sweeps over the African sands, and distends the sails the skipper has ordered to be hoisted; he has a mind to make a rapid passage, and the elements do not seem inclined to baffle him.

Sir Lawrence Allingford and the Count de Cannes place themselves under the awning and tell the steward to bring them some iced drink; he obeys with alacrity.

"If there is one thing in creation more delightful than another, which in point of fact saves this life from being a pilgrimage through a vale of tears," the count exclaimed, "it is catching a train or a steamer at the last moment, when you had almost given up the idea of being able to do so."

"More especially when you have an object to accomplish," replied Sir Lawrence.

"Decidedly! Does it not occur to you that the passengers eye us suspiciously?"

"Naturally, since you assured the captain that you were connected with the police force."

"An amiable fiction."

"But one in which they place implicit credence."

"Let them think so; it will make them additionally civil."

"Is that Welby?" exclaimed the baronet.

"If I remember the features of that delectable and highly moral young gentleman correctly, it is."

"Where can her ladyship be?"

"She has probably gone down-stairs to conceal her chagrin."

"Do you think she would leave him at so critical a

moment, to be pounced down upon by two hawks like ourselves?"

"Frankly, I do not," returned the count. "I should imagine her not far off."

Reginald Welby recognized the count and Sir Lawrence, and advanced towards them with a smile upon his lips, saying:

"I was not aware that we were to have the pleasure of travelling together."

"We are birds of passage like yourself," returned Sir Lawrence.

"It is oppressively warm."

"We must expect that in these latitudes. Sit down here and smoke a Narghile."

The Count de Cannes rose and said:

"Here is a seat, Mr. Welby."

"Are you going away?" he asked.

"Yes! about the funnel for a short time."

"I hope I am not driving you from your friend."

"Oh, dear no! don't think so for a moment. I wish to speak to the man at the wheel, as I always make a point of gaining all the information I can about navigation. I am a great yachtsman, and I intend to purchase a little clipper of about a hundred and twenty tons, when I return to England."

"Talking to the man at the wheel is maritime treason."

"I will take my chance of that."

"I suppose," continued Reginald, "you think that by having a slight knowledge of navigation you have a check upon your skipper, and are not so entirely dependent on his guidance."

"Exactly! I found it very useful once in the Indian Seas. I was going to Moulmein, and had sent all my luggage, *via* Penang—but the story is too long."

"Pray go on."

"Excuse me, now; I shall leave you; after dinner I shall be charmed to tell you the yarn!"

"Not more so than I shall be to hear it," replied Reginald, politely.

Flicking the ash off his cigar with his finger, de Cannes strode away, and certainly did go toward the stern, but not with the remotest intention of talking to the man at the wheel. He wished to allow Sir Lawrence Allingford an opportunity of talking to Welby, for it was a golden chance for the baronet to poison the mind of the young man, of which the former did not hesitate to avail himself.

"Do you like cordials?" Sir Lawrence said.

"A little."

"Try this *Crème de Mocha*. It is beyond all praise, I assure you."

"My wife is very fond of cordials," said Welby, sipping the ruby coloured fluid.

"Is Lady Brandon on deck?"

"She was a moment ago."

"I do not see her now."

"No? then I cannot think where she has gone."

"We used to be great friends," exclaimed the baronet.

"I have heard as much," replied Reginald, dryly.

"You will laugh at me, I have no doubt; but you can afford to do so, for you have won."

"Why should I laugh?"

"Because we were lovers once!"

Welby with difficulty controlled himself.

"A marriage even was in contemplation between us!"

"A marriage?"

"Yes! Your cigarette is out, allow me to offer you a light?"

"Thank you, it burns slightly."

There was a pause, which was broken by Welby, who said:

"Why was the match broken off?"

"There was a slight difference of opinion!"

"Of what nature?" asked, Welby eagerly.

"I ought not to tell tales out of school," replied Sir Lawrence, playfully.

"You will do no harm."

"I am not sure of that. Perhaps you would not thank me for the revelation."

"Is it anything so dreadful?"

"That is a matter of opinion."

"Come, come! you are joking," said Reginald, impatiently; "you are disappointed at—at—excuse me for using plain language—at my success, and you wish to make fun of me."

"No. On my honour. Every word I shall tell you will be as true as the chapters of holy writ."

Reginald turned pale. He felt inclined to rise from his chair, and declare that he would not hear another word against Lady Brandon; he believed his wife immaculate, and he thought that anything prejudicial to her, which Sir Lawrence could tell him, would be merely the repetition of the varietal scandal; but a strange curiosity chained him down to the seat on which he sat, and he longed with a fierce desire to know more, to understand the meaning of those vague insinuations and those mysterious innuendoes. Mimi rose up before him like a shadowy ghost, and he remembered how solemnly she had warned him, and predicted future sorrow for him, if he ever led Lady Brandon to the altar, and made her his wedded wife.

A sickly feeling stole over him, and took possession

of his heart. His intensely devotional love for his wife made him dread anything of this sort, more than if she had been indifferent to him. Her fair fame was identical in his mind with his own, and to throw a blot upon her escutcheon would be to soil his shield. If he had loved her when he married her, he adored her now. She was his darling Blanche, and he idolized her; if she ever condescended to speak to him in a half-caressing tone, and look up lovingly in his face, an electric thrill would dart through him, and the generous current rush along his veins impetuously, and he would feel as immeasurably happy as if he had gained the garden of Eden. If her dress so much as rustled against him, he would consider the contact a pleasure.

"I really don't think I ought to listen to you," he said, at last.

"As you please," was the decorous answer of Sir Lawrence.

"What have you to say against her?" he continued.

"Would you like to hear?"

"If you calumniate the absent, I shall think it my duty to take notice, in the proper way, of an ungentlemanly act."

"Certainly."

"I think it right to warn you of this."

"I will submit to any penalties and pains you choose to inflict, if I utter a single syllable of anything but the truth," replied Sir Lawrence Allingford, with slow and measured diction.

"In that case, I should like to hear what you have to say."

"So should I," exclaimed a musical voice, immediately behind Reginald.

Both men, in some consternation, turned round abruptly, and to their astonishment perceived that Lady Brandon had stolen upon them unawares, and caught the last exclamation made by her husband. It was impossible for them to say how long she had been a listener to their conversation; she might have been in their rear from its commencement. Sir Lawrence Allingford saw that he was, for a time, beaten, and he discreetly accepted his defeat with more tact and resignation than Lady Brandon gave him credit for.

"We could not think of continuing a business conversation in the presence of a lady."

"Perhaps you think me very rude for bursting upon you in so unceremonious a manner," she said, with a smile of triumph, which showed her pearly teeth, and which meant nothing to Reginald, but which was the quintessence of signification to Sir Lawrence Allingford.

"Not in the least; we are most happy to have you with us. Welby has been inconsolable without you."

Reginald's innocent and guileless face was suffused with blushes. If he had been a girl instead of a man, his face could not have assumed a brighter crimson hue. He was conscious of guilt, conscious that he had meditated an act of treason against his wife in consenting to listen to the revelation that Sir Lawrence had promised him, and he quailed beneath the inquiring glance she cast upon him.

"What were you going to tell Reginald?" she said; "I declare you have made him look quite ill."

"I was merely about to give him a family history, a few anecdotes. What you will. A mere nothing, just to pass the time away."

"How kind of you. Will you not go on with your business anecdotes? You see I have found you out. First you say you are talking about business, and then you are telling family histories; but I suppose gentlemen have secrets, as well as ladies."

"It is certain that ladies have," replied the baronet, looking hard at her.

"Not all of them," she said, with consummate effrontery. "You could not say that I had a secret."

The baronet laughed aloud; and, in order to palliate his rudeness, he exclaimed:

"Do you see the amusing way in which that gull, or whatever it is, skims over the surface of the water. I cannot resist laughing as I look at it."

He accompanied the word "gull" with a look full of meaning at Welby.

"I cannot see anything funny in it," she replied.

"But, with regard to secrets: if I ever had one, it ceased to be a secret when I married. No woman, in my opinion, should conceal anything from her husband. It is neither right nor proper."

"I quite agree with you," answered Sir Lawrence.

"How dreadfully warm it is," remarked Lady Brandon, with a sigh of oppression. "I do wish I had something to drink."

"What would you like?"

"May I ask what you are drinking?"

"I am drinking mere with a view of getting an appetite than to quench my thirst."

"I think I should like some sherbet and sherry."

"Allow me to order it for you."

Sir Lawrence turned round to call the steward, and

Reginald looked about in quest of that ubiquitous official. Lady Brandon stole a hurried glance in every direction. No one was watching her. With the rapidity of a conjurer, well practised in alight of hand tricks, she dropped a crystal, about the size of a pea, in the *pois* verre, from which Sir Lawrence Allingford was drinking. The liquor froze for a moment, like a glass of champagne when you drop a few bread crumbs in it; but dimly afterwards the lump had dissolved, and it was still and quiet again.

All unconscious of what had happened, the baronet succeeded in calling the attention of the steward, and looking complacently at her ladyship, sipped his cordial, without suspecting that a deadly drug had been introduced into it.

For a fraction of a second a fierce gleam of gratified revenge sparkled in her ladyship's eyes; but fearing lest she should alarm her enemy, who was not dead yet, she exerted herself to the utmost to preserve a quiet demeanour, although her blood was boiling furiously in her veins, and she longed impatiently for the end to come.

After a few remarks on matters of no particular importance, Lady Brandon exclaimed:

"Are you very much occupied, Reginald?"

"Not particularly," he replied.

"You do not care about hearing Sir Lawrence Allingford's little histories?"

"I dare say he will be good enough to tell them to me some other time, if you want me."

"May I take him away?" she said to Sir Lawrence.

"By all means, if you wish it," answered Sir Lawrence, with a look which said plainly enough you cannot take him out of the ship.

"I am going to write some letters, Reginald," she continued; "will you come and be my amanuensis?"

"With pleasure."

"We shall meet again at dinner," said the baronet.

"Perhaps," she replied, tripping away, with her arm linked in that of her husband.

When they were gone, Sir Lawrence began to soliloquize. "Why did she say, perhaps?" he muttered.

"There is always some significance in her apparently meaningless phrases. Confound her. The luck has been on her side again. It is strange—very strange. I must beware lest she plays me one of her devil tricks. It will not do to sleep with both eyes closed when Lady Blanche Brandon has occasion to hate you and wish you out of the way."

The count now lounged back again. He had seen Lady Brandon descending the aft cabin stairs, with Reginald, and he concluded that she had in some way interrupted Sir Lawrence, and probably interfered with the due execution of his schemes of vengeance. He was sorry for this, because he looked upon Miss's request, that he would keep his eye upon Sir Lawrence, and continually urge him on, as a sacred trust. Sir Lawrence made room for him by his side, and the count said:

"Well, my friend, how have you succeeded?"

"But badly. Just as I had arranged everything, and distilled my venom, as I may call it, she came up and spoils all my skilful preparations."

"You must not lose sight of them."

"Of the Welbys?"

"Yes."

"Why not?"

"In half-an-hour we touch at *Madre de Dios*."

"I never heard of such a place."

"Nor I until this moment. It is a small port, at which a considerable amount of merchandise is shipped. Wines and nuts are the staple productions of the country, and the peasants bring them from the interior, upon the backs of mules. They want Hudson, the ex-hallway king, to make them a few railroads."

"*Madre de Dios*!" repeated Sir Lawrence, musingly.

"Do you think it likely, De Cannes, that she will attempt to escape me at this place?"

"It is extremely probable."

"By heaven, I will denounce her before his face!" cried the baronet, vehemently.

"Do nothing rashly," replied De Cannes, whose philosophic demeanour seldom deserted him.

"Would you have me remain passive?"

"Certainly not; but I will tell you what I would not have you do—that is, ruin all your chances by precipitancy. Who ever heard of a cause being won by a rushing attack like that of a bull at a gate?"

"I have heard of a *coup de main*."

"Yes; but that is different from a *coup de langue*. Take my advice, and bide your time. Suppose she makes Welby take her into the interior of Spain, what is to prevent us from following her?"

"Nothing."

"Of course not. We are not obliged to go on to Cadix any more than they are. *Madre de Dios* will do just as well for such wails as you and I."

A lee shore now appeared on the verge of the horizon. Telescopes were in great demand; and De Cannes produced a very handsome one—of great

power, but small size, which distinctly showed the nature of the country they were approaching. The shore was flat and sandy. Dense forests appeared at short distance inland; and a small number of houses, with one or two public buildings, such as a custom house, a church, a town hall, &c., showed prominently near the beach.

"Is that *Madre de Dios*?" inquired Sir Lawrence.

"I have every reason to believe so," replied the count. "It does not look a very inviting place, eh!"

"What can you expect in such a country as Spain?" asked Sir Lawrence.

"Take the telescope, and have a look at a town we shall probably make some acquaintance with."

Sir Lawrence endeavoured to stretch out his hand, but something prevented him. The contrastive power of the muscles appeared to be disarranged.

Thinking he had grasped the telescope, the count relinquished his hold of it, and the consequence was, that the beautiful instrument fell to the ground, and was seriously injured.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed De Cannes, looking critically at his friend.

He perceived that a dark circle had gathered around each eye, and that his lips were pale and bloodless.

"Not paralyzed, eh?" he continued.

"Pon my word, I don't know," answered the baronet; "but I feel very faint. It seems that I haven't an atom of strength left in me. I am as weak as a baby."

"Hail!" cried the count. "Have you any difficulty in breathing?"

"A slight difficulty."

"Your limbs feel stiff."

"They are like lumps of lead."

"Any pain about you?"

"A suffocating sensation at my chest."

"It is as clear as daylight," said the count, as if talking to himself.

"What is clear? For God's sake, do not look so grave! You will frighten me."

"It is no use mincing matters, my dear fellow."

"Speak out!"

"Don't be alarmed."

"No."

"You are poisoned."

"Poisoned!" almost shrieked the baronet, falling back in his great agony at hearing so dire an announcement, and clutching hold of a chair to save himself.

The count came to his assistance; and putting his arm round him, prepped him up, saying:

"You have been poisoned with a preparation of arsenic. It is not a sort of poison which is intended to kill all at once. She probably knew that the steam-vessel would touch at *Madre de Dios*, and thought to leave you on board to perish, while she made her escape through the hazel woods and pine forests that lie towards Barcelona. Her plan of action was artfully prepared; but, if my brain does not lose its vigour, we will foil her yet."

"Am I in immediate danger?" said Sir Lawrence, whose cheek had blanched until it was the colour of a sheet.

"No! I reply unhesitatingly in the negative. I know something of leechcraft, and in my opinion you would live in your present state some hours; you would get gradually worse, and expire about midnight."

"Can you save me? I should not like to die unrevenged."

"I will do my best for you. We shall soon be at *Madre de Dios*, and once there we shall be able to find some doctor, from whom I can procure certain medicines I shall want. Come with me now into my cabin, I have a stomach pump there, and I will extract all the poison which has not yet penetrated your system and got into your blood."

Sir Lawrence Allingford followed the count down below, and submitted to everything he recommended. In the meantime a scene of an interesting nature was taking place between Mr. and Mrs. Welby. When they were together, Lady Blanche exclaimed, "I am surprised Reginald that you should make yourself so friendly with every stranger who is civil enough to speak to you."

"I thought he was a friend of yours?"

"He was an acquaintance years back."

"He told me that he was on the most intimate terms with you."

"You should not have listened to him," she cried, angrily; "anyone would think Reginald that you were a gossiping, tea-drinking old woman of sixty. Goodness, knows you ought not to be driven into a corner for society. I never refuse to talk to you, I am sure. I am always at your beck and call. If I were a spaniel, I could not be more obedient or dutiful."

"My dear Blanche—"

"Don't speak affectionately to me, Reginald," she interrupted. "I don't believe you feel it in your heart, and I would not have you hypocritical for the world."

"Indeed, I am not. I am sincerely sorry I spoke to Sir Lawrence Allingford at all. If I had known that you did not wish it, I would not have gone near him."

"Has he been trying to set you against me?"

Reginald hesitated.

"Oh, I do not want to know," she said, hastily; "you may have as many secrets from me as you choose."

"I do not want to have any, dear Blanche."

"Yes, you do, or you would answer my questions."

"So I will. He did, as I thought, try to insinuate something to your prejudice, only just as he was about to be more explicit you happened to come up."

"You would have believed anything he chose to tell you, I suppose," exclaimed Lady Brandon, disdainfully.

"I would not, and I told him so."

"Yet you listened to him?"

"That was unavoidable."

"No, it was not unavoidable, sir," she cried, stamping her foot upon the ground, and clenching her little fist viciously. "Oh! Reginald I have been very greatly deceived in you. My life is being worn out. You will have a great deal to answer for. I am not strong, and I hope—yes, I do indeed—I hope I shall soon be out of your way. Then you can talk to who you like, and make love to some one else, for I can see you have long ceased to love me."

He was at her feet in an instant when he heard this, and entreating her in earnest tones to recall her bitter words, as he had not deserved so severe a condemnation.

At first her tears fell like rain, and she repulsed him; but after a time she allowed him to make his peace, saying, "If you only knew how your unkindness grieves me, Reginald, I am sure you would try not to do anything which you know will displease me. Shall I tell you why this man Sir Lawrence Allingford—who is nothing better than a bankrupt baronet—endeavours to prejudice you against me?"

"I think I can guess."

"You ought to be able to, if you have an atom of discrimination."

"He was in love with you, was he not?"

"Passionately in love; and because I rejected his advances and preferred you to him, he hates me, and would do me an injury, did it lay in his power to do so."

"That is cowardly," replied Reginald.

"Of course it is; but what can you expect from a man of his antecedents?"

"What are they?"

"Never mind now," replied Lady Brandon; "some other time, when we have more leisure, I will tell you. At present he is an opium smoker, a sot, a debauchee. Beware of him. Do not speak to him on any account whatever. There is a moral taint about him, which, if you do not take care, will communicate itself to you."

Reginald promised compliance with her request, and dipping a towel in some water, brought it to her, asking her to wipe her face and come on deck. She did so, and they ascended the companion ladder together.

Land was now close to them. They were steaming into a sort of natural harbour, and the languor of the passengers had worn off and given place to excitement, consequent on the near prospect of going on shore for a brief space.

Amongst those standing near the gangway, Lady Brandon recognized the Count de Cannes and Sir Lawrence Allingford. The latter was frightfully pale, and his lack lustre eyes bore a resemblance to those of one deprived of sight. The wicked woman turned shudderingly away, for she thought he would soon be a corpse. How unrelenting she was—how steadfast in her bad purpose!

This man had come between her and her happiness; and she did not scruple to remove him from her path, where he was a stumbling block of no ordinary magnitude.

So close was Lady Brandon to the Count de Cannes, that she could see every movement he made, and hear each word he uttered. She saw him beckon to the captain of the ship, who joined him, and she heard him say:

"Captain, I have a request to make, and it is that you prevent that lady from quitting the vessel at Madre de Dios."

He indicated Lady Brandon with a wave of his hand.

"On what grounds do you request her detention?"

"She is a poisoner!"

The captain started.

"Have you a warrant for her arrest?" he said.

"I have not."

"Where is the proof of your assertion then?"

The count wheeled Sir Lawrence round until the captain stared him full in the face.

"There is my proof, and there is the victim!" he exclaimed, theatrically. "I have, with difficulty, snatched him from the jaws of death."

"This matter must be investigated at Cadiz," said the captain.

"That is what I wish."

"You have made a grave accusation," the captain continued, "and I cannot accept the responsibility of being judge in so important a matter. There is a British consul at Cadiz—I will refer it to him."

"I have no objection to that; but suppose the lady and her husband choose to land at Madre de Dios?"

"In that case, I have no power to prevent them."

"And why not, pray?"

"I have no authority or jurisdiction over them."

Where is your warrant? I have merely your bare assertion, unsupported by facts. If I were to coerce the parties, and your story subsequently fell to the ground, which, from its wild improbability, there is every chance of its doing, I should be liable for damages."

"I will hold you harmless," said the count, eagerly.

"Your guarantee is valueless to me, for I do not know who I am talking to."

"I am a man of wealth."

"Possibly; but you must excuse me if I decline to interfere."

The captain, after this crushing rejoinder, walked away to give his order for the ship to be run alongside a jetty or projecting pier at the extremity of the harbour.

Some of the inhabitants of Madre de Dios had assembled to have a look at the in-coming steamer. They were a swarthy, sunburnt, olive complexioned looking people, and did not impress the beholders favourably by their personal appearance.

Lady Brandon and Reginald Welby were the first to disembark, and they gave orders to the steward, in an audible tone, to land their luggage, as they should go no further. De Cannes and Allingford pursued a precisely similar course, and the pursuers and pursued were soon standing on what may be called the marine parade of the little town.

CHAPTER LVII

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?"

"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

Tristram Shandy.

THE younger Littleboy was so violently smitten with Mimi Zeddera, and so enraptured with her charms, that he could think of nothing else. Her image haunted him day and night; he was unable to sleep; and he found that any hope of his again settling down to business was vain, until this knotty point in his existence was solved.

He was a young man, and a good hearted young man; the worst his most bitter and rancorous enemies could say against him was that he was a lawyer.

He had served writs on people in distress; but what of it? If people get into debt and cannot pay, and their unfortunate creditors find them out, they must reasonably expect to have writs served upon them. Somebody must perform this unpleasant duty, though why people who have obtained goods without reasonable expectation of being able to pay for them should be deserving of sympathy it is difficult to say.

George Littleboy the younger could do something more than serve a writ. He could engross a deed, and draw up an affidavit, and put a tolerable brief together; he was only an articled clerk at present, but he intended to go up for examination shortly, and then he would be a full fledged lawyer, duly licensed to employ counsel to plead in Her Majesty's courts of law, and to charge six and eight-pence for giving advice to those of Her Majesty's lieges who were in want of that useful commodity.

His father was proud of him, and reposed great confidence in him; and hoped some day to see him at the top of the tree—solicitor to the Bank of England, perhaps, or some other magnificent institution, with thousands a year coming in, and an account at his bankers as long as a peer's rent-roll.

He had always been a steady young man, and never gave way to dissipation. He was prudent, economical, and hardworking; but the lovely Mimi turned his head, and he was willing to sacrifice his future for one smile from her. Since he had become acquainted with her he was totally changed—he was mad about her. His father wrote him letters, urging him to greater exertions, and he put them behind the fire; for what was the exertion he was urged to increase?—simply an attempt to destroy the woman he loved, to lodge her in a prison, to incarcerate her in a felon's

gaol, where her lovely hair would be cut off, and she would be condemned to solitary confinement for the best part of her life. He could have hunted her down had he chosen to do so. She was clever; but his detective instinct and sagacity were superior to hers: he understood the nature of the law of evidence—she did not. She was totally ignorant of it. What might appear to her a most trivial circumstance, hardly worthy of notice, would be to him invaluable, worth its weight in gold, as a link in that subtle chain he was weaving, wherewith to undo her.

Mimi shut herself up to avoid his persecutions: but one day she went with Alice to Kirkdale, and, for the sake of their health, they intended to walk back.

Alice Welby was a great walker. She believed that the health of the body depended upon the circulation of the blood, and that the blood could not be in a state of vigorous circulation unless the body was subjected to severe exercise.

It chanced to be market-day, and many scores of fat oxen were being disposed of; for Kirkdale was a sort of inland depot for the sale of cattle.

As they walked along the market-place, a bull, wearing an infuriated aspect, made a dash at the two young ladies, and threatened to do them a mischief.

They were in considerable danger, and something serious must infallibly have happened had not a young man, with the utmost bravery, rushed to their rescue. He was armed with a stout onigel, cut from a hedge-rov, and he so belaboured the beast with this formidable weapon, that the animal turned upon him.

By this time the drovers had appeared, and the bull was driven off.

Mimi turned round to thank her preserver, and recognized George Littleboy.

"Thank you very much for your courage," she said, dryly.

"You have nothing to thank me for," he replied.

"Although I am a Londoner, I am not afraid of anything that goes on four legs, or on two either, for the matter of that."

Alice was profuse in her acknowledgments, and whispered to Mimi:

"As you seem to know one another slightly, introduce him."

Thus urged, Mimi complied with her friend's request, although it was one she would rather have avoided compliance with, had she been free to act for herself.

The young man bowed in an awkward manner, for making himself amiable with ladies had not been part of his education. It was an accomplishment in which he was deficient. Had you asked him the way to Common Pleas Alley, Chancery Lane, or Equity Chambers, in the same delectable locality, or Bail Court Buildings, Westminster, he would have directed you there with commendable alacrity. He had sufficient wit, however, to ask Miss Welby if he might have the honour of walking part of the way home with her and Miss Zeddera.

"Just to see that no more bulls were about," he said, with a sly glance at Mimi.

His offer was accepted, and they left the town, striking off across the country, and taking a by-path which led them through a delightful district, and had the additional merit of being the nearest road to the Welbys' house.

When they had gone half-way, Alice proposed that they should rest a little while, as the path was dusty and the sun hot. They halted near a bank, on which innumerable wild flowers, such as blue bells and convulvulus, grew. Alice ran along this fertile garden of nature, to gather the floral spoil, and left Mimi and George Littleboy together.

Mimi spoke sharply to him, saying:

"I wonder you should intrude yourself upon me, when I have told you plainly that your attentions are unpleasant to me."

"If you are angry with me," he replied, "I cannot help it. I love you so fondly that I would rather die than live without you!"

"That is pure nonsense," she said.

"Oh, no! believe me, it is not!"

"You are only a boy, and you do not know your own mind yet."

"Then I never shall!" he replied, solemnly. "Do let me talk to you now. May I? My heart is so full that I shall choke if I do not give it some deliverance."

"I warn you that you will only be wasting your time," Mimi observed, with a look of profound disdain and supreme indifference to the misery he was evidently suffering.

"Oh, no! do not say that! I will make you a good husband; I will, indeed!"

Mimi laughed aloud.

"Husband!" she ejaculated. "You are jumping to conclusions without making the requisite preliminary calculations. A husband is a commodity I do not stand in need of at present."

"Do—do you love another?" he asked, hardly able to articulate, through emotion and expectation.

"That is a question you are not in any way entitled

to ask," she replied, hastily, turning away her face to hide her blushes, for his words recalled the image—the far-off image of the once dearly-loved, and still fondly cherished, Reginald Welby.

"Forgive me if I have offended you."
"Pray allow this conversation to drop, Mr. Littleboy. It can only lead to disappointment and chagrin as far as you are concerned. You have received the only answer it is in my power to give you."

"That is equivalent to a refusal of my offer, to a rejection of my love," he exclaimed, in despairing accents.

"Exactly. You have judged rightly. I assure you, I feel for you; but I cannot alleviate your misery."

His face brightened up with a last hope: he had kept his most powerful shaft until the last. He had appealed hitherto to her feelings: now he intended to make an application to her fears.

Her fears! It was through them that Mimi was most likely to be moved.

If he attacked her there, he would hit a vulnerable point; but as far as feeling or heart went, she was granite, adamant, or any other preternaturally hard substance.

"You know why I am down here, Miss Zedfern?" he said, by way of commencing the attack.

"I only know what you have told me," she replied.

"I am here, by my father's express commands, to prove your complicity in a robbery committed at Kirkdale Priory, by a certain person called the Count de Cannes."

"Well?" she exclaimed, raising her eyebrows.

"I can prove it," he said, resolutely; but while he menaced her with his words, he courted her love with his eyes, which were brimming over with affectionate admiration.

"What then?" she demanded, in a strong voice.

"Will you have me for—for your husband, Miss Zedfern, or will you drive me to extremities? Will you compel me to brand you with an indelible stigma, which no penitence can wash out—no length of time efface? Will you do this, or will you make me—and, I hope and trust, yourself—happy, by consenting to my prayer?"

Mr. Littleboy, junior, thought that he had urged his suit with considerable ability. He prided himself on the flowers of rhetoric of which he had made use, and he hoped that he had appeared to advantage in the eyes of his innamorata.

Mimi's susceptibilities were touched. She replied hastily:

"I will talk more to you about this matter another time. At present, the hour, the place—everything is against the fair and deliberate discussion of so important a question as the life-long happiness of two people."

"Thank you, again and again," he said, "for consenting so far. Where may I have the happiness of seeing you again?"

"Here, at this spot, to-morrow, about this hour," she replied.

There was no time or opportunity for her to say more, for Alice Welby returned with a handful of wild flowers. She said, playfully:

"You cannot accuse me of not allowing you every facility for flirting with our new friend, Mr. Littleboy!"

"I never flirt!" replied Mimi, with the air of a prude.

"Never!" said Alice, holding up her finger: "Beware! Some day that proud heart of yours will be stormed and taken!"

Mimi might have replied that it was already conquered; but she was one of those strong-minded women who never make a confidant of anybody. Her secrets were her own, and she kept them locked up in her bosom, where no one could get a glimpse at them.

"We will not take you any further," said Alice, with a kindly smile, to the young man; "we are nearly home now—many thanks for coming so far!"

He wished the girls good-bye, with evident reluctance, and watched them from behind the trunk of a tree until they were out of sight. Then he slowly and mournfully retraced his steps to Kirkdale. The burden of his miserable song was, "She does not love me;" and he kept on repeating to himself "she does not love me," just as Hesiod makes Venus bemoan Adonis, by continually singing, "Oh! Sicilian muses, sound the lament!"

He based all his hopes upon the morrow's interview; and to such a state of desperation was he reduced, that he would cheerfully have made away with himself had he been sure that there was not the remotest chance or possibility of his ever becoming the husband of Mimi Zedfern.

He was but a boy, and his inexperienced heart was full of bursting of his first love.

CHAPTER LVIII

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—but who can paint that gaze? They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amazement! They might have chained him as before that noble form he stood. For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his cheek the blood.

The Spanish Champion.

At that hour of the day the long, straggling streets of the quaint old Spanish town were nearly deserted. The respectable inhabitants were indulging in a siesta, intending to come out when the sun had moderated his rage, and the balmy evening zephyrs fanned their cheeks.

Lady Brandon and her husband wended their way slowly along the street, which was utterly devoid of architectural beauty. Turning her head over her shoulder, she saw the Count de Cannes in close conversation with a man in a gorgeous uniform, whom she at once imagined to be the policeman on duty in that particular part of the town; at this, she increased her pace, and hurried Reginald along in search of an hotel.

The cosmopolitan acquirements of De Cannes stood him in good stead now; during his wanderings he had picked up a smattering of Spanish, and for the space of two minutes talked energetically to the alguazil, who lent a ready ear to his disclosure.

Soon they followed her ladyship, and with some difficulty overtook her. The alguazil, a polite man, addressed her in his own language, but she shook her head, to intimate that she did not understand. The man then looked at the count, who exclaimed:

"He is saying that it is his duty to arrest you on suspicion of having attempted to murder this gentleman, Sir Lawrence Allingford."

"Are you my accuser?" she asked.

"I am!"

"Tell him the charge is purely fictitious."

"I cannot do that; everything will be fully stated before the alcalde, and you will have the benefit of impartial interpretation."

"Do you really mean that this man is to drag me to prison?"

"Most certainly I do!"

"Reginald," cried her ladyship; "do you allow me to be insulted in this gross manner?"

"Sir, you must be out of your senses to make so absurd a charge against a lady whose character is a sufficient proof of the trivialty of the accusation," cried Reginald, who had hitherto remained a passive spectator of the scene.

"My poor boy, said the count, with a sort of insulting pity; "you are not the first that she has deceived!"

"Take me away, Reginald," exclaimed Lady Brandon, who was becoming deadly pale.

"He cannot do that, for you are in the custody of the law."

"Why are you so inveterate?" asked her ladyship of the count, in a low voice.

"I have my reasons! I will give one. Sir Lawrence Allingford is my friend. Look at him now, as he hangs on my arm; his life is pendant on a thread, and his present miserable state is your work, and yours alone. That one fact, Lady Brandon or Mrs. Welby, is sufficient to induce me to dog you to the foot of the scaffold!"

"Oh!" cried she, "this man terrifies me. I is dreadful."

Sir Lawrence Allingford stood like a statue. So pale, so motionless, and so seemingly life-like; occasionally his eyes wandered to her ladyship; but there was little meaning in them, either of reproach, revenge, hatred, or love.

Although Lady Brandon appeared to be in a fainting state, she was, in reality, casting her eyes about in every direction, to see if she could discover any escape from the dilemma in which she was involved. Her gaze lighted on a large and spacious stone building, to the right of her. From its style, and from the numerous crosses which ornamented it, she concluded that it was a religious edifice.

Some of the windows were barred, and this fact gave her the idea that it was a convent. She was perfectly well acquainted with the superstitious ways of the Spaniards; and she thought if she could once succeed in obtaining sanctuary, the law, powerful though it might be, would not dare to attempt her extradition, for, from all the accounts which had reached her, Holy Mother Church was infinitely more powerful in Spain than the profession of the long-robed gentlemen.

With a sudden bound, she sprang across the street; and, before her purpose could be divined, she rang the convent bell violently, and holding up her arms in a supplicatory position, intimated that she claimed admission within the gates.

A small wicket in the wall revolved, and strong arms drew her in.

The next moment, her husband and her pursuers were gazing blankly at bricks and mortar.

The alguazil shook his head in a decided manner, and walked away, muttering to himself.

"What does the fellow say?" inquired Sir Lawrence, in a weak voice.

"Says it's no good going after her now. The priests and those people connected with the place will protect her against the entire civil force of Spain."

"What is it then?"

"A convent."

Reginald Welby rang the convent bell furiously.

"That is useless," exclaimed the count, addressing him.

"How useless?"

"They will not admit you; and you are unable to make them understand you, even if they answer your summons," replied De Cannes.

"You are the author of all this mischief!" cried Reginald, angrily.

"I grant it; but murder must not be committed with impunity."

Reginald looked incredulously at the count. He would not believe him.

"Oh! you are mistaken," he said. "It cannot be!"

"Some day you will know more. At present you are in a fool's paradise."

Contrary to the expectation of De Cannes, the wicket once more shot back, and a man's voice asked them what they wanted.

The count took upon himself to explain that the lady who had just entered the walls of the convent was a murderess; but he claimed admission, not for the purpose of arresting her—he wished to obtain for her victim medical assistance, without which he must surely die.

The man replied that he would consult his superiors, and closing the wicket, went away. His steps echoed hollowly through the court yard he had to traverse before he reached the convent, and he was gone some little time.

The baronet was becoming weaker and weaker, and it was clear that his precarious condition required immediate surgical aid. The poison was undermining his energies, and sapping the foundation of his life.

When the priest returned, he intimated to the party of gentlemen that they might enter. They did so, and were conducted into a small apartment on the ground floor of the convent, where their guide left them for a brief space.

Reginald walked up and down the room with the greatest impatience. The count folded his arms, and considered what their best course of action would be; whilst Sir Lawrence threw himself back in a chair, and allowed his head to fall upon his arm.

A door opened at length, and an elderly woman, of stately demeanour, made her appearance. She bowed to the three men, who returned her salutation with the utmost respect and deference.

Seeing that they were English, she addressed them in that language, saying, "What do you want with me, gentlemen?"

"I venture, madam," replied De Cannes, "to claim your kind assistance for my unfortunate friend here, who is suffering from the effects of a violent poison, administered to him by the lady who has but lately claimed the sanctuary which these holy walls have not refused her."

"I say it is false," vociferated Reginald, who felt bound to support his wife's honour, when attacked.

"I pray you, gentlemen, to refrain from unseemly broils or altercations," said the abbess, in a gentle voice.

"She is my wife," said Reginald, in explanation of his violence.

"Sir," continued the abbess to De Cannes, "we will minister to your friend's wants to the best of our poor ability."

"Will you allow your surgeon to attend him instantly; there is, indeed, no time to lose," said the count.

"We have no surgeon," meekly answered the abbess, "but Sister Inez. I will go seek her, and bring her hither in as brief a space as I conveniently can; in the meantime I pray heaven to have mercy upon the poor gentleman."

The abbess left the room as she had entered it. Five minutes elapsed, when she came back with a veiled lady, wearing a black serge dress, confined at the waist with a piece of rough cord.

She raised her hood and gazed inquiringly at the abbess, who pointed out Sir Lawrence Allingford to her.

This was Sister Inez. She did not bestow so much as a glance at either of the others. But the Count de Cannes gazed upon her with a species of the wildest and most insane bewilderment painted upon his face.

Sister Inez was past thirty years of age, delicately pale. Her chiselled features were thin, emaciated, and worn down, as it seemed into hard lines, by constant

suffering, and the ravages of a cruel, secret grief. Her back was a little bent, as if by constant supplication to heaven.

She sank on one knee before the baronet, and felt his languid pulse.

Still De Cannes' eyes followed her, as if he traced some strange resemblance to a familiar face dimly rising up before him through the misty, shadowy past.

Rooted to the spot with a terrible amazement, he was incapable of motion.

A strange noise, half-made up of a startled cry, and half of an irrepressible hysterical sob, broke from him.

It aroused the attention of all in the room except Sister Inez, who did not move her head.

"God in heaven!" he exclaimed in a weird unnatural voice, "does the grave give up its dead?"

(To be continued.)

A STINGY DANCING MASTER.

GALLINI, formerly dancing-master at the opera, had amassed an enormous fortune. He was a miser, and his covetousness was known to every one who had ever heard his name.

One day he surprised all his acquaintance by inviting Petrot, the famous dancer, to dinner. The elder Angelo, who had for a number of years entertained Gallini at the table, but had never received even a glass of water in return, was asked, with his son and one or two others. Petrot had never seen Gallini's rooms; and after dinner, about nine o'clock, Gallini took his friends through the apartments, leading the way with a wretched rushlight, "so that we were almost in the dark," says Henry Angelo.

While Gallini was describing the ball-room, and telling how many it held, the great expense it had put him to, &c., a servant came to say that some one wanted to see him. Gallini left the party, giving to them his bit of candle, when Henry Angelo mischievously proposed that they should ignite the tapers in the chandelier, handing a slip of folded paper to each person. The room was in a blaze of light almost on the instant, the cotton having been moistened with spirits of wine. On his return, the host was frantic; "Cosi far? diavolo!" he rushed about like a madman, puffing out the lights. The whole party burst into a violent fit of laughter, and left him to mourn at his leisure.

"I have been told," says Angelo, "that when he attended his scholars, he used to promise his coachman a pint of beer if he got through the turnpikes without paying, but he always took care to have the first draught, and seldom left more than the froth at the bottom. Often when returning home at night, exhausted and fatigued, after a whole day's teaching in the country, he would take nothing but bread and cheese for his dinner, which he used to eat in his carriage."

He was reckoned to be worth a hundred thousand pounds. He married Lady Elizabeth, the sister of Lord Abingdon. Lord Abingdon was a very distinguished musical amateur. Gallini's management of the King's Theatre caused great derision, from his parsimony. Mrs. Yates was the only one who had ever conducted the establishment on so rigidly economic a principle.

THERE has been a most destructive fall of hail in many parts of Tyrol. Of course, immense damage was done to the fields and vines; and at Moluro more than 100 women, engaged in spinning, who left their factory to return home before the storm, were much injured about the head and face by the large pieces of ice which fell. The greatest damage was caused to the silkworms, the product of which was nearly destroyed, and the mulberry-trees were so injured that they will not recover for years.

FRENCH ARTILLERY PRACTICE BY NIGHT.—The two regiments of Artillery stationed at Vincennes have given an exhibition of gunnery practice at night. The firing commenced at eight o'clock on a signal rocket discharged by General Guio, the commandant, the first shots being sent from mortar batteries. Each shell traced a luminous parabola in the air, and fell near the target, which was a barrel placed on the top of a pole and illuminated on the inside; the firing was afterwards taken up by the pieces of cannon, and ran along the whole line. Fireworks were let off at intervals for the amusement of the persons assembled, while the hands of two regiments enlivened the scene with military *morceaux*.

THE NEW ALABAMA.—The new ship for Captain Semmes, of the Alabama, building on the Continent, and which will probably be ready towards the close of August, is reported at over 4,000 tons, and will be protected with solid steel plates, 2½ inches thick. She is to be called the New Alabama, and will be armed with Armstrong guns; she is built for a ram, and will be furnished with engines of great power, and will possess the means of throwing scalding water on her

opponents. It is intended for her to have the very large complement of 1,100 men! Recruits are offered a bounty of £10 each on joining, with £5 per month wages, and prize money equal to that of her commander, Captain Semmes; in other words, the prize money is to be divided *pro rata* by all on board. Most of the officers and crew of the sunken ship will join the New Alabama. It is intended that she shall commence operations near Boston, United States. Federal ships of war are watching her progress, and will dispute her first attempt to go to sea.

THE Emperor of Mexico has got up a company to buy Englishmen at £25 each, to serve him as soldiers in his new undertaking. The company extends its operations to Belgium and to Austria. The number inclined to bite in the latter country is very small.

THE Duke of Sutherland's yacht *Undine* was seized at Southampton during the past week, on account of some smuggling transactions in which part of the crew had been engaged. The seizure gave great annoyance to his grace, and upon a representation of the case being made to the commissioners of customs in London, the vessel was at once ordered to be released.

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FLIGHT OF GLADDYS.

How beautiful she looked; her conscious heart

Glowed on her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.

Oh, love! how perfect thy majestic art!

Strengthening the weak and trampling on the strong;

How self-deceitful is the sagacious part

Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along. *Byron.*

THE last two days had been passed by Arthur Powis in the most intense anxiety. Twice he had been to Cader Idris, trying to see, or hear from, or in some way communicate with Gladdys. On both occasions he had been ingeniously frustrated by the arts of Mrs. Llewellyn, and had returned to his hotel, bitterly disappointed.

On this, the evening of the second day, he was sitting in his room, engaged in writing a second long letter to Gladdys, in which he proposed their speedy marriage, and which he hoped to find some opportunity of sending to her, when there came a rap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of Lemuel.

"Well, Lemuel, well! what news do you bring me? How is your young lady? How is Miss Llewellyn?" exclaimed Arthur Powis, starting up to meet the messenger, and hurrying question upon question in his eagerness for intelligence of Gladdys.

"Oh, sir; I bring you a message from Miss Gladdys. Madam has been and looked her up in her room, and won't allow her no paper, nor likewise pen nor ink to write to you with."

"What! Locked whom up?" cried Arthur Powis, cutting the man short in his story.

"Miss Gladdys, sir; madam has locked her up in her own room, and won't allow her no paper, nor likewise—"

"Lemuel! do you pretend to tell me that that woman has dared to turn a key upon Miss Llewellyn?" exclaimed the young man, with suppressed fury.

"Well, sir, I can't say positively whether it was a key or a bolt, or it might even be a bar; but she is fastened in, and has been for the last two days—without paper, and likewise without—"

"Heaven and earth! If ever I have that woman in my power, nothing in this world shall induce me to spare her—not even consideration for her sex! Dared to imprison Gladdys!" cried Arthur, stamping.

"Yes, sir; without paper, and likewise pen and ink, which is the reason why Miss Gladdys didn't write; but trusted me with a worded message—"

"A verbal message—what was it?"

"What I have just been a telling of you, sir; how she is confined in her own room, without paper, and likewise—"

"Was there no other word she sent me? You told me that before. What else did she say?" anxiously interrupted Arthur.

"No, sir; that was all the message she sent to you; but she observed to me as how you would know what to advise, and how I must wait here to take your orders, and then get back as soon as I possibly could. Oh, I ought to tell you, sir, Miss Gladdys knows the reason why she didn't receive the letter you sent her the day before yesterday."

"Yes? She knows that I wrote to her very promptly, but that the letter was stopped at the door, and sent back to me? She knows that?"

"Yes, sir; I was on the spot and saw it done, and I told her."

"I thank you, Lemuel—I thank you very much,

my faithful fellow; but how did you contrive to speak to Miss Llewellyn?"

"It was providential, sir. Madam relieved me of duty at the hall-door, for fear I should be passing of letters or messages backwards and forwards, I suppose; and put that deaf and dumb Jude there; and assigned to me the department of the ornamental gardening; and while I was raking up the dry leaves on the lawn underneath the west windows, Miss Gladdys saw me, and spoke to me, and sent this message to you."

"Thank you, Lemuel. Thank you again, my good fellow! Wait! wait!" said Mr. Powis, walking up and down the floor, with his hand upon his brow, as in perplexed thought.

Arthur Powis, after walking a few paces up and down the room, sat down at his writing-table, and added a postscript to the letter which had been interrupted by the arrival of Lemuel.

"Lemuel, can you find any means of getting this into the hands of your young lady?" he inquired, as he folded and sealed the letter.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you certain?" repeated Arthur, rising from the table.

"Certain sure, sir."

"How will you manage it?"

"Why, Miss Llewellyn will be a watching for me. And when I go under her window I will ask her to let down a string, and I will tie the letter to the end of it, so as she can draw it up."

"And if she has not got a string?"

"Why, then, I can climb up to the window, with a little trouble, and hand it to her."

"Very good. And now, Lemuel, tell me, is there a— But stop! You are faithful to your young lady?"

"Oh, sir! faithful to her as I am to my Lord and Master in Heaven!" said Lemuel, fervently.

"Yes; I am sure you are! I should not have doubted it for an instant. And indeed I did not doubt it; I only hesitated a moment."

"Well, sir, what were you going to ask me? You said—Is there a—? and you stopped."

"Is there a light, strong, safe ladder about the premises at Cader Idris that would reach from the ground to Miss Llewellyn's window?"

"Yes, sir, lots of 'em."

"Could you convey one secretly to the spot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then that is all that I shall require of you at present, Lemuel. I must trust to your tact and discretion to get this letter into the hands of Miss Llewellyn, and the ladder at the spot safely and secretly."

"Yes, sir; I wish it was as easy for everybody to get to heaven as it is for me to do all that," said Lemuel, taking his old felt hat up from the floor.

"Very well, then! Lose no time in getting back, Lem."

The faithful fellow ducked his head and disappeared.

After Mrs. Llewellyn had left her, Gladdys remained sitting at the open window, looking out into the night, and waiting for the return of her messenger.

"Two hours yet," murmured the girl to herself—"two long hours must pass before he can get back; but I will be patient."

Slowly and heavily passed those two hours to the lonely captive. Her room was far removed from the inhabited portions of the house. The family were all within doors, engaged in their evening avocations or amusements. The lawn was deserted, and there was not a sound to disturb the silence of the night, except the chirp of innumerable insects, whose tiny shrill notes seemed only to make the solitude more lonely. The night sky, studded with stars above her head; the changing foliage, alive with chirping insects, beneath, these were all she saw or heard from her post of observation.

Seven struck from the ormolu clock on the mantel-shelf.

"One more dreary hour—how long! how long it seems!" sighed Gladdys, dropping her tired head upon her hand as she leaned on the window-sill.

A bat flew through the open sash into her room, and frightened her; and after beating itself wildly about from wall to wall, struck itself sharply against the marble mantel piece, and fell dead on the floor.

Gladdys started with a shudder, picked it up, and threw it out; and sat down again, trembling and almost hysterical through solitude and suspense.

But half the hour had gone, when she heard the sound of a cautious step softly crushing the fallen leaves under her window.

She leaned out.

"Hush—" whispered a voice below.

"Is that you, Lemuel?" she inquired.

"It ain't nobody else, Miss Gladdys."

"Good Lemuel! you have got back sooner than I expected"

"I ran nearly all the way there and back, miss."
 "Thank you, Lemuel; I will reward you well when I come into my property. Did you see—"
 "Oh, miss, I don't want no rewards but the pleasure of serving you."

"Thank you, Lemuel; but never mind that now. I asked you did you see Mr. Powis?"

"That I did, miss; and I told him everything, and he gave me a letter to bring you, as I suppose will explain everything else."

"Oh, Lemuel! how will you get it up to me?" exclaimed Gladys, eagerly.

"Have you got such an article as a string, miss?"

"Yes—no—yes; will a very slender one do?"

"If it is strong enough to hold a letter, miss."

Gladys flew about the room almost as wildly as the bat that had beaten itself to death had done, and at last found her crutch work. She broke off the thread, and taking one end of it in her hand, threw the ball out of the window, saying:

"Tie the letter to that, Lemuel, and I will draw it up."

Lemuel obeyed as well as his clumsy fingers would permit him to do; and in three minutes Gladys had her lover's letter in her hand.

"Wait a little, until I have read it, Lemuel," she said, closing the window and drawing the curtain before striking a light.

Then she eagerly broke the seal and began to devour the contents of the letter. The body of that letter was but the usual ardent, eloquent effusion of youthful love, and need not be repeated here. But the postscript explained that the writer would follow the letter within an hour.

Hastily folding it up, Gladys went and opened the window, and called cautiously to her servant:

"Lemuel! Mr. Powis will be here presently. Keep a bright look-out, lest anyone else should be in the way to discover him. And if you see anyone near when he is coming, slip away and warn him."

"You may trust me for that, Miss Gladys."

An hour passed, and the stillness of the night grew deeper.

And then a firm, light step was heard approaching, and the next moment the voice of Arthur sounded beneath the window:

"All well here, Lemuel?"

"All well, sir; nobody about but Miss Gladys, and she is waiting at the window."

"Gladys, mine own!" whispered the young man, looking up.

"Yes, Arthur—I am here," she answered, leaning out.

"Heaven bless you, my dearest! Wait a moment, Gladys," said the young man; then turning to Lemuel, he whispered:

"Have you brought the ladder?"

"Not yet, sir. It was too soon to venture when I first got back, because I might have met some of the hands; and besides which, Miss Gladys ordered me to watch here, to keep the coast clear; or, leastways, to warn you if anybody was near when I saw you coming."

"Yes, that was quite right; but I hope now that you can get the ladder without any further delay."

"Oh, yes, Master Arthur! now, this minute, sir," said Lemuel, hurrying off.

As soon as the servant was gone, Arthur Powis climbed upon the sill of the drawing-room window, and holding by the cornice, said:

"Gladys, my love, lean down here."

She did so, almost at the risk of losing her balance and falling to the ground.

"Gladys, my dearest, you must trust yourself to me to-night and henceforth for ever!" he said.

"Oh, Arthur, what do you mean?" she asked, trembling with alarm.

"You must give me a legal right to protect you."

"Oh, Arthur—"

"Gladys, my darling, you must be my wife."

"Some day—some day—if I live, you know I will, Arthur."

"Gladys, you must be my wife within twenty-four hours from this! And to effect this, Gladys, you must leave this place with me to-night," said the young man, firmly.

"An elopement! Is that what you propose to me? Oh, Arthur! I never, never can consent to such a proceeding," exclaimed the agitated girl.

"Gladys, you will consent to it within the next half hour—that is, if you love me, and if you are reasonable. Gladys, darling, listen to me. The time has already arrived which was fixed for our marriage by your dear deceased parents. If they were living, our marriage would take place; for it was the settled purpose of their hearts that it should. But that purpose has been frustrated by the treachery of the guardian they appointed to take charge of you. And your property, your peace, and even your person is exposed to imminent danger so long as you remain in the power of that false and ruthless woman! You must escape with me to-night!"

"But, oh, Arthur!—to leave my home secretly and by night—to steal away in the darkness like a guilty and cowardly creature—I cannot! I like to be straightforward and above-board in all I do!"

"So do I!" exclaimed the young man, earnestly; "so do I, in almost all cases. But there are cases in which one cannot be straightforward and above-board. And this is one of them. We have no power to unmask and punish Mrs. Jay's treachery and forgery. So we must escape ruin from both by stratagem. We have no power to deliver you by force: so we must do it by stealth."

"Oh! I wish I knew what was right," sobbed the girl.

"Gladys, I will put you in the way of finding out. Supposing your dear father and mother looking down from their blessed abode upon their orphan child in her captivity and wretchedness, and knowing all the circumstances, could advise her—what do you suppose, in such a case, their advice would be? Would they counsel her to stay here in the power of that bad woman, and exposed to all her arts, or would they advise her to escape to the protection of one whom they themselves had accepted as her husband? Speak, Gladys!"

These questions seemed to strike the young girl very forcibly. She dropped her head upon her hand, and appeared to reflect very deeply.

"Speak, Gladys!" once more implored the youth.

"I think—I really do think that they would rather that I should go with you than remain here, and suffer all I do, and risk all I shall. I know my dear papa regretted that we could not be married before he died, so that he could leave me in trustworthy hands," said Gladys, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Then he did not trust Mrs. Llewellyn?"

"He never expressed any distrust of her, and certainly, the fact of his making her the guardian of his daughter, and the trustee of the estate, would go to prove that he placed the greatest confidence in her. Yet, for all that, I think there were times when he instinctively distrusted her; but as it seemed against all evidence and all reason, he struggled against that distrust, and acted in defiance of it."

"Fataally! Well, Gladys, my dear, you must now do what you believe your father and mother would approve of your doing in the extremity to which you are reduced. I see Lemuel approaching with the means of your escape. Get yourself ready, my dearest one, and in a few minutes you shall be free."

Saying this, Arthur Powis dropped off the window sill, and turned to meet Lemuel, who had just arrived with the ladder.

They adjusted it to the window.

In a few minutes, Gladys appeared at the top, arrayed for her departure; but she looked down and hesitated, timidly.

"Do not attempt the descent alone, my dearest. Lemuel, steady the ladder," exclaimed the young man, as he ran up.

As Gladys, with her hand in his, still hesitated, he took her up gently in his arms, and brought her down carefully, and set her upon the ground safely.

"Now, love, you are free! Lean on my arm, and let us hurry from this place," he exclaimed, drawing her arm within his own, and walking away at a rapid pace.

"Good-bye, Lemuel! Good-bye, good Lemuel!" said Gladys, thoughtful even in this exciting moment.

"Oh, yes; good-bye, Lemuel! Call next week at the East, and ask for a parcel that I will send to you there! It shall be a handsome present, Lemuel," exclaimed the young man, suddenly recollecting his indebtedness to the boy.

"I don't want any presents. I am much obliged to you, sir; leastways, not for this. Good-bye, Miss Gladys! The Lord bless you, miss! And he will, too. And Lemuel threw himself sobbing upon the ground. And the fugitives pursued their flight.

"You have something there under your shawl, dearest. Give it to me to carry," said Arthur, as they hurried along.

"It is only a leather travelling-bag," said Gladys, producing it.

A good heavy one it was, as Arthur found when he smilingly took it from her.

They hastened on through the ornamental grounds; through the kitchen garden; through the vineyards; through the orchards; through a meadow; and then came out upon a bye-road, where, under the thick shade of some evergreen trees, stood a horse and carriage.

There was no driver, and the horse was tied to a tree.

"Get in, my dearest," said Arthur, carefully putting Gladys into a seat, and setting the carpet bag at her feet.

Then he untied the horse, jumped in, and took his place by her side, and set off at a brisk trot.

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Gladys, dropping her head

upon his shoulder, "I am so terrified." And she burst into tears.

"Think of your dear father, Gladys! Think of your sainted mother, my love! Think how they would approve this step that you are taking! And have courage and comfort, my dearest," said Arthur Powis, gently caressing her.

But the road, that was bad at all times, was worse at night, inasmuch as it was then really dangerous to travel. And so Arthur was obliged soon to leave off caressing and comforting his bride elect, and was compelled to give his whole attention to the duty of driving and guiding the horse through the perils of the way. And Gladys sobbed quietly. Suddenly, she broke forth again:

"Oh, Arthur, where are you taking me? I had not even sense or recollection enough left to ask you that before."

"To the nearest point, my dear girl, where we can be united."

"But, oh, Arthur!" she exclaimed, with a shudder, "it has just occurred to me—"

"What has just occurred to you, mine own?"

"We must go back! I must give myself up again to Mrs. Jay!"

"Gladys!"

"I must, Arthur! Indeed, I must!" she exclaimed, laying violently hold of his arm, to prevent his driving on.

The horse began to rear and plunge, and back amid the holes and gullies and precipices of the mountain road.

"Gladys, you are mad! You will get your neck broken!"

"Better have my neck broken than to go on!" wildly exclaimed the girl.

"You are mad!" cried Arthur, springing from the carriage, and taking the ungovernable horse by the head.

When the startled animal was reduced to order, and the carriage stood still, Arthur, holding the horse's head, said:

"Now, Gladys, what is all this? Why do you wish to return?"

"Oh, Arthur! I must! I must! indeed, I must return! You never would take me away against my will!" exclaimed the girl, in wild affright.

"Certainly not," answered the young man, bitterly, "but I ask you why you have so suddenly changed your mind? I have a right to know that, Gladys, before I turn back with you."

"Oh, yes, yes; it was because I recollected something! Something of the utmost importance! Oh! I must have been mad indeed ever to have forgotten it!"

"What, Gladys—what?"

"Oh, that we could not be legally married without the consent of my guardian while I am a minor?"

"Is that what troubles you, Gladys?" inquired the young man, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, yes! what a fatal thing it would have been if I had not remembered it in time!" exclaimed the girl, wringing her hands.

"Dismiss your fears, Gladys! All is right; or it will be so," said the young man, calmly, resuming his seat by her side, taking the reins, and driving on.

"What is all right? How can it be all right? Arthur! you must not proceed!" she exclaimed, again attempting to seize the reins.

"Gladys, my dearest, I can neither permit you to break your neck, nor to return to your prison, nor to do yourself any other fatal injury. Listen to me," he said, holding her hand so firmly, and speaking so resolutely, that she was constrained to attend.

"What do you mean? You would never take an unfair advantage of this step that I have taken? No, I know you would not," she whispered.

"Heaven knows that I would not."

"What then do you mean? We cannot be legally married without the consent of my guardian!"

"Not in England, Gladys; but we can cross to Scotland, where the laws of man do not presume to controvert those of God—and there we can be legally married."

"Is that so?" she inquired, in surprise.

"If it were not, would I say that I was? If it were not, would I have taken you from your home?"

"Oh, no, no, no; I am sure you would not! I can trust in you, Arthur! I do trust in you from this time."

"Indeed, you may, Gladys! Heaven knows that you may! Your welfare is dearer to me than my own life. And now, darling, let us improve the time, and make for Scotland as fast as we can," said Arthur Powis, touching up his horse, and putting him to his best speed, or to the best that was consistent with the dangers of the night's journey along that dark road.

At eleven o'clock the moon arose, and gradually ascending through a cloudless sky, illuminated all their way.

"The worst is over now, my brave girl! The darkness has all passed away. We shall have the moonlight until the sun rises; and before the night comes again we shall be at our journey's end," said Arthur, turning for a moment to caress his bride-elect.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE MARRIAGE.

Oh, beautiful! and rare as beautiful!
There was the love in which the mind delights
To lose itself when the old world grows dull,
And we are sick of its hank sounds and sights.

Byron.

As the dawn grew brighter, Gladdys observed that they were slowly winding up a mountain road, bordered on each side by heavy woods. On the right hand side, where the ground was higher, these woods rose, tier upon tier, until the highest trees seemed to touch the heavens. On the left, they fell terrace below terrace, until the tops of the lowest seemed lost in the shadows of some fathomless abyss. The morning kindling into day, lighted up all this affluence of autumnal foliage, until the brilliant hues were almost too gorgeous to look upon. Here, as far as the eye could reach, above and below, glowed colours so splendid that no artist could hope ever to transfer them to his canvases; the deep, dark green of the changeless pines and cedars contrasted finely with the burning crimson of the changing oaks, and the shining gold of the sycamores, the gleaming silver of the pale, ghostly maple, and the glowing purple of the sombre dogwood. And over all were the deep blue heavens and the rosy light of morning.

Even in the midst of their intense anxiety, the lovers could not help enjoying this glorious scene. Silence fell between them as they contemplated it. And though their souls were in communion with each other, as well as with nature, their lips spoke nothing. Those who really love nature make no fuss about it; their love is too reverent.

The winding road took them around the side of the mountain, and down on the other side, to a little hamlet situated in a deep, verdant vale, and thence called Greendell. There, built on one side of the road, was a blacksmith's shop, a post-office, and a general dealer's, and on the other side was a nice quiet hotel.

Here Arthur Powis drew up his tired horse, got out, and lifted his betrothed from the carriage.

Waiter, groom, and hostler gathered around him.

"Take my horse out, rub him down, and give him a feed," he said to the ostler. Then turning to the waiter, he said:

"Show us into a private apartment."

The waiter bowed low, and, walking before, ushered them into the house, and into a pretty room with neat furniture, fluttering white curtains, and windows that looked out upon the woods and hills.

"Have breakfast?" inquired the man, bowing, and waiting orders.

"Of course. Gladdys, dear," said Arthur, turning to her, and speaking low, "what will you have?"

"Oh, Arthur, just what you like. Please order it for me; indeed I cannot do so yet," said Gladdys, blushing intensely with embarrassment at her new position.

Arthur Powis paused a moment in perplexity. He knew very well what he wanted for himself, but then something delicate was required for Gladdys. Suddenly he spoke:

"Get some coffee and tea, and let both be of the best; some white sugar and rich cream; some light bread, and fresh butter, and poached eggs; some broiled partridges."

"Yes."

"How soon can it be ready?"

"In about three quarters of an hour, sir."

"Very well; now go and send the landlady or the lead chambermaid here."

With a low bow, the waiter withdrew to obey.

Arthur turned towards Gladdys. She was standing at a back window, gazing fixedly out, yet as if she saw nothing.

He stepped to her side and looked into her face. Her eyes were full of tears, and her cheeks were white as death.

"Gladdys! why, Gladdys! dearest love, what is the matter?" he inquired, tenderly stealing his arm around her waist.

She shrank from him, shrinking as it were into herself.

"Have I displeased you, Gladdys?" he inquired, tenderly, but a little reproachfully.

"Oh, no, no, no, dear Arthur. It is I! It is myself!"

"What is the matter, then, Gladdys, that you should throw me off in this way?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me! Have pity on me! I am so frightened and so ashamed; I feel as if I had done so very wrong; and as if it were so improper and so shocking for me to be here alone with you in

an hotel," she murmured. And as she spoke, her face, neck and forehead grew scarlet with burning blushes.

"But you are doing no wrong, dear Gladdys. You are carrying out the plans of your parents for your future happiness."

"I know; and I do not really think that I am doing ill; but I feel as if I were: I cannot help it, dear Arthur," she said, smiling through her tears and blushes.

That smile reminded him of sunshine on a dew spangled rose; and, laughing lightly, he stooped to kiss her, saying:

"Nonsense, love."

But she quickly evaded the caress, exclaiming, breathlessly:

"Oh, Arthur, don't be angry with me, dear."

He dropped his hand, and answered, slowly:

"No, I cannot be angry with my dearest one; my only dear one; but I am hurt, Gladdys, that you put me from you in this way. What is the reason?"

"I don't know, Arthur. It is not unkindness, dear; but I cannot help it. I am distressed, ashamed to look any one in the face, and even afraid of you."

"Afraid of me, Gladdys?"

"Yes; don't be hurt with me, please; I know that I am foolish; but have patience with me, dear, until—until— And then I will not cross you any more. I will be good," she answered, in a voice so low that he had to stoop to hear it.

"I understand you, Gladdys. I understand you thoroughly, my love. I have been very thoughtful. I should have studied your feelings more. But I am a rough sailor, Gladdys. And I beg your pardon. From this time, dearest, you are as sacred to me as a queen," he said, earnestly, as he raised her hand to his lips, bowed ever and relinquished it.

She turned on him a smile full of tenderness and devotion, as she murmured:

"I am your own, dear Arthur; mind, and heart, and soul your own; only bear with my weakness a little while, and then—"

The bustling entrance of the landlady cut short their interview.

She was a stout, middle-aged, motherly matron, dressed in an imitation lace cap, with many flying blue ribbons, and in a cheap cotton gown.

Arthur turned and addressed her:

"Will you be so good, madam, as to show this young lady to a room where she can take off her bonnet."

Without immediately replying, the landlady looked suspiciously from the one to the other of her guests, as if trying to discover what their relations to each other might be. They were not brother and sister, that she settled at a glance; for there was not a vestige of family likeness between them.

Arthur was tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair skin.

Gladdys was petite and elegant, with hair and eyes as black as night.

Therefore, of course, they could not be brother and sister. Besides, the young lady was in deep mourning, and the young gentleman wore a naval uniform without a vestige of grief about him. And that was curious, too. So the landlady gazed until Arthur startled her by impatiently repeating his question:

"Will you show this young lady to a room where she can take off her bonnet?"

"Come this way, miss."

Gladdys followed her conductor up-stairs into the room immediately over the one they had left.

It was a pleasant chamber, with more fluttering white curtains, more green blinds, and more windows looking out upon the woods and hills.

Gladdys took off her bonnet and cloak, and was taking down her back hair, when the landlady suddenly came out with this appalling question:

"Is that young man down-stairs your brother, miss?"

Gladdys trembled with emotion.

"No, ma'am," she answered, in a voice so low that it was almost inaudible.

"Is he your husband, then?" inquired the woman, magisterially.

"No, ma'am," breathed Gladdys, in a voice lower than before.

"I'm very sorry to hear it, miss. It is a very dreadful thing for a young lady to be travelling about all over the world with a young gentleman that is nothing to her," said the landlady.

"He is my betrothed," murmured Gladdys, in a faint voice; and, utterly overcome by shame and embarrassment, she sank into the nearest seat.

"Your betrothed? What's that? Your sweetheart?"

"He is going to be my husband. We are on our way to Scotland to be married," replied Gladdys, speaking scarcely above her breath.

"A runaway match! That is shocking! Such things never turn out well, young lady! I advise

you to pause while there is time—though, indeed, it may be already too late; but that depends upon how far you have come. I dare say, now, you are an heiress, ain't you now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"To a good large fortune, I'll be bound."

"Yes."

"And you ain't of age yet? Why, no, you can't be; you are no more than a child."

"I am eighteen."

"Don't look more than fifteen! Well, and the young fellow down-stairs, I dare say now as he has got nothing?"

"He has a noble heart, that outweighs any fortune I could bring him," said Gladdys, earnestly.

"Oh, of course! just so! just as I thought. A fortune-hunter running away with an heiress. Child, I ought to stop you where you are, and send word to your parents. I am a mother myself, and can feel for their distress," said the woman, solemnly.

"Oh, if you are a mother," cried Gladdys, clasping her hands; "if you are a mother, have pity on me; I am an orphan, without a friend in the world except the young gentleman who is to be my husband."

"Child, he is your worst enemy, if you did but know it. Let him go. If you are an heiress, you will find friends enough besides him. And he is your worst enemy, as I said before. Why, he'll squander your fortune in riotous living, and bring you to poverty; and if you complain he'll beat you. I know it. I have seen so many cases of that sort."

"Oh, how you wrong him! how mistaken you are in him! how unjust! He is truth and honour and goodness personified!" exclaimed Gladdys, fervently.

"I dare say you think so, poor child! But I am more experienced than you, and I know better! He is a fortune-hunter and a spendthrift, who will squander your money and break your heart! You had better be advised by me, and let me keep you here and send for your guardian; for if you have no father and mother, poor child, you must have a guardian."

"Oh, no, no, no! pray do not send for any one! You are utterly mistaken! He is not what you think him. In proof of it, I assure you that he was approved by my parents. We were engaged with their consent!" exclaimed Gladdys, earnestly, clasping her hands.

"Then if you were engaged to each other with the consent of parents, why, in the name of the seven wonders of the world, should you run away to be married? It looks discreditable."

"I know it looks so," said Gladdys humbly.

"Then why do it?"

"Oh, I had better tell you all about it. You look good and true. I had better tell you."

"Yes, child, do," said the lady, settling herself down in the arm-chair for a good gossip.

In a very few words, Gladdys told her touching story.

The landlady listened attentively, and watched closely. The truth was apparent in every word and look of the speaker, and it found its way to the heart of the hearer.

"Poor child! poor motherless girl! if this is so, as I believe it is, I do not blame you! You could not have done otherwise. I am sorry I spoke harshly to you; but you see I did not understand how it all was; and it looked badly," said the landlady, kindly, as Gladdys finished her story.

"Oh, I know! I knew it did! and it does still!" said Gladdys; and fluding now a sympathizing, motherly woman, the motherless girl poured out to her all the embarrassments that had so distressed her since her arrival.

"I know, my dear; I know all about it. You would feel better if you had some third person with you."

"Oh, yes, yes; but I have no one; not a friend in the world, except the one who is to be my husband."

"I'd just as lief as not. I don't see why I shouldn't. I can leave the house for a day or two in the care of sister Ann and the boys. I believe I will," said the landlady, communing with herself. Then speaking aloud, she inquired:

"How far are you going, my dear?"

"Greta Green."

"Would you like me to go with you, and be your mother until you are married?"

"Oh! if you would! Oh! if you would!" passionately exclaimed Gladdys, clasping her hands.

"Would the young gentleman like it?"

"Oh, yes, he would like anything that would add to my comfort; he will be very grateful to you."

"Well, then, I'll go; so no more about it," said the woman.

"Oh, thank you! I thank you more than I can ever tell you! But, will it not inconvenience you—this journey, taken only on my account?"

"N—no," said the woman, hesitating. "It will not inconvenience me, but quite the contrary. I have

a daughter married, whose husband keeps a hotel; and I have been thinking of visiting her for some time; but I had no company, and I never like to travel alone. So, if I can serve you, and benefit myself at the same time, we shall both be pleased."

"Oh, that we will. I should not have felt easy if I had thought you were about to sacrifice your interest or pleasure for the sake of aiding me—a perfect stranger," said Gladys, smiling.

"Child, I might have done it, for all that. My love for my own girls makes me feel for other young creatures, especially for motherless ones. And now, dear, hadn't you better make haste and wash your face, and do up your hair? I reckon breakfast will be ready by the time you get down," said the landlady, rising to leave the room.

"One moment, please. All this time I have not ascertained your name," said Gladys.

"To be sure! Why, did you not see it on the sign-board—Parker's Hotel? That's my name. I have carried on the business ever since my poor husband's death; and more for the sake of his memory than for any great profit it brings me; for you see, as long as the sign-board of Parker's Hotel swung before the house, it seemed to me as if he was not altogether quite gone—that something was left of him still. And besides, dear, I was jealous of anybody else's name hanging up there in place of his; and so, instead of selling off the business, which I might have done, at a good price, I just kept it on for his sake; and I mean to do so as long as ever I live."

The talkative landlady spoke very cheerfully as she poured this little bit of family history into the ears of her young guest; but the girl's dark eyes were full of tears, and her face full of pity, as she said:

"You are a widow, then? Oh, how sad it must be to lose one's husband! The saddest of all human bereavements, I do think!"

And as she spoke these words, the shadows of life's darkest possibilities crossed her mind, and she thought how desolate her own lot might be. And so she pitied the widow who, having lost her husband, clung so closely to everything that had been a part of his life.

"Ah, well," said the landlady with a sigh, "so it is. But in time we get reconciled to all things; and if it were not so, the business of the world could not go on at all. Besides, we shall meet above," she added, reverently.

"Yes, you will meet above," answered Gladys. And then the good woman left the room.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE STORY OF A NUN'S LOVE.

"Twas a strange story, full of love and hate—
Full of suspicions, too." *Shelley.*

THE nun's narrative was continued, after a brief pause, in these words:

"Unobserved," she said, "I approached the cottage in which I expected to find my husband, and as I drew near the door I heard the sound of voices. One of them was a woman's, and the other belonged to my husband. Yes, it was his! I was certain of it. Oh heaven, how my poor heart was lacerated!"

"By the faint light of a lamp that was burning on the table, I saw two figures—one was that of my François—his dress poor, his face pale and careworn. By his side, reclining upon his bosom, while his arm was thrown tenderly around her, and his head inclined lovingly towards her, sat one of the most delicately beautiful women my eyes ever lighted upon."

"A pang of rage and jealousy pierced my poor bosom at that sight—yet did I look on—grinding my teeth together, clutching my throat with my fingers, to keep back the cry of agony which forced its way up to my lips."

"She was scarcely past childhood—this girl—yet on the eve of motherhood. As I gazed upon her, she raised her lovely face."

"I feel that I shall die, François," she said, sadly.

"Nay, my dearest love, that is but nervousness; all women in your circumstances are haunted with that fear."

"All women have not suffered as I already have done."

"The more reason, my Genevieve, that you should suffer no longer. We are very poor it is true, but no real necessity of life shall you want, if my toil—ay, or my life will purchase it. But cheer up, we shall yet see better days."

"These and other words of tenderest solicitude flowed from his lips as he embraced and bent over her, whilst I, in my agony, listened."

"Stunned, blinded, reeling, insensible, but for the burning anguish of my heart, I tore myself at last away, and staggered from the spot."

"Next day I turned my face towards home; but arriving alone and friendless in London, I was struck

down by a low nervous fever. It was then that some good sisters of charity nursed me, and charmed my heart to peace. When I quitted them, they gave me their address, and provided me with money to go home."

"I did not intend to make myself known to any but Mrs. Denby and Nora. When I returned, I, therefore, put on a thick veil, and made my way to the house by the back door, after nightfall."

"I met Ida in the garden, and flinging myself upon the bosom of that false woman, poured out all my sorrowful story."

"My poor child," she said, "had you confided in me, I should have saved you that terrible experience—I should have told you of the perfidy of your lover, of which I had secretly sought and obtained proofs. My poor child, that woman whom you saw was his wife months before he ever saw your face!"

"I thought I knew it—had known it long, yet hearing her say it, I could not suppress a cry of pain."

"She tried to calm me. She spoke of my child's future. She said that Austin must remain as her own child, in her own sole possession. She told me that the discovery of the fraud that had been committed would certainly kill or craze Colonel Denby, while, on the other hand, the judicious concealment of it would wrong no one, but would preserve and bless the child, and make the old man happy in his heir."

"I was in her power. I was sinking, despairing—all but dying—all my power, all my inner life seemed stricken unto death."

"I had no strength to resist her; she did with me what she would. I could not return home, she said: a convent was the only shelter left me. The mothers' house of refuge seemed to open its arms to invite me to its rest, to receive my tempest-tossed and weary soul upon its quiet, holy bosom."

"I consented."

"I thought that I could lie down there and die."

"Mrs. Denby promised to see me safe to the convent, and to bring my child with her. She made an excuse for going, and Nora accompanied her. I think my heart must have been palsied; it suffered so little in parting from my babe."

"I entered the convent as a postulant, but my novitiate was short, and at the end of six months I received the black veil."

"Then the calmness, the beauty, and the holiness of the sphere of devotion around me soothed the restlessness of my spirit into angelic rest. Months of comparative serenity followed. Still believing my husband to be guilty, I forgave, as I could not choose but love him. I prayed for him, and then a faint hope arose in my heart that he was not as guilty as I had supposed. Then my heart growing calm, this hope strengthened into a conviction against all evidence."

"But years rolled on, and I became in time an abbess. At last the night came when you made your appearance at our house. You bore the impress of his features—you stated your age to be ten years—you called yourself by his name. I could not doubt for an instant that you were his child. How entirely I had forgiven him, you may judge by my love for you, when I thought that you were his daughter."

"Mrs. Denby soon discovered this error; she made me believe, though she knew that it was not so, that you were his child. Meanwhile she was blinding poor François thus:

"She intercepted his letters, and wrote to him fictitious accounts of my excellence of health and spirits, and also of my father's fierce and haughty temper, that François might practise discretion, and at the same time feel perfectly easy on my account while refraining from visiting me."

"While I was at school, my brother Eustace, in his casual visits to me, had formed an acquaintance with the young French master. When Eustace went abroad, François entrusted to him certain letters, presents, and money for the mother and sister he (François) had left behind in France, and who were dependent upon him for support."

"Eustace cordially accepted the commission. His arrival was opportune. He found Madame Laglorieux in a mortal illness, and Genevieve, the sister, in great affliction. The beauty and sorrow of this young creature impressed Eustace's susceptible heart. Somehow or other, the letters which Eustace wrote miscarried—probably fell into the hands of Ida Denby; and the result was, that, when François, some months after our marriage, went to pay a short visit to his relations, he found that his mother was dead, and that Eustace had married the beautiful orphan. Eustace then confided to François certain letters to my father, which François delivering to Mr. Denby's care, were, like all the rest, destroyed."

"My poor brother must, however, have been very sanguine of his father's forgiveness, for he spent recklessly all the money he had in his possession with his young bride. All this time, while I was breaking my heart at the supposed neglect of François, he was writing to Mrs. Denby; again and again asking her

to explain the cause of my silence; and she was putting him off with one after another of the most plausible excuses."

"At last my husband began to doubt the fidelity of my affection for him, and wrote to me to that effect, though, of course, Mrs. Denby suppressed the letter."

"While he was meditating coming to me, he received a letter from his sister, full of lamentations, announcing the death of her husband, and begging François to come to her, for she was ill, alone, and in great need."

"François immediately enclosed his sister's letter with one from himself to me, both of which Ida Denby, of course, suppressed."

"He found his sister in desperate need when he reached her, and François himself was almost equally poor. He struggled on, however; striving to gain employment and keep her; and it was at this time that I, in my frantic impatience and grief, left my own home and my father's protection, to seek my husband."

"The delicate creature whom I mistook for his wife was only his sister—my own brother's youthful widow—your own beautiful mother, Genevieve."

"They grew poorer daily. François denied himself the very necessities of life that she might have comforts. Severe privations, together with grief and anxiety, threw him upon a bed of sickness. Genevieve was forced to enter the hospital."

"Your poor mother went to heaven the day that you came into the world."

"Then François lost no time in removing you from the hospital. He gave you the name of Genevieve Laglorieux, and placed you, temporarily, in a convent. Then he wrote to my father, giving all the particulars of your birth, and recommending you to his care."

"But, as before, this letter Ida intercepted, and wrote to François, telling him that Colonel Denby utterly refused to acknowledge his son's child; and finally crushing François with the intelligence of my disappearance from the neighbourhood, misrepresenting that event as a wanton elopement, a heinous act of unfaithfulness to him."

"In a conflict of grief, dismay, and incredulity, François hastened to the neighbourhood of Mount Storm, but failed in obtaining an interview with Colonel Denby, though he saw Ida, who eagerly confirmed her letters; and upon making inquiries in the neighbourhood, at Ida's suggestions, he found a certain ill-looking Frenchman—a man with whom I am now certain that Mrs. Denby had once carried on some disgraceful intrigue, and who readily told him a story of a handsome stranger whom he had assisted to elope with me."

"Ignorant of my fate, and in despair at my supposed guilt, François returned to France, assumed the guardianship of his infant niece, yourself, Genevieve; indignantly repudiated the name of Denby, gave you his own, and placed you in a French convent; and, in the course of a year, himself entered holy orders."

"However, as time rolled on, notwithstanding Mrs. Denby's utmost vigilance, Colonel Denby heard a rumour that his eldest son, Eustace, had died and left a motherless little child in France."

"Time and death had calmed his anger against his son, and he wished to do justice to the orphan."

"He instituted further inquiries, that were so baffled and defeated by Mrs. Denby's persevering diplomacy, that all he learned in years was the name of the orphan's guardian. At last he contrived to send François a letter, and you were brought over; but even then, that woman, Ida, succeeded in preventing a meeting, and defeating the great object of your voyage."

"She contrived to silence and send away François. She destroyed all evidence of your identity, and you passed off upon the world as her niece, while to me she affected to confide the secret that you were the child of her half sister. And but for poor Nora's late repentance, which cost that unfortunate creature her life, we should never have had the clue to this mystery."

"But what," here asked Genevieve, "could have been the motive of that wretched woman to engage in such a complication of deception?"

"To secure to herself the male heir; and, through him, to further secure the use of the vast inheritance—wealth, rank, and position."

"Thus the nun and the maiden conversed upon the subject of the narrative just related by the former, until their attention was arrested by a ring at the hall door bell, soon followed by the appearance of the porter, who announced:

"A young gentleman wishes to speak to the mother superior."

"It is he!" gasped the nun, pale as death. "It is my child at last!"

And she sank back, nearly fainting in her chair, covering her face with her hands.

In a few moments, though, while she sat thus, she

felt some one gently sink at her feet, and as gently raise her disengaged hand and press it to his lips.

Then unweaving her eyes, she beheld her son on his knees before her, still holding her hand, while his gaze was lifted fondly, reverently to her face.

"Oh, Austin! oh, my child!" she cried, passionately, as she strained him to her breast.

He sprang up to receive her, as with a gush of irrefragable tears she fell upon his neck.

"My own dear mother," he cried, folding her to his heart, and then holding her there in reverential silence.

"My own dear Austin," she cried, amid bursts of emotion. "My child—my child! I am a stranger to you—to you whom absent and unclaimed I have ever loved with more than a mother's tenderness—yes Austin with infinitely more, for that sorrowful affection was mingled with all a mother's bitter and passionate remorse! And now, Austin, now I am a stranger to you—to you who have always lived in my heart! how wonderful! how terrible!"

"No, my dear mother," he answered, "not a stranger are you to me, but a mother, very intimate, and very, very sweet to my heart you are. Listen, dear mother; for many years you have been familiar to my mind, and dear to my heart. First of all, from a casual glance at your dear face, as you stood distributing food to the poor at the convent gate—your pale, beneficent face, that ever after with a sweet and solemn influence haunted my mind—then, when I came to know you through the frequent conversations of our Genevieve; so that when finally our mutual relations were made known to me, I was prepared to hail with joy the intelligence, and was also enabled to interpret by natural causes the seemingly occult attraction I had always felt towards you. Ah! no, my mother! not strange, but familiar, congenial, sweet, consoling are you to me, as may heaven grant I may be to you," said Austin, as amid the tenderest and most reverential caresses, he replaced her in the chair, and seated himself at her feet.

And thus met mother and son.

(To be continued.)

ATTILA'S RING.—It is said that a ring has been discovered in the excavations now being made at the Camp of Châlons, which, it is believed, belonged to Attila, King of the Huns. The ring is of copper, and has the name of Attila inscribed on it in Latin characters.

The fireworks which will be let off in Paris on the night of the *fête* of the Emperor, will represent all the chief buildings, &c., of Mexico. We should have thought the French had already spent enough money over that whim of *la gloire*.

PROPOSED BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.—In point of territory, British America, under one government, would make one of the most extensive countries in the world. It is impossible to state the area with absolute accuracy, because many parts have been only imperfectly surveyed or explored; but it may, at all events, be taken that Newfoundland comprises 40,200 square miles (many persons believe the number to be much greater); Prince Edward Island is 2,178 square miles; New Brunswick, 27,105; Nova Scotia, 18,600; Canada (according to Sir W. Logan), 330,000; Hudson's Bay territory, 2,800,000; British Columbia, 200,000; Vancouver Island, 15,000; making together 2,933,078 square miles—a larger area than that of the United States (if there be such a country now), and approaching the size of Europe. The boundaries of British North America may be taken to exceed 11,500 miles. But if for the present the proposed confederacy stop short at the Red River, it would embrace a territory more extensive than those of France, Italy, Portugal, and Greece added together, and equal to Germany and Spain united.

A FATAL ACCIDENT AT MONT BLANC.—A fatal accident occurred at Mont Blanc, on the 9th inst., the first since Dr. Hamel's accident in 1820. Two Austrian gentlemen had made a successful ascent of the mountain, and were descending to the grand plateau. A young porter, Ambroise Couttel, was some distance in front, not attached to the rope. He took a direction too near the edge of the plateau, and just as the guide of the party shouted to warn him of his danger he was engulfed in a crevasse, before the eyes of the others. The crevasse was ninety feet of sheer depth, and the rope was not long enough to reach the bottom. I was descending from the corridor, and offered my rope. Another party arrived soon afterwards, and lent theirs. The guides approached the edge of the crevasse and lent over. They saw the traces of the man's fall, and called, but received no answer. The cold on the plateau was intense, and the guides, feeling convinced that the man was dead, continued their route. The same evening a party of guides left Chamouni to recover the body. Two, whose names should be mentioned, Michael Payot and Simon Pierre Benoit, descended ninety feet to the turn of the

crevasse, but could get no farther from the badness of the air. They lowered a bottle 100 feet more, which came up covered with hair. There is now no hope of recovering the body. The head guide of the party appears much to blame for not having enforced the use of the ropes on all the members of the party. Porters are very apt to run on in front in an independent manner, and it would be well if the head guide were held responsible for the observance of every precaution; and that on the occurrence of an accident he should be held personally answerable for the adoption of every means to effect a rescue. What was done the day following, when all hope of saving life was gone, ought to have been done the day before by the guides on the spot, as they could not be sure that it would not have been attended with success.

CANDY-CANES are the fashion in Paris just now. In the fashionable quarters, many ladies and gentlemen are seen carrying these canes, the heads of which are hollow, and filled with delicious sugar-plums, which friends, when they meet, offer to each other. It is the revival of a fashion three hundred years old.

ANOTHER uncomfortable prophecy is on the tapis from Dr. Cumming. He wishes to prove that recent events in the East are the fulfilment of the prophecy which has predicted the end of things. There is surely a good deal of civilization to look forward to yet, and the clergy have not done all the Christianizing work looked for at their hands.

FRESH FROM GERMANY.

"THE soup was excellent, Hans, and, let me tell you, a good plate of soup, rich in ingredients, makes a man feel comfortable; so *wie la Bremen*—may its shadow never grow less! But I say, Hans, who is that stylish fellow—an officer by his dress, a nobleman by his actions—whom we see every afternoon at this hour crossing the market-place, with a pale, attenuated young man leaning on his arm? There they come now, in the direction of the old town! See how carefully he leads his sick friend over that rough piece of ground."

"Who are they?" said Hans, deliberately filling his meerschaum, and patting the tobacco gently with his forefinger, which manoeuvre having been accomplished to his satisfaction, with his jewelled hand (Hans gloried in his antique rings) he parted tenderly his moustache, and continued, "Who are they? Ah! you said well; he is a noble fellow, and the invalid, his secretary, *par excellence*—office a sinecure—got up for the occasion, to save his pride and all that, you know."

"Then, of course, there is a romance!"

"Even so, mynheer."

"Come out of the clouds then, Hans, and unfold it!"

Shaking the ashes from the bowl of his pipe, Hans fell into a reverie, from which the salute of the strangers as they passed us aroused him. Instinctively we both arose, and stood, cap in hand, until they were out of sight; when Hans, giving a deep sigh of relief, commenced his story.

"Carl Eisenback was a student of Geneva College; there he became intimate with Count D'Esterhazy, a boy of sixteen; a warm friendship was the result, which, as you may have observed, still continues. Of their college life I know but little. After graduating, Carl sought and obtained a situation of small emolument; the count returned to his father's princely domain, and so for a period the two friends parted. In the village in which Carl taught school there were few temptations to vice. Honesty, sobriety, and industry, the household gods of the Germans, held undivided sway. There were no fashionable coteries for scandal; no intermeddling with your neighbour's affairs; no speculating on the weaknesses of human nature; but a straightforward course of life, with its unfailing results—health, happiness, and competence."

"Among Carl's pupils was a fair, blue-eyed girl, the daughter of his pastor. The old story of love was enacted; the girl grew into womanhood, lovely as a dream, and in due time was affianced to Carl."

"A betrothal with us, friend Heinrich, is a thing of time. The home must be provided; the comforts of that home purchased, and the wife's clothing and outfit, an important item among us Germans; and where was Carl and his pretty Meeta to procure all these, except by honest labour?"

"So Meeta came to Bremen as companion to a wealthy old lady, and Carl laboured hard at his vocation."

"At Bremen lived an old colonel, an aristocrat by birth, a roué in character; he was intimate at the old lady's (Meeta's mistress), and at the first marked the poor girl as a victim to his base passions. His grey hair, his kind and gentle manners won the confidence of her young heart; to him she confided her love for Carl, her betrothal, and her object in seeking a home

with the old lady, to all of which he listened with a paternal air, promising to assist Carl, and to give her aid in the advancement of her marriage. Of course this was all 'bagatelle' on his part."

"But to return to Carl. He had already laid by a small sum of money, and his heart felt light; for had he not received a letter from Meeta, telling of the kind friend and his promise? Sleep was very sweet that night; but alas! for the waking. The great man of the little village had thought proper, on mature deliberation, to appoint a new teacher, a man with a family, whose wife was to superintend the female department; and the great man graciously said he was sorry for Carl, but the interest of the growing generation required that the male and female pupils should have their respective teachers; and so, with a benignant smile and a shake of the hand, Carl was thrust out into poverty."

"In that small village there were no other avenues open to him. A dreamy scholar, void of guile, and a stranger to the work-a-day world, what could he do? Work he knew nothing of; he could not humble himself to beg, and so want came staring him in the face. All this he concealed from Meeta, writing to her in fond terms, and full of hope, as none but the young can be."

"Bad news is a bird of ill omen, and alights at our household door when the rosebuds around it are just opening into beauty. Meeta heard of her lover's misfortune, and she was weeping, when the old colonel entered the room."

"What! in tears, my child?" he said, putting his arm tenderly around her. "What is the cause of your sorrow?"

"There was an indescribable something in his manner that caused Meeta to withdraw herself from him. But her heart reproached her for her ingratitude. She told him of Carl's misfortune, and her own bitter disappointment."

"Do not grieve, my child," answered the colonel. "I have influence in the next town. Your betrothed shall have an office under government. Rest your little heart," said he, kissing the innocent forehead upturned towards him."

"In a short time he took leave and departed, to plan a new scheme of villainy. (It was through his machinations that Carl had been deprived of his school.) A few days elapsed, and Meeta received a letter, speaking of Carl's good fortune in securing a salaried office."

"Come soon, my beloved," it said. "I cannot believe my happiness until I see you."

"This was joyous news, and Meeta gave the letter to her old friend to read. His sinister smile would have betrayed to one less innocent the villainy of the man."

"Carl, in the meantime, was struggling with the gaunt wolf, poverty. His last coin had been spent; and two pigeons, the companions of his lonely hours, were pecking at the empty cup which once contained food."

"Even Meeta has forgotten me!" he cried, as he smote his hands together. "Well, well! the struggle will soon end, and all will be peace!"

"Alas, poor Carl! he little knew that his letters had been intercepted by a villain, and his handwriting counterfeited, that Meeta might be drawn into the snare so cunningly and wickedly devised!"

"There are some natures unfitted to grapple with adversity, so peculiarly and delicately constituted that they sink beneath what a strong and vigorous mind rises above and throws off as if it were a feather. Carl wept like a child."

"A carriage drove furiously up to the door. Carl started from the bed on which he had thrown himself. He heard his own name called loudly. In another moment the old friend of his boyhood, his college-mate, burst into the room."

"It is D'Esterhazy!"

"Yes, Carl; at last, I have found thee; and we will have a day together—so promise me a dinner. I have brought the wine with me."

"For a moment Carl's heart sank in his bosom; but he answered gaily, rose up, and left the room."

"I go to order dinner," he said.

"With slow steps he entered the garden."

"It must be," he ejaculated. "Better to die thus than by starvation!"

"He called his pigeons to him; they alighted on his shoulder; they stroked his cheek with their bills."

"Alas, that I must be your murderer! My birds, my only friends; but what do I say? is not D'Esterhazy my friend? would I not sacrifice all at the altar of friendship?"

"He took his pets, and half turning away, with one stroke of the hatchet cut off their heads! He carried them to Nanette."

"Cook them nicely, Nanette, and get some white bread from the baker. Serve them up in my room as soon as you can!"

"He spoke without stopping. Nanette, with tears in her eyes, ran after him.

"Oh, sir! oh, my master!" she cried, "you have killed your dear birds!"

"Cease!" said Carl, affecting a sternness he little felt.

"He returned to the room. D'Esterhazy was smoking. They talked gaily together, these two friends. Many a college sport was gone over, and the remembrance of those bright boyish days was a balm to Carl's aching heart.

"The dinner was excellent, but Carl's heart was too full to eat; he pleaded headache. (How could he eat his pets?)

"The happiest moments are the most fleeting, and pleasure is ever followed by pain. Such is the inviolable law of nature. D'Esterhazy arose to go. He extorted a promise from Carl that he would visit him. They parted, the count to his luxuriant home, Carl to his poverty.

"As the carriage of the count passed the gate, a woman stood beside it. Supposing she wished a gratuity, the coachman was ordered to stop. The count placed a gold piece in her hand. She tried to return it, and while the tears streamed down her face, cried:

"Oh, dear good sir, you are rich. Do something for my poor master. He killed his pet pigeons—his only comfort—to give you a dinner, he is so poor, so very poor!"

"Shocked and distressed, the count inquired of Nanette every circumstance relating to Carl.

"Rest in peace, Nanette," he said; "your master shall be assisted."

"A week after the count's visit Carl received a letter appointing him principal of an academy in the town adjoining the count's estate. Again he wrote to Meeta. The letter never reached its destination. The old colonel was on the watch—he destroyed it; counterfeiting Carl's hand, he sent a letter in his place, begging Meeta to come to him. He was waiting for her to partake of his good fortune. Her friend, the colonel, he said, had given him an office.

"She showed the colonel her letter. Her heart leaped with joy when he said:

"We will go this day."

"Punctually the colonel came at the time appointed. She bid a cheerful good-bye to her mistress.

"In a few hours I will return," she said, waving a smiling adieu.

"For a long time they rode in silence. At last Meeta spoke. She thanked the colonel over and over again for his goodness.

"The carriage had now left the post-road; it was passing through a beautiful wood. A house appeared in the distance.

"Is it Carl's?" cried Meeta.

"No, my sweet girl," said the colonel, "it is mine; and you shall be its mistress. Dismiss that beggarly Carl from your heart; he is not worthy of so much loveliness!"

"As he spoke, he clasped her in his arms, and attempted to press his polluted lips to her pure and innocent ones.

"For a moment she was dumb with horror; then, with a piercing shriek for help, she tore herself from his arms, and sprang from the open carriage! Her long dress became entangled in the wheels—the startled horses ran, dragging her on the ground—but her cry had been heard—a man started from the wood—he caught the horses by the head—with the strength of madness he backed them—quick as thought he disentangled her dress—he carried Meeta in his arms to the wood—the released horses plunged forward—their master lost all power over them—on they ran!

"Carl laid her gently down—his Meeta, his betrothed!—he bathed her forehead with water, he wiped the blood from her face. She opened her eyes—she murmured:

"Better, my Carl, death than dishonour!"

"The poor, crushed head fell upon his shoulder; a slight shudder, a quivering of the eyelids, and Carl knew his Meeta was dead!

"Late in the evening the count was passing in his carriage from the city! The wood was pleasant—he drove slowly along. Suddenly the horses were checked; the count got out; his groom rode quickly up.

"Hold your horses, Jans; I think there has been murder here!"

"He crossed the road. Half hidden in a group of trees, sat Carl, motionless; his dead Meeta was clasped lovingly in his arms.

"Hush!" said he, "you will wake her."

"Carl! Carl! Oh! my friend, how is it I find you thus? I am D'Esterhazy—speak to me, old friend. Who has done this?" He approached close to Carl; he knelt by him. "We will take your beloved home, my poor Carl. Come with me."

"Carl arose. With the assistance of the count, the body was placed in the carriage.

"The same night Carl was raving with brain fever, and many months elapsed ere he regained his reason. His health was wrecked for ever.

"In the meantime the count made every inquiry into the mysterious death of Meeta. Her mistress said she had rode out with the colonel; it was all she knew. Subsequently the count was sent for to receive the confession of a dying man. It proved to be the abductor of Meeta, and from him the count heard the particulars, which I have related to you. The horses of the colonel had thrown him against a rock, crushing him fearfully. And so perished alike the innocent and the guilty. Carl, broken in health and spirits, is quietly sinking into the grave, and the count tends him with a love greater than that of a brother."

E. G. S.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewess," "The Pretense," "Mistaken," &c.

CHAPTER CVI.

ALTHOUGH the pirates were far more numerous than their assailants, and fought with desperate resolution, they gradually gave way before the well-sustained fire of the English sailors, and retreated to the quarter-deck, which they had no sooner gained than they sent forth a shout of defiance.

The viscount—who, to do him justice, had headed his men bravely enough—called upon them to advance.

"Fall flat!" shouted Dick, in a tone which was heard above the din and confusion of the scene—for the words were uttered with desperate earnestness, and the voice sounded so like that of the commander of the *Revenge*, that the boarders involuntarily obeyed it.

Fortunately for them it was that they did so—for the retreat of the Malays had only been a feint to draw them within range of a twelve-pounder, which they had loaded with grape-shot. One or two, who disobeyed the order, were wounded; amongst them, Viscount Moretown.

The sailors rose from the deck with a cry of defiance.

Fred, who saw the plan of the pirates, coolly began to ascend the shrouds.

"Come down—for God's sake, come down!" exclaimed his friend.

Several shots were fired at him from the quarter-deck; still the gallant fellow pursued his way.

"He is right!" said Jack Breeze, preparing to follow him; "it is our only way. They shall have two targets for ball practice, instead of one."

Had not the defenders of the vessel been continually annoyed by the firing of the sailors, their shots must have reached one or both of them. They arrived, however, safely, where they were comparatively out of danger.

By this time the gun had been loaded with grape the second time; and the chief of the pirates—a tall, spare old man, who was distinguishable from his companions by his silver bristles—advanced with a fusée in his hand, to fire it.

"Down!" shouted Fred, who from his elevated position could see all that passed upon the quarter-deck.

As the old Malay stretched forth his hand, a bullet from the pistol of the adventurous speaker struck him in the centre of the forehead. A low yell of despair broke from the remainder of the gang, as he fell flat upon his face.

One of them snatched the fusée from his hand, and fired the second shot, to do yet more serious execution than the first. The master fell, with five or six of his crew.

The command now devolved upon Fred and Dick; for their old enemy, the viscount, had been removed to the barge.

The cords glided like lightning through the hands of the gallant youth who had slain the leader of the pirates, and in an instant he stood beside his friend.

"Hurt?" inquired Dick.

"Sound as your heart!"

A mutual pressure of the hand followed; and, placing themselves at the head of their men, they prepared to storm the quarter-deck before the enemy could rally from the confusion into which the death of the old Malay had thrown them.

Once more the contest raged with more than its original fierceness; there was no room for firing; the battle was hand to hand, and the pirates fought with a courage worthy of a better cause. Uttering yells of despair, many of the wretches sprang over the sides of the ship, preferring a grave beneath the waters to the fate which they foresaw awaited them.

"Again!" cried Fred, cheering on his men.

The "ay—ay, your honour!" was as cheerfully given as at the first assault, but not so loud, for

death had fearfully thinned the ranks of the gallant fellows.

It was the last struggle: scarcely a sailor but was engaged in close combat with a Malay. Discipline, and the consciousness of a good cause, at last prevailed over numbers. Many fell; and the rest of the piratical crew threw down their arms and submitted.

A hearty cheer broke from the lips of the victorious party. Fred, whose thoughts, even in that moment of excitement, were of his friend, looked round to see if he was safe. The Indian he had been contending with, who had previously dropped his sword, saw the occasion, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, fired at the gallant fellow. He sank with a groan into the arms of Jack Breeze, who during the strife had not once quitted his side.

"God!" exclaimed Dick, rushing towards him, "you are struck!"

"Victory!" shouted the wounded hero, and fainted. The treacherous Malay did not profit by the cowardly deed, for before an order could be given to stay them, he was cut down by the sailors, and tossed overboard, with a cry of execration.

CHAPTER CVII.

Death.

'Tis only the discipline we are born for,
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they all must meet.

Shakespeare.

THE return of the barge with the victorious party was anything but a triumph to the commander of the *Revenge*. True, the pirates were defeated—the *Fanny* retaken; but his adopted son, to all appearance, was dying. The wounded viscount was first conveyed to his cabin; next, the gallant Fred, whom all looked upon as the hero of the battle.

"Where is my son?" demanded Captain Vernon, of the surgeon, in a tone whose suppressed agony betrayed the anxiety he felt.

"Safe—quite safe!" answered Dr. Tytler, anxious to remove one pang from the heart of the veteran. "He remains on board the prize till you send some one to relieve him of his charge."

"Where is the master?"

"Dead!"

"And Fred—my boy—my—"

The feelings of the man conquered for an instant the self-possession of the sailor: he was unable to complete the sentence.

The friendly surgeon wrung his hand in silence.

"God! must I lose him?" exclaimed the captain, dashing aside a tear; "so young, so full of hope and manly promise! I was mad to trust them!" he added; "I might have foreseen the result."

"Do not despair!" replied the doctor; "he has youth on his side, and the wound, though dangerous, is not necessarily fatal; but I will not conceal from you that his life hangs upon a thread—his chance is a slight one!"

"There is a chance, then?" eagerly demanded the commander. "You are a man of honour—you would not, from a false principle of kindness, deceive me! There—I am a man again—ready to hear, to endure the worst!"

"Bely upon me!" said the surgeon, as he went below to attend to his patients; "for Fred, I repeat it, there is still hope; but for the viscount, in three days, at the furthest, the admiral upon the station will have a commission to dispose of! You must not see him, added the speaker, 'for some hours—perhaps for days: the slightest emotion might prove fatal!'"

"His brother dying, too?" murmured the commander of the *Revenge*, as he paced the quarter-deck; "God! how inscrutable are Thy ways! Brothers," he repeated, "who know not that they are such—how have met but as strangers—almost as enemies! Can I—ought I to let them die in ignorance of the tie between them? I have a task to perform—duties to reconcile—and never man found them more difficult."

These harassing reflections were cut short by the necessity of taking the proper steps to secure the *Fanny*—left, with the prisoners, in the charge of Dick, whose every thought, his father well knew, was concentrated at that moment on board the *Revenge*.

He immediately issued orders for one of the lieutenants and a reinforcement of men to return in the barge and take possession of the prize.

"Will there be any necessity," inquired the officer, with a feeling which did honour to his heart, "to detain Mr. Richard Vernon on board? I can do without him—"

"Thank you, Stapleton," said the captain, trying to appear unmoved; "if you find that you can spare him—"

The lieutenant touched his hat, and disappeared over the side of the vessel. The next instant the measured stroke of the barge's crew was heard, as they rowed from the *Revenge*.

For several hours the gallant commander paced the

quarter-deck in gloomy forebodings. He pictured to himself the despair of his kind friend, the goldsmith—the grief of his wife—the disappointment of the hopes depending on the life of his young charge. The petty officers and men—aware of what had occurred—evinced their sympathy with his sorrow, by performing their duties in silence; even the boatswain and master-at-arms issued their orders in an under-tone.

The grey light of morning was beginning to dawn, when one of the boats returned from the Fanny. Dick and the body of the master were on board. The countenance of the former was almost as pale as that of the corpse in the stern-sheets: he walked the deck more like a ghost than a living thing, and advanced towards his father, who held out his hand to him.

"You have behaved well—very well—Dick," said his parent; "I have every reason to be satisfied with you."

At any other moment such praise from the lips he most revered would have caused the heart of Dick to bound again; but now it fell as coldly upon his ear as the sound of a death bell: he tried to speak, but could only pronounce the name of his friend.

"Badly wounded, as you know," replied the captain: "but thank God, he still lives."

The young man turned aside to hide the tear which he fancied might disgrace his manhood: he was wrong—it honoured it. The weakness of the heart is frequently more beautiful than the strength which masters it.

"What says Tytler, sir?" inquired Dick, after a pause.

"All hope has not abandoned him," answered his father; "but it is slight—very slight. I have been anxiously awaiting his report."

As he spoke, the surgeon made his appearance upon deck—the two speakers advanced eagerly toward him: he read the question which trembled upon their lips, in their anxious glances.

"I have at last succeeded in extracting the ball," he said.

A simultaneous "Thank God!" escaped from each. "There is little internal suffusion," he continued, "and I am inclined to think that the larger vessels are uninjured; but the loss of blood has been fearful. At one moment I despaired; but he has since rallied a little."

"And you will save him?" exclaimed Dick, grasping him by the hand; "I am sure you will! All know your great skill! I have heard the men relate, between decks, the cures you have performed! Say that you will save him—my heart will be at ease then!"

"I will try!" answered the doctor, with a smile.

"Has he spoken?" inquired Captain Vernon.

"Merely a word or two—and those were uttered in so faint a tone that I could scarce catch the sound. Something," added the speaker, "about Dick and his father."

"And I away from him!" exclaimed the former of the two persons named. "He would not have quitted me! I must see him."

The young sailor was hurrying towards the cabin, when Tytler, in an imperative voice, commanded him to stop.

Dick hesitated. "The slightest surprise or emotion may bring on internal hemorrhage, and cause instant suffocation!" continued the man of science; "that, at present, is the greatest danger I have to guard against."

The young man retraced his steps with a submissive air—for the warning of the speaker was obeyed as the decree of an oracle upon whose words hung the life or death of the patient—so great was the confidence which all on board of the *Revenge* placed in the skill of their doctor.

"And the viscount?" said the captain.

Tytler shook his head.

"I can do nothing for him!" he replied; "the spine is injured, and the result must of necessity be fatal. Besides, he is so impatient and restless, that, even were his wounds less serious, I should doubt the result."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Dick, at the same moment mentally forgiving him all annoyance and persecution he had occasioned both to himself and Fred: "so young too—it must be hard to die!"

Twenty-four hours elapsed before the doctor—who on certain occasions was the most despotic personage on board the *Revenge*—would permit either the captain or his son to enter the cabin where the gallant youth had been conveyed—and only then, after repeated cautions and promises on their part to repress both words and feelings likely to excite the object of their interest.

In his anxiety to see his friend, Dick promised not to open his lips. As for his father, Tytler fancied that he might rely upon his habit of self-command: it was not the first time in his life he had been deceived.

As they entered the cabin, a faint flush appeared

upon the pale features of the sufferer, which were so wan and death-like that his dearest friends scarcely knew him; but his eyes were bright—bright with affection—as he gazed upon those he loved, and the light of hope.

"Remember your promise, my dear boy," said the skillful surgeon, as he placed his finger upon the pulse of his patient.

Dick took the disengaged hand of his friend, and kissed it.

"God bless you, Fred!" murmured the captain; "you have behaved nobly—very nobly! Such presence of mind in one so young—"

A look from the doctor, who noticed the heightened colour which the praise of the speaker brought to the cheek of his charge, warned the former to desist.

"Only continue as you have commenced," he added, "and I shall soon see you mount the spaullette."

"Then you are satisfied with me?" said Fred.

"Satisfied with you?" repeated his guardian, with emotion; "by—Yes—yes!" he added, suddenly checking himself; "I am quite satisfied with you! It was very well—very well, indeed—for a beginner."

His adopted son smiled, and gently pressed the hand of poor Dick, who, after all, had succeeded in mastering his feelings better than his father had done.

"Now leave us, gentlemen," said Tytler, in an authoritative tone; "and without a word. Quite enough conversation for one day! Perhaps to-morrow, if I find no very great inconvenience from this visit, I may admit you again! You can't leave him in better hands," he added, pointing to Jack Breeze; "capital nurse—punctual as a chronometer."

The worthy man omitted to state that, to insure the strict execution of his orders, he had passed not only the preceding night, but a considerable portion of the day, by the side of his patient.

From the cabin of Fred, the commander of the *Revenge* proceeded to that of the third lieutenant, Viscount Moretown. To his surprise, he found him far less pale and suffering than the youth he had left—yet Tytler had told him he was dying.

Despite the repugnance which the wayward, capricious, and overbearing character of the young officer had created in the mind of the gallant sailor, he held out his hand, and inquired, in a tone of kindness, how he felt.

"I should be well, or nearly so," replied his lordship, "were it not for the gradual numbness which I feel stealing over my lower extremities. I scarcely suffer any pain now," he added; "my wound must be slight. I shall soon be on deck again."

The anxious look which accompanied these words made it appear as if the speaker sought to read in the eyes of his visitor the confirmation of his hopes.

Captain Vernon turned aside.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the officer of marines, who was standing near the berth; "you will soon recover."

"Has Tytler said so?" inquired the commander of the *Revenge*, in a tone of surprise.

"Tytler is an old woman," interrupted the wounded man, with an air of impatience.

"But very skillful," observed the captain, significantly—for, although he felt at a loss to account for the improved state of the patient, he remembered the terrible prediction of the doctor; and the first thing he did on quitting the cabin was to send for him on the quarter-deck.

"I have seen the viscount," he said, as the last mentioned personage joined him.

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the surgeon; "all over with him!"

"Yet he is free from pain?"

"The usual symptom when mortification sets in."

"He merely complains of a numbness in his limbs."

"Then he has not more than twelve hours to live," answered the doctor. "The injury of the spine is more severe than I anticipated."

"And can you do nothing?" urged the captain.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," was the reply.

"Not all the science in Europe could save him."

"Then I know my duty," said the veteran, firmly; "and, though ill-suited for the task, will inform him of his state. The best of us, doctor," he added, in a serious tone, "have but an awkward reckoning to make up when death overhauls the log at the end of life's voyage—and his, I fear, has been badly kept. I wish we had a chaplain on board."

"I pity his father," observed Tytler; "I believe he is an only son."

"It is supposed so."

"It must be hard to die with a peerage in perspective—and so young, too. And yet," added the surgeon, "I know not why it should be so: the affections bind us to the world as strongly as lands and title. But I must return to my patient, whom I positively prohibit you and Dick from visiting again for the next twenty-four hours."

"Is it that you apprehend any change?"

"No, no," hastily interrupted the first speaker; "but

as the Roman poet says—but I never quote Latin on board ship—I'll give it you in English—a precaution is the mother of safety."

Saluting his commander, the worthy man left the quarter-deck, and descended to watch once more by the side of Fred, in whose recovery he took an interest second only to that his guardian felt.

Captain Vernon felt that the task he had undertaken was one of extreme delicacy and difficulty—to prepare the ill-regulated mind of Viscount Moretown for the near approach of death—to change his confidence to despair—his hopes for the dreadful conviction that the grave awaited him.

"It must be done!" he said. "I was never eloquent; but the occasion, perhaps, will supply the words."

When the captain made his appearance, the wounded man regarded him with mingled surprise and uneasiness; a second visit following so close upon the first he felt boded him no good.

"How do you feel now?" asked his commander.

"Better—positively better!" exclaimed his lordship, in a tone of irritation; "only the numbness has somewhat increased."

"Mr. Murray," said the visitor, "your presence, I believe, is required upon deck."

The young officer of marines took the hint, and retired.

"That numbness," resumed the speaker, in a tone of deep earnestness, "is, I fear, an unfavourable symptom: Tytler, I know, regards it as such."

His lordship turned very pale, and looked anxiously in his face; then, after a pause, observed that he should get over it.

"I tell you that I will get over it!" he repeated, with increased vehemence.

"If God wills it too!" observed the captain, seriously.

"I see—I see it all!" exclaimed the viscount; "you only come to terrify me—to torture me with your grave looks and croaking words. I know you hate me!"

"I hate no one!" replied his commander; "and even if there ever had been a feeling of hostility between us, there are moments when, on my part, it would be silenced for ever."

"What moments?"

"The approach of death!"

"Death!" shrieked the dying man. "It's false, captain. I won't die! I am not fit—I dare not die—it is too terrible!" he added, with a burst of passion.

"I, the heir of an earldom—young—rich—the world before me—every sense unimpaired! Where's Tytler? Call him—send him to me. He is skilful: tell him I will give him half my fortune if he will save me!"

"He has already done all that human skill can suggest," was the reply. "The aid you must invoke can only come from heaven!"

"Heaven!" repeated the young man; "and do you believe in such tales? My father does not, neither does—"

He was about to pronounce the name of the female friend who had perverted both his heart and mind—systematically instilled her own cold scepticism into her pupil—but a sudden and terrible doubt restrained him, and he concluded by muttering:

"Curse her—curse her!"

As gently as the impatience of his lordship would permit, Captain Vernon imparted to him the fatal intelligence that he had but a few hours to live; explained to him that the sudden cessation of pain, and the numbness in the extremities, were but the too certain signs of mortification having set in.

"And your boys," said the dying man, in a tone of bitterness, "have escaped?"

"Richard is unhurt," replied his visitor; "but poor Frederick—"

"Dead?"

"No; badly wounded!" answered the commander, scarcely able to repress the disgust he felt at the animus of the speaker, who received the information with a look of disappointment. "I know," he added, "that you honoured the poor lads by hating them; but this is not the moment to indulge in such feelings. I have done my duty: would I could impress upon your mind the necessity of performing yours."

"If I am to die!" exclaimed his lordship, in a tone of defiance, "I want no caxting by my side. Right or wrong, I have always been candid enough to avow my feelings. I do hate them—bitterly—bitterly! and the greatest pang I feel in quitting the world is, that it will advantage one of them."

Never had the commander of the *Revenge* been more impressed than by this extraordinary declaration, which he naturally imagined implied a knowledge of the secret of Frederick's birth.

"Is it possible," he said, "that you know the tale—"

"I know that their manseuvring father will get my commission for one of them."

The captain breathed more freely.

"Leave me," continued the speaker; "and as you have driven Murray away, perhaps you will be condescending enough to send the surgeon and my own servant to me."

With a look of mingled pity and regret, his visitor rose from the seat by the side of his lordship's berth, and quitted the cabin.

(To be continued.)

COST OF LONDON STREET MUSIC.—The Parisian political economists have made a calculation which will be useful to Mr. Bass—namely, that the organmen of London alone make little short of £100,000 a year.

AMONG THE SPORTSMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS at present is Captain Lee, a brother of the Confederate General in command of the army in front of Richmond. He is residing at Mr. Mackintosh's inn, at Arnisdale, Glenelg, and has been fishing the river there.

CROSS OF HONOUR FOR COURAGE!—The other day a petty German prince travelled up to the Prussian head-quarters, spent a few hours at Broager, out of range of shells, wrote straight home to his dukedom, and decorated himself with his own grand cross for distinguished courage at the siege of Dybbol.

WHATEVER may have been the intercourse between the King of the Belgians and the Emperor of the French at Vichy, it is certain that the primary object was health, and that the king was ordered to take the waters by Mr. Thompson, his English physician. His Majesty has much improved in health.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—St. John's Newfoundland, August 6.—Her Majesty's surveying steamer *Margaretta Stephenson* returned here this morning, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field on board. Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, has been selected as a landing place for the Atlantic telegraph cable. The harbour is one of the best in Newfoundland. The Great Eastern can anchor within one mile of the landing place.

PREPARATIONS are going on at Warsaw for the visit of the Emperor of Russia before the end of this month. The keys of the city have been sent to be regilt, a builder has been commissioned to construct a triumphal arch, and the arrangements have been made for a brilliant illumination. The "March de Siberia," with chain-clanking accompaniment, will not form an item of the programme.

A LADY and gentleman were disturbed in their slumbers one night last week by the very unpleasant noise of a slight move under the bed. The lady expressed alarm, but her somewhat sleepy *caro sposo* said, "Oh, it is only one of the dogs," and, putting his hand down by the side of the bed, he called "Lion, Lion," and his hand being licked, after a moment the pair were satisfied, and they soon slumbered again peacefully. In the morning, however, they found that all their money and jewellery had disappeared, and it was clear that the lick had been a *dernier resort* of an ingenious biped concealed under the bed.

THE scarcity of water is so great at the iron, tinplate, and coal works of South Wales, that at many establishments the principal departments are at a complete standstill. Hundreds of hands are, in consequence, thrown out of employ, and both masters and men are suffering by the drought. The rain that fell last week brought a supply of water for a day or two, but the reappearance of the scorching hot weather has caused a second drought, almost severer than the one a fortnight ago. As instances of the great loss to trade from want of water, it may be mentioned that, at several works, the make of iron and tin-plates for the last six weeks could have been turned out in one week with an ample supply of water. Even the canals are so short of water that the boats are unable to accomplish their journeys within the usual time.

A FLAW IN THE INDICTMENT.—At the Sunderland Sessions, three boys were charged with stealing a number of eggs from the premises of E. Arnison, of Earley-hill. The eggs had been sat upon, and were stolen three weeks ago; and when the officers discovered the thieves, they found out, to their dismay, that the stolen articles were no longer eggs, but young ducks! The charge could not be sustained, therefore, before the magistrates, and the young poultry-fanciers were discharged. It appeared that the eggs had been slightly "chipped" when stolen, and the boys, by putting them into an oven, completed the hatching, and produced a healthy young brood. The ducklings were produced in court, and the case caused considerable amusement. If the thieves were indicted for stealing eggs, we cannot see why the case should fall because the eggs had subsequently been hatched, any more than a man who had stolen a piece of cloth should escape scot free because the stolen material was afterwards made into a coat. If, however, the offenders were charged with stealing a coat, who would indeed be a "flaw in the indictment."

THE NEW LAW ON WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE highly-important Act passed in the last session of Parliament, assimilating the ordinary weights and measures with the metric system, having received the royal assent on the 29th July, is now the law of the land. It is, however, only a permissive, and not a compulsory law, as appears from its title, which is, "An Act to render Permissive the Use of the Metric System of Weights and Measures." The Act is very short, and is so important that we give it in *extenso*, together with the interesting and useful tables of equivalent weights and measures appended to it:

Whereas, for the promotion and extension of our internal as well as our foreign trade, and for the advancement of science, it is expedient to legalize the use of the metric system of weights and measures: be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. This Act may be cited as the "Metric Weights and Measures Act, 1864."

2. Notwithstanding anything contained in any Act of Parliament to the contrary, no contract or dealing shall be deemed to be invalid or open to objection on the ground that the weights or measures expressed or referred to in such contract or dealing are weights or measures of the metric system, or on the ground that decimal subdivisions of legal weights and measures, whether metric or otherwise, are used in such contract or dealing.

3. The table in the schedule hereto annexed shall be deemed to set forth, in terms of the weights and measures in force in this country, the equivalents of the weights and measures therein expressed in terms of the metric system, and such table may be lawfully used for computing, determining, and expressing, in weights and measures, weights and measures of the metric system.

Schedule of tables of the values of the principal denominations of measures and weights on the metric system expressed by means of the legalized denominations of measures and weights in Great Britain and Ireland:

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

Metric denominations and values.	Metres.	Equivalents in British denominations.			
		Miles.	yds.	ft.	in. dec.
Myriametre	10,000	6	378	0	11.9
Kilometre	1,000		10,560	0	11.9
Hectometre	100		1,093	1	10.79
Dekametre	10		109	1	10.79
Metre	1		10	2	9.7079
Decimetre	$\frac{1}{10}$		1	0	3.3708
Centimetre	$\frac{1}{100}$				3.3708
Millimetre	$\frac{1}{1000}$				0.33708

MEASURES OF SURFACE.

Metric denominations and values.	Square metres.	Equivalents in British denominations.			
		Acres.	sq. yds.	dec.	
Hectare, i.e. 100 Acres	10,000	2	2,380	3328	
Dekare, i.e. 10 Acres	1,000		11,960	3328	
Are	100		1,196	0.333	
Centiare, i.e. $\frac{1}{100}$ Are	1		119.6	0.333	

MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

Metric denominations and values.	Cubic metres.	Equivalents in British denominations.					
		Qrs.	Bush.	Faths.	Gals.	Qts.	Pts. dec.
Kilolitre, i.e. 1,000 litres	1	8	3	2	0	0	0.77
Hectolitre, i.e. 100 litres	$\frac{1}{10}$		2	3	0	0	0.077
Dekalitre, i.e. 10 litres	$\frac{1}{100}$			1	0	0	1.6077
Litre	$\frac{1}{1000}$				2	2	0.176077
Centilitre, i.e. $\frac{1}{100}$ litre	$\frac{1}{10000}$						0.0176077

WEIGHTS.

Metric denominations and values.	Grams.	Equivalents in British denominations.				
		Cwts.	st.	lbs.	oz.	drs. dec.
Millier	1,000,000	19	5	6	9	15.04
Quintal	100,000	1	7	19	7	6.304
Myriagram	10,000		1	8	0	11.3304
Kilogram	1,000			2	2	4.3830
Hectogram	100					8.4333
Dekagram	10					8.4333
Gram	1					0.05438
Decigram	$\frac{1}{10}$					0.05438
Centigram	$\frac{1}{100}$					0.005438
Milligram	$\frac{1}{1000}$					0.0005438

NEW COLLEGE, DULWICH.—The proposal of the governors of God's Gift College, at Dulwich, to erect a new college, at the cost of £40,000, has met with opposition in St. Luke's (Old Street), St. Botolph's (Bishopsgate), and St. Saviour's (Southwark), three out of the four parishes concerned; but the governors have applied to the Charity Commissioners for the sanction of a site of the proposed college, which is to be erected from plans by Mr. Charles Barry. The site submitted for the approval of the Charity Commissioners is near the Dulwich station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and there is here an available space of forty acres, about twenty-four of which will be covered by the new college and playgrounds for the accommodation of 570 lads—320 in the upper school and 250 in the lower. The picture-gallery is to remain where it is, but all adjacent buildings are to be removed, to obviate the risk of fire. The chapel is to be enlarged, to make it capable of accommodating 752 persons, it being only available at present for 322. The cost of these alterations will amount to £19,500, which, with the £40,000 for the new college, will make nearly £60,000 to be expended.

HEALTH OF WATERING-PLACES.

SOME of the watering-places are very much displeased, and not without reason, at the figure they make in the Registrar-General's tables of mortality. And necessarily there is fallacy in these accounts, for it is impossible to distinguish the deaths of visitors from the deaths of residents; and the former swell the death-rates, in some instances, very considerably, and at the same time unduly, as regards the question of salubrity.

We will take two extreme examples, Brighton and Bath, which have the high death-rate of twenty in the thousand. To compare that death-rate with the death-rate of a rural district would be like comparing the death-rate of a hospital with that of a proportionate number of private houses.

Brighton is the great seaside hospital of London. The ailing and convalescent go to Brighton to get health and strength, and the incurable go there for their last chance, and to die. It is probable because the place is so healthy that its death-rate is raised as high by the mortality of its invalid visitors. It is impossible to traverse the cliffs without seeing both the healthy air will give, and the stages of disease and decay which are past cure. Brighton is, indeed, the incurable patient's forlorn hope.

The death-rate, which is swelled by this class, must not be taken as a criterion of the general sanitary condition; and the same remark applies to three other places which have the same high rate, probably from the same cause,—Tonbridge Wells, Buxton, and Malvern, all haunts of invalids.

Bath is another example, but not quite of the same class. It is the refuge of the aged, and basks death of many who have long past the appointed three score and ten. Dryden says of his good parson:—

"Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To fifty more, but that he lived too fast."

A description which must not be understood in the present sense of the last phrase, as the model parson "made almost a sin of abstinence," and lived too fast in speeding to heaven. Neither this sort of excess, nor any other, is to be seen in the folks who well might last to a hundred in Bath; but we believe that temperate good living contributes much to the extraordinary longevity of the place, and nowhere is marketing better and cheaper. But the inevitable hour must strike sooner or later, and the city of the aged has a corresponding death-rate. And here let us suggest that a column of average age would throw light on the death-rates, and serve to distinguish from unhealthy places, places sought for health and prolonging life.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—In the Museum of Berlin, in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have the representations of the idols from whom the names of our days of the week are derived. From the idol of Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The idol of the Moon, from which cometh Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding a moon in his hand. Tuesday, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and peculiar gods of the Germans, and is represented in his garment of skin, according to the peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from whence Wednesday comes, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence we have Thursday, is seated on a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his right hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand.

and a bow in his left. He was the giver of peace and plenty. Sator, from whence is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness; he is thin-shouldered, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

SCIENCE.

RINGS IN THE WOOD OF TREES.—Mr. Menzies, one of the royal keepers of Windsor Forest, says: "I took evidence of the age of the plantations, from documents, in all cases where such could be found, and cut down several trees to test the accuracy of fixing their ages by counting their rings. I found that even where the trees are from 100 to 200 years of age there was seldom a difference of more than four or five years between what the documentary evidence established and what the number of rings would have led me to believe."

RAINFALL OF LAST QUARTER.—Mr. Glaisher reports to the Registrar-General that at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the rainfall in the quarter ending the 30th of June last was only 3.5 in., being 2.3 in. below the average since 1840. At places south of latitude 51 deg. the returns show a rainfall of 3.7 in. in the quarter, but a larger quantity fell in Cornwall and the Isle of Wight: between latitude 51 deg. and 52 deg.: that is, up to Ipswich, Buckingham, and Tewkesbury, returns show a rainfall of 4.8 in.; thence up to latitude 53 deg., 4.5 in.; thence up to latitude 54 deg., 7.1 in.; thence up to latitude 55 deg., 6.3 in.; north of that line, 5.9 in.

PAPER SHIPS AND PAPER GUNS.

The uses to which this new kind of paper may be applied were explained on Saturday at the Phoenix Works, Battersea:—There were tubes made of paper, which had been tested in the most satisfactory manner as rocket-tubes. Being made of paper, they are, of course, very much lighter than the ordinary iron tubes, and they stand the test of rocket-firing equally as well as those of metal.

Not less remarkable were the thick slabs and boards made of paper. These boards of one inch in thickness had been tested by bullet and ball, and the result showed that their power of resistance was equal to ten inches of solid oak. The bullet, which had passed so far through the paper board as to cause a projecting surface at the rear, would have gone clean through the oak, fracturing and tearing it in all directions, while in the paper board the perforation made was a small, clean, round hole. These paper boards are admirably adapted for the sides of ships. Their specific gravity is somewhat less than that of oak, and they are easily fixed to the framework of vessels. They have, however, this additional advantage over timber, that they do not require copper-sheathing to prevent fouling, they are non-absorbent, and neither animal nor vegetable life flourishes upon their surface, as is the case with timber or iron. They have also this further advantage, that they are incombustible. No amount of heat will set them in a blaze. The application of great heat will produce combustion in the immediate neighbourhood of the flame, but anything like ordinary burning is quite out of the question. In addition, however, to all these good qualities, paper has positively the advantage over timber and iron in the matter of cost.

Mr. Szerlemy, the inventor, well known for the successful manner in which he has arrested the decay of certain portions of the exterior of the Houses of Parliament, has discovered a fibre which grows in the southern portions of Germany, and which may be converted into a rough kind of paper at a cost so trifling as to enable him to compete with the builder of timber and iron ships.

Not content, however, with forming the sides of ships of paper, the inventor is now engaged in the construction of light field-pieces, specially adapted for mountain warfare; and those, judging from results already obtained by experiments with paper tubes, will be found to answer the purpose admirably. Tubes have already been formed of this prepared paper, and they have stood the test against iron in the most satisfactory manner.

So far as we were enabled to ascertain the process of manufacture, it consists in lapping sheets or rolls of paper moistened with a solution, of which zopissa is the principal ingredient, one over the other, until the requisite degree of thickness or strength is attained, and exposing the material for a short time, until it becomes thoroughly hardened.

This zopissa is of the nature of a gum, and is found in considerable quantities in Egypt. It has the peculiarity of giving extraordinary hardness to any surface upon which it is placed, and it was very extensively used in the preparation employed for preserving the stone in the exterior of the House of Commons.

There appears to be no limit to the application of this useful material. The materials of a house are now in course of construction, for the purpose of showing the adaptability of the paper boards to the construction of emigrants' houses, temporary churches, and barracks.

Already, large quantities of a material known as "Panonia," or leather-cloth, is manufactured by the use of this extraordinary substance, and made up into boots and shoes, which rival in their durable qualities the best kinds of leather, and is equally valuable for preserving stone, brick, works in plaster, or any similar substance.

LIFE BORROWED FROM LAMB!—In a recent number of the *Leipzig Medical Gazette* there is a case of successfully practised transfusion of animal blood into a human subject; "twelve ounces from the veins of a lamb having been injected with benefit to a local patient."

SPONGES.

WHEN we examine a sponge, we find it everywhere presenting a porous structure, and hence this group of animals are called *Poripifera*. These pores are the openings of aquiferous canals, excavated in the substances of their bodies, and traversed continually by currents of water.

The fluid enters by the numerous small pores seen on the surface of the sponge, and escapes through the larger openings or vents observed on determinate points of the body, but which vary in the different genera. Thus in *spongia compressa*, and in many tubular sponges, the currents traverse the parietes in a straight line, and escape by one common vent.

In those species which spread over rocks and other marine bodies to which they adhere in all their free extent, as *spongia papillaris*, *S. cristata*, &c., the surface presents afferent and efferent orifices, the latter rising up in the form of small crater-like vents.

In ramified sponges, as *spongia oculata* and *S. dictyotoma*, the relative position of the pores and vents is nearly similar; but the particular disposition varies according to the species, and constitutes an important character for identifying the same.

The true course and direction of the currents that traverse these pores has been minutely detailed by Dr. Grant. This accurate observer has proved that the sponge does not possess the contractile power that the older naturalists supposed. At least, puncturing, lacerating, and burning it, and the use of corrosive chemical agents, produced no sensible contraction in the species experimented upon.

It is but reasonable, therefore, to infer that these animals enjoy a low degree of irritability; and we are at a loss to account for the determining cause of the currents which traverse the textures of these simple beings, seeing that the canals possess no power of contraction in themselves.

The course, direction, and force of these currents will be best understood by referring the student to the classical description of Grant:—

"I put," says he, "a small branch of the *spongia coalita*, with some sea water, into a watch-glass under the microscope, and on reflecting the light of a candle through the fluid, I soon perceived that there was some intestine movement in the opaque particles floating through the water. On moving the watch-glass so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld for the first time the splendid spectacle of this living fountain, vomiting forth, from a circular cavity, an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses, which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice, at short intervals, for five hours, sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time, but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity."

RECIPE FOR (PERHAPS) MAKING DIAMONDS.—It may be remembered by our readers that we lately suggested the possibility of making artificial diamonds, if a solvent of carbon could be discovered, which would lift and deposit it as alum is lifted or solved in water, and deposited in the crystalline form of alum baskets. Thereupon a correspondent suggested that, failing the obtaining of such a solvent, perhaps electricity could be brought to bear upon a carbonaceous solution, so as to cause the carbon to be deposited pure in a crystalline form. The subject seems to have excited some attention; and a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, thus deals with it:—

"Diamond, when fused by the heat in the open air, leaves a residue of pure carbon. Its attraction for solar light is so great that, after absorption, it is sure to give it off when placed in a dark room. Its extreme refrangibility shows it to have for its base an oily

substance. It is a bad conductor of electricity, like all such substances. Suppose we take a portion of pure carbon (which is a powerful conductor of electricity), produced by burning to sooty residue a quantity of vegetable oil, say oil of origanum, which is the most inflammable; then place it in a close air-tight vessel, constructed so as to admit a saturating supply of oxygen (which is a powerful conductor of electricity); then bring to bear on this intensely oxygenized piece of carbon a strong and constant electric current. While the latter produces volatilization and intense molecular aggregations, it is very possible that the union of oxygen with the carbon, under such conditions, would result in the re-construction of diamond substance, which would take a crystallized form under the influence of the current; while the oxygen would restore to the diamond base the quality which it had lost. The instrument should be exposed constantly in the light of the sun, which exercises such influence on crystallization; and as the harder the crystal the longer the time it takes to form, the process of the experiment would of necessity be extended over several or many years." So, it may be some little time ere we can report the result of such an experiment as this.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be that powdered alum possesses the property of purifying water. A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshhead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

CHURNING.

A TALENTED Frenchman once wrote a pamphlet upon the proper manner of blowing out a candle; and I suppose the reader will consider his book, and the heading of this article to be parallel cases, and exclaim, "Why, everybody knows how to churn!" But I think a careful examination will show that everybody does not know how to churn—or, rather, how to produce butter from cream—or we should have less growing from the "gudewife" because the butter would not "come."

All who have had any experience in the matter know the apparently perverse nature of butter; at times it will come (that is separate from the butter-milk) in a few minutes, and sometimes will not come at all. This and many other curious facts may be made clear by a little careful investigation in the matter, which, with thy permission, I propose to make. The butter exists in the cream in the form of minute globules, surrounded by a thin film of casein, and to obtain the butter we must first break the film. This may be done in two ways, either by agitating it or by heating it. There are several conditions which influence the time required for separating the butter by churning; and if these are thoroughly understood and complied with, there will be little or no trouble in getting butter to come.

The main and most important condition is the temperature of the cream when it enters the churn; there seems to be a certain medium established, and it seems to make but little difference whether the temperature of the cream is above or below it—where will still be the same trouble in breaking the casein which envelops the globules of butter. The cream, when poured into the churn, should not have a higher temperature than 55 deg., nor lower than 53 deg.; when put in this temperature, it will rise from 5 deg. to 10 deg. during the operation of churning. Another important condition which does much to influence the time required for separating the butter, is the state of the cream when it is put into the churn; if sweet, it will require much longer than if sour—and it is an established fact that before butter can be made the cream must be sour, and if it does not reach this state before it goes into the churn, it must and will afterward, or no butter will be obtained.

Some of those who always take the premium at our county fairs, always churn sweet cream to obtain F. and I have often had this thrown in my teeth when advocating the above doctrine, but that does not convert my argument, for before the butter separates it does get sour. A thermometer hanging in the room where the cream is kept will indicate the temperature of the cream at the time, and this may be either raised or lowered to about 54 degrees after it goes into the churn, by adding cold or hot water, as the case may require, while the churn is in motion.

The time occupied in churning has a great effect upon butter, and also upon the temperature of the cream in the churn; if the cream is at 55 degrees when put into the churn, very fast churning will raise it too high, and soft, light coloured butter will

be the result, especially in warm weather; in cold weather the motion should be faster, in order to keep up the proper temperature. I have known entire churnings to be thrown into the bog tub because one or two of these necessary conditions were not complied with. Even when the churn fails to separate the butter, we have one unfailing agent left in the form of heat, which never fails to burst the film of casein, but will not produce an article fit to be called butter—but it can be put to uses known to every good housekeeper. Some are in the practice of churning the whole milk; in this case it should have a temperature of at least 65 degrees before going to the churn.—*"Dairyman," in Germantown Telegraph.*

PRESERVING ARTICHOKE.—Artichokes may be preserved for a considerable time if cut with 6 or 8 inches of stalk attached, and this be stuck in damp sand in the root-cellar. Every three or four days a piece should be cut off the end of the stalk.

FACETIE.

GENERAL GRANT has turned troubadour, and is serenading Richmond. His favourite "air," they say, is: "Thou art so near, and yet so far!"

WHAT is that useful article of commerce which nobody wishes to produce, which, however, every body produces, and which is produced in large quantities?—*The Rag.*

TIT FOR TAT.—A dyer, in a court of justice, was ordered to hold up his hand, which was completely black. "Take off your gloves, friend?" said the judge. "Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

A NEW instrument has been invented, called the graphoscope, by which photographs of any size or description may be subjected to a powerful magnifying lens, and people may thus make the most of themselves.

FANNY FERN says:—"I am getting sick of people. I am falling in love with things. They hold their tongues and don't bother." Most people cordially reciprocate Fanny's sentiments—they are getting sick of her.

THE frock-coat and waistcoat of the County Court judge at Bristol were stolen from an anti-room the other day while his Honour, attired in his judicial robes, was in the court transacting business. His honour, after dismissing many an unlucky plaintiff, was at length non-suited himself.

A TRUE WOMAN.—The first thing asked for by Jane Power (the rescued nun), when she was safely housed with her friends in England, was a looking-glass, for since she was five years old she had never seen her own face, having been placed in the convent at that age!—*Diary of a Lady of Quality.*

DURING a theatrical engagement at Manchester, Kemble and Lewis were walking one day along the street, when a chimney-sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stared at them with open mouth, and exclaimed, "They be play-actors!" "Hold your tongue, you dog," said the old sweep, "you don't know what you may come to yourself."

MILTON HOUSE, in Barbican, is closed, and placarded with a singular announcement: "Removal of Heaven, the premises being required for the Metropolitan Railway." Heaven stands in this passage for the name of a tradesman, a dyer and cleaner of stuffs, whose new premises are a little further on.

A YOUNG gentleman visiting his intended, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and, wishing to insult him, enquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but can tell you that a donkey is older at twenty than a man is at sixty."

A "BIG INJUN" of Captain Andrew's company, Michigan Volunteers, got into Chicago a day or two ago; and, after wandering, found that he was lost. He hunted for directions awhile, then stopped, and scratching his head, exclaimed: "Waugh! Injun 'nt! No, no! Injun not lost. Wigwam lost—here!" A very consoling reflection.

A LEARNED POULTRY.—The following is a literal copy of a notice posted up in the grounds of a person residing within a couple of miles of Batley:—"Notice is hereby given that all persons found trespassing on this plantation will be prosecuted. Poultry will be shot. Poultry are therefore warned to keep away from too close proximity to this ground."

A CLOSE WITNESS.—During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings:—"Among the witnesses was one so verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the Government paused, and then putting on a look of severity and ominous shake of the head,

exclaimed: "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I have told, sir?" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who these persons are." "Well, I guess, you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them." The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury, and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh.

LATTERLY two or three carriages have been heard and seen about town with bells jingling, *a la Française*. One very well-appointed curricule attracts great attention. The driver is not a monocle. If the fashion grows, it will be a nuisance, and we shall want Mr. Bass to introduce one of his able bits of legislation to put a stop to it.

A MUSICAL genius in Dunkirk, France, is educating a collection of poultry in music. He has already taught a beautiful drake to sing like a canary, and is now at work reforming the "chucks, chucks" of a turkey into something of a sweeter sound.

"WHY is it," said one of our school mistresses to a young scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

THE NELSON LIONS.—Most certainly the long-expected royal animals are not travelling to Trafalgar Square by an express train; on the contrary, they seem to have been put into a remarkably "slow coach." On my asking, the other day, when they were likely to arrive, the reply was—"As soon as the lion on Northumberland House wags his tail to welcome them."

THE following is the latest milled experience of a first-rate *café* on the Boulevards "Garçon, I say, dit douc cet chocolat," holding up a dirty spoon which was given him with his coffee, on which chocolate was ingrained. The garçon takes it up and regards it attentively, and then indignantly replies, "Cet monsieur, that is not chocolate—that is virgidity."

A SAD accident occurred at a cricket match at East Ham Grounds, Southam, on Monday. One of the cricketers broke his leg whilst playing, and strange to say, the unfeeling spectators burst out laughing. The man was, however, carried off the field, and it was found necessary to amputate the leg. Fortunately, however, a new one was obtained; it was of wood, like the amputated limb—the players on one side being old one-leggers.

THE Richmond critics take a different view of the Alabama and Kearsarge affair from the New Yorkers, which is not singular. The latter want Semmes delivered up; the former declare that Winslow is a renegade, as he was born in North Carolina, and his conduct in disguising the chain armour by nailed planks was disgraceful. They want him delivered up. How are these fire-eaters to be satisfied? We wish they would not come into the British Channel to disturb the peace, and render Britons bumpions by the smell of gunpowder.

AN unsophisticated young lass from one of the rural districts, who had never before been from home, nor witnessed the ostentation of her relatives in this place, a short time ago, and on her return home, was, very naturally, interrogated by her younger sister as to how she liked Edensburgh. "Oh, my!" exclaimed the girl with disgust, "don't like it at all; everybody's so proud up there. The people live in big white houses, the men wear their 'Sunday clothes' every day, and the girls are so lazy they carry their hair in bags."

A STRIKE of tea or twelve hundred factory women took place recently at Bordeaux. They assembled in the courtyard, and yelled and screamed fearfully, upon which the proprietor ordered out two fire-engines, and played the hose on them. They bore it unflinchingly for half-an-hour—such is the patience of woman! But water is more patient, and at last they were compelled to leave dripping wet, amidst the joking of a vast multitude. And so the matter ended.

A DOLLAR NOT A DOLLAR.—In Springfield, Illinois, the other day, a merchant was trying to sell a pair of boots to a labouring man. He asked the man 5 dollars for the boots, which the would-be purchaser declared too much, saying he had bought the same kind heretofore for 3 dollars. The merchant declared that the boots before them were the cheapest boots he had ever sold. The man could not see it. At last the merchant said, "When you bought those boots you speak of for 3 dollars, gold and silver were the currency of the country, were they not?" "Yes," said the man, but treasury notes are now the currency, and are legal tender, and a dollar is a dollar, you know." "Well," said the merchant, "do you give me two and a half in coin, and take the boots." "I'll

do it," said the man, and he pulled out an old leather purse with a little coin in it, and took out a yellow boy. Before delivering it, however, he inquired the price of gold. "Two hundred and seventy" said the merchant. The purchaser then went to work to see how much 2 dollars 50c. in gold would amount to at 270 in greenbacks, and, having ascertained the result, he handed over a 5 dollar greenback, took the boots, and went off muttering that a dollar wasn't a dollar. Practical illustrations of this kind bring the state of affairs home to a man. "Things is workin'."

A PARISIAN MYSTERY.

Amid the organized uproar of Imperial Paris, during the recent *fêtes*, a mot was suddenly uttered by half-a-dozen gamins, of which no one could give any satisfactory explanation. From mid-day to sunset, and from sunset till far into the night, the ears were stunned with a name, shouted by thousands of voices—that name was "Lambert."

But in what "Lambert" originated,—by whom or for what purpose it was set flying through the streets of Paris,—how it made its way to Enghien, where the Princess Mathilde resides, and to St. Cloud, where the court is,—why it was repeated during the day, and during the night, and heard even in the playhouses opened by the generosity of the Emperor to the people,—and above all, what was meant by it is more than any one can tell.

One of the versions is that an honest farmer, whose dress and appearance at once showed him to be from some distant province, paid a visit to Paris in company with his wife a week or two ago. It was the first time they had ever seen the capital; and they acted as people generally do in like circumstances—that is, they lost their way, and got separated from each other in a crowd. The poor woman, frightened out of her wits, went about asking everybody she met if they had seen Lambert (her husband's name).

This may or may not be the truth—it is not improbable; but the fact is that, for a day or two before the 15th, you heard the inquiry, "As tu vu Lambert?" at street corners, as if persons were even then trying to make it popular, or rehearsing it for Monday.

Whatever the explanation or whatever the cause, it is certain that the persistence of thousands of men and boys, seemingly acting in concert, and shouting out the whole day and night, "As tu vu Lambert?" "Voilà Lambert!" "Vive Lambert!" "Où est Lambert?" was much remarked.

The emperor, empress, and, I believe, the Prince Imperial returned to St. Cloud, after witnessing the fireworks, and as their carriage drove along the Champs Elysées, again the cry was raised—"Vive Lambert!" "Vive Madame Lambert!" "Vive le petit Lambert!"

Soon after an unhappy person, tall in stature, dressed in white, and evidently a stranger, afforded much diversion to the gamins, who followed with the same toriuring cry of "Voilà Lambert!"

The circumstance is said to have attracted the attention of the police, who are exercising their ingenuity to discover whether "Lambert" means anything in particular; if so, what it does mean, and who first set it about among the populace. It is still a mystery, but the solution may soon be found at the Prefecture of Police.

The warm season has brought a very large supply of strange fish to our coast, and, it is said, innumerable sharks of a small description, which are, nevertheless, big enough to eat a bit of any one but a Banting. One was caught at Peterhead nearly eight feet long, and another at Scarborough about five feet long. The former, from the number of rows of teeth it exhibited, must be three years old. Bathers at Brighton, keep your eyes open, and don't be too tempting—especially the ladies.

A WELL-KNOWN magistrate of Surrey was recently sipping Maraschino in his library, when an Irish lad arrived with a letter on important business, which required an immediate answer. The Surrey squire good-naturedly poured out a glass of Maraschino for the lad, and set about writing a reply. Having finished and sealed his letter, he looked up amazed to see that the bottle, which had been more than half full, had been emptied. Turning to the boy, he exclaimed: "How dare you empty that bottle, you little devil?" and, with a sigh at the expenditure, "it cost me sixteen shillings." "Worth every penny out, your honour," was the reply of the simple lad.

THE Duke of B— was travelling by rail a few weeks since, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when at an intervening station another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out pretty lustily, "Guard, guard, let me out!" The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say—"Is

rather an awkward thing travelling with only one man now-a-days." The duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it; he fairly might, and replied good naturedly, "Well, if you are afraid of me I am not afraid of you." By-and-by, as the stranger's nervousness wore off and they conversed in an amicable way, he discovered the rank of the at first dreaded companion, offering very ample apology for his awkward manner of opening the conversation.

NAUTICAL CONJURING.—To keep a *Sailor's Log-Book* properly, is considered to be the Art of *Ledger-de-Main*.—*Punch*.

A GEOGRAPHICAL BAD 'UN.—In what respect does the land on the banks of the Wye differ from that at Land's End, Cornwall? Is this, viz., that the one is on a *Wye-stream*, and the other on an *Ex-treme*.—*Punch*.

FRANCE.—The Imperial Government of France is about to make some alterations in the laws regulating the well-known game of *vingt-et-un*. Henceforth, to be consistent with a recent decision, it shall be the object of the players to obtain thirteen, but the game shall still retain its old name of *vingt-et-un*.—*Punch*.

RECIPROCAL CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—X. Y. Z. acknowledges the receipt of £200 from the Chancellor of the Exchequer for legacy duty, which had been paid twice over to the Inland Revenue Office. —*Punch*.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

Little Innocent: "Oh, please sir, don't! I ain't done nothing, and ain't had none of the money!"

Policeman Gladstone: "Don't talk to me, sir. Your great grandfather didn't pay his legacy duty, and what can you expect?" —*Fan*.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—Representations have been made to the Admiralty to induce "my lords" to appoint a Chaplain-General of the Navy. Why not make him a bishop at once? because there will be no difficulty in providing him with a sea. —*Fan*.

A CRACK SHOT.—The French are reported to have got a novel kind of rifle gun, which goes by the extraordinary name of the "barometer-rifle gun." The meaning of the title is not explained, but we should think that it might be used this dry season in "bringing down" the rain. —*Fan*.

A GRAVE IMPOSITION.—The Yankees have struck out a new line in taxation—five per cent. on all tombstones and headstones. This is what you may call making a dead certainty of raising money for the war, but it is rather tomb-much of a good thing to make a man pay for the privilege of being buried, unless it is done on principle in accordance with the old saw that no man is recognized as a profit until after his death. —*Fan*.

MEDALLING MONARCHS.—The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia are so delighted with the glorious deeds of their armies in Schleswig-Holstein that they have determined to issue a medal for bravery—the medal to be cast from the guns taken from the Danes. So you see, after all, they are obliged to go to the enemy for *mettle*; but though the Danish guns supply the reward of bravery, the bravery will exist entirely in their own reports. —*Fan*.

HORRIBLE INSTANCE OF JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—The day before yesterday Mrs. Smith was thrown into a state of considerable alarm by anxiety for the safety of her daughter, Miss Matilda Jane Smith, who was reported by her brother, Master John Smith, to be placed in a position of some danger. "Mamma," said that young gentleman, running into the parlour, "Tilda's down in the kitchen, and there's a great monkey got hold of her." Mrs. Smith at once rushed to her daughter's assistance, but appearances not bearing out Master Smith's statement, he was called on for an explanation. He stated that he had distinctly observed an ape run (apron) round his sister's waist. Nothing further is known. —*Fan*.

THE NEW FACTORY ACT: VENTILATION BY LAW.—The New Factory Act has just been printed. Factories are to be ventilated under penalties, and no child under eleven years of age is to be employed. Meals are not to be taken in certain places, including a factory for the manufacture of lucifer matches.

AN IMPERIAL LOOKING-GLASS.—A letter from the city of Mexico states that a number of ladies in that city recently subscribed in order to present a toilet-table to the Empress Charlotte. The work is now terminated, and was executed by six artists of the Mexican capital. The mirror, which is five feet high, is encircled with a garland and bouquets of silver, chased in relief with much taste. The glass is surmounted with the imperial crown, supported by two

griffins, beneath which are two escutcheons bearing heraldic designs; festoons of rose and vine leaves also hang from the hands of two cupids. On each side of the mirror is a vase, from which spring roses and tulips of a natural size, each of which is made to hold flags containing perfumes and articles for the toilette. The table is encircled with polished silver and crimson velvet, and is supported by cupids, who appear to bear the toilette. Winged butterflies are placed at intervals on the garland around the mirror.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

When skies are growing warm and bright,

And in the woodland bowers

The Spring-time in her pale, faint robes

Is calling up the flowers;

When all with naked little feet

The children in the morn

Go forth, and in the furrows drop

The seeds of yellow corn;

What a beautiful embodiment

Of ease devoid of pride

Is the good old-fashioned homestead,

With doors set open wide!

But when the happiest time is come

That to the year belongs,

When all the vales are filled with gold,

And all the air with songs;

When fields of yet unripened grain,

And yet ungarnered stores

Remind the thrifty husbandman

Of ampler threshing-floors,

How pleasant, from the din and dust

Of the thoroughfare aloo,

Stands the old-fashioned homestead,

With steep and mossy roof!

And when the winds moan wildly,

When the woods are bare and brown,

And when the swallow's clay-built nest

From the rafters crumbles down;

When all the untrod garden-paths

Are heaped with frozen leaves,

And icicles, like silver spikes,

Are set along the eaves;

Then when the book from the shelf is brought,

And the fire-lights shine and play,

In the good old-fashioned homestead,

Is the farmer's holiday!

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,

Or whether the dead leaves fall,

And whether the air be full of songs,

Or never a song at all,

And whether the vines of the strawberries

Or frosts through the grasses run,

And whether it rain or whether it shine

Is all to me as one.

For bright as brightest sunshine

The light of memory streams

Round the old-fashioned homestead,

Where I dreamed my dream of dreams!

A. C.

GEMS.

WILLING TO BE LITTLE.—A great man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts, learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrises and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.

STATISTICS.

OUR MINERAL WEALTH.—By the courtesy of our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., the keeper of the mining records at the Royal School of Mines, we have been favoured with the statistics of our mineral production for 1863. The value of the minerals produced was 29,151,976*l.*, from which metals of the value of 36,364,327*l.* were extracted. Of gold quartz we produced 385 tons, worth 1,500*l.*; of tin ore, 15,157 tons, worth 963,984*l.*; of copper ore, 212,247 tons, worth 1,100,566*l.*; of lead ore, 91,283 tons, worth 1,193,590*l.*; of silver ore, 88 tons, worth 5,703*l.*; and of zinc ore, 12,941 tons, worth 29,968*l.* During the year in question there were sold 95,376 tons of pyrites, for 62,085*l.*; and the rare

minerals—wolfram, uranium, gossans, arsenic, and earthy minerals—raised were of the value of 1,980,866*l.* These items, with the value of 9,101,552 tons of iron ore, 3,240,890*l.*, and 86,292,215 tons of coal, 20,572,945*l.*, raises the total to 29,151,976*l.*, which was manufactured into nearly 40,000,000*l.* worth of merchantable produce. To produce these results direct employment has been given to at least 500,000 men, so that our mineral industries may be considered as alone supporting a population of nearly 3,000,000, in addition to adding much to the general wealth of the kingdom, and especially to the wealth of those whose capital has been employed in mining operations.

THE COST OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.—Our total loss up to the 31st of March, 1856, of killed, dead of wounds and disease, and discharged, was 22,467 men. The Russian loss was upwards of 500,000. The cost in money, as estimated by Sir George Lewis, was 55,000,000*l.* We increased the funded and unfunded debt by 33,604,263*l.*, and we raised by increased taxation above 17,000,000*l.* The navy was greatly augmented, having been raised from a force of 212 to a force of 590 effective ships of war. The organisation of the army and navy was greatly improved; and in 1856 we stood in a better position as regards offensive and defensive operations than we had done at any previous period since the peace of 1815.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is said that the Duke of Sutherland has offered his residence to his Royal Highness Prince Humbert when he visits London.

A MODEL SULTAN.—The present Sultan, it is said, is the husband of but one wife, never smokes, and drinks no wine.

A FARMER, named Rolfe, whom, when a child, Sir Joshua Reynolds took as the model of "The Infant Hercules," is still living at Beaconsfield.

We shall soon have a niece of Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace. She is a professional singer of some merit. There is no doubt that she will receive a wonderful ovation. She will afterwards make a provincial tour.

The Powers which, besides France, have as yet recognized the Empire of Mexico, and whose Ministers reside in the capital of that country, are Austria, Bavaria, Prussia, Russia, Belgium, and Holland.

The rumour now is that November is the month when the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Paris, and it is thought they will meet with the grandest reception yet given to royalty by the Emperor.

A LOVER JILTED AT THE ALTAR.

ONE of the most singular illustrations of the well-known aphorism, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," occurred, we are informed, in Antrim, a few days ago.

It would appear that, at an early hour in the morning, a dashing suite of three carriages, with the customary hymeneal embellishments, were furnished by a well-known local posting establishment, to convey an apparently happy bride and bridegroom and a joyous wedding party to the historic town of Antrim, where the ceremony was arranged to take place.

The party are said to have been in the highest spirits on the way, and, arrived in Antrim, at once proceeded to the sacred edifice in which the twain were to be made one.

The officiating clergyman was in readiness, the bride and bridegroom took their places, and the pretty bridesmaids, with a pardonable flutter of expectation, arranged themselves in their allotted positions, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the clergyman, in the course of the service, asked if any present knew any just cause or impediment why the aspirants for matrimony before him should not be joined in that holy estate.

The query was instantly responded to by a young gentleman in the body of the church, who protested that he had just reason to forbid the bans, and, amid excitement, which can be better imagined than described, he requested permission to put a question to the bride. This was accorded to him, and in a manly voice he asked her if she had not, some two years since, pledged her troth to him?

The fair *fiancée* hung her head and answered "Yes!" and while her intended husband, in concert with the entire assemblage, gazed in utter bewilderment on the scene, the fickle fair one put a climax to the proceedings by adding, "And I will keep my word!"

Instantly seizing her former lover by the arm, she swept with him in majesty from the church, and, entering one of the carriages which had driven the party to the sacred edifice, drove off at locomotive speed, with her recovered swain, to the residence of her mother, leaving the poor fellow in the church to ruminate over the inconstancy of fickle woman.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAK M.—Your apprenticeship is ended by the bankruptcy of your master. Handwriting very good.

ANNE COLA.—The colour of the hair is brown (which will soon be grey).

HAZEL EYES.—We have already expressed our opinion that the term hazel may probably be derived from the Spanish *azul*; and would consequently mean blue, after all.

S. J. G.—Impregnate the article which you wish to dye black with the acetate of iron mordant, and then boil in a decoction of madder and logwood.

H. E. TYDEMAN.—We cannot comply with your request. You will probably obtain full information on the subject by personal or written application to the Office of Patents, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

E. P. D. K.—The practice of placing newspapers in the seats in church is not exclusively American; it is quite common in Scotland, where the congregation pursue them until the service begins.

JEANETTE.—There is no better way of attaining your object than to apply to a scholastic agency, and enter your name on the books as desiring an engagement as governess. Handwriting is really excellent.

STELLA.—A widow lady, thirty-seven, well connected, and genteel-looking, would be happy to re-enter the estate of matrimony with a middle-aged gentleman, who is kind and affectionate in disposition.

HIATWA.—No, the gloves should not be removed during a formal visit; and the hat should be held in your hand unless requested to put it down, when you may place it beside you.

H. P.—Yes, arson was formerly punished capitally. Indeed—and we shudder almost even now to state it—so recently as 1831, a boy, nine years of age, was hung at Chelmsford for setting fire to some property at Witham, in Essex.

R. N. G.—The lines entitled "A Tear" and "Faded Hopes" are very evidently only first attempts, and do not nearly reach our standard. Though we are, therefore, constrained to decline them, we must say, nevertheless, that they exhibit some germs of promise.

GERTRUDE.—You can procure all or any back numbers of THE LONDON READER at the office, or by enclosing stamps to the publisher. We are surprised that the newsvendors to whom you applied did not obtain for you the required numbers.

M. M.—We can fully sympathize in the parental feeling of bereavement which dictated and is so evident in the lines entitled "On my dear Child;" but poetical rules must be adhered to; and, as the stanzas are not in accordance with them, we are compelled to decline the insertion.

HARRY CLIFTON. who is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, considered tolerably good-looking, and having at present an income of £150 a year, is very desirous of meeting with a young lady, about his own age, with a view to matrimony.

J. M. N.—You need not be under apprehension as to any effect injurious to health resulting from a free and generous use of ripe fruits. Ripe and good fruit is, on the contrary, conducive to health, which is sensibly benefited by their grateful and renovating juices.

A. Z.—An I O U, if it expresses merely the amount due and specifies no date for payment, is a legal document without a stamp; if it fix a date for payment, it becomes of the nature of a promissory note, and must be stamped to have legal force.

FORUNATU.—There is no express Act of Parliament under which finders of "treasure trove" are compelled to surrender it to the Crown. The Crown has a prescriptive right to its acquisition at common law. You should communicate with the solicitor to the Lords of the Treasury.

J. J.—Paradoxical as it may appear, few fish are found at sea; for, with the exception of the dolphin and flying-fish, and perhaps a very few others, fish are not found on the high seas at a great distance from land. They abound most along coasts, in straits and bays, and are seldom caught in water more than forty or fifty fathoms deep.

S. W. C.—The scarlet runner is not an annual but a perennial plant; that is to say, it does not perish at the root, which is tuberous; but, if taken up at the end of the year, and preserved in the same way as the dahlias, will, if planted out in April, produce a second and abundant crop. Preserve yours, and prove the fact.

F. G.—The preference given in this country to gloves of French make is not a prejudice, as you state, somewhat too hastily. The preference is really deserved; for not only is the kid finer and better dressed of which French gloves are made, but the manufacturers take care to employ persons who possess a correct knowledge of the shape of the hand.

POUS MOZO.—Candidates for clerkships in the customs (not in the solicitor's office) must pass an examination before the Civil Service Commissioners, in handwriting and orthography, arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions, English history and composition, and geography. The limits of age are from 17 to 25; and any candidate presenting himself within one month after attaining the prescribed age will be eligible for examination. You could not obtain an appointment on the recommendation of any number of

M.P.s; only candidates who have passed a successful examination being nominated. Your handwriting would doubtless obtain the necessary number of marks.

JOANNA.—There is certainly no "harm" in playing at cards, if the game is merely for amusement and to please the mind. The evil is, that money is almost always at stake, and thus the game, in itself quite harmless, is abused. For the farther satisfaction of your scruples, we may add that our opinion on the subject was also that of Jeremy Taylor.

P. C. O.—The limits of age of candidates for clerkships in the solicitor's office of the General Post-Office are from 15 to 25. You will have to pass an examination by the Civil Service Commissioners, in writing from dictation, arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions, English composition, the general principles of equity and common law, and conveyancing.

NELLY.—Certainly for a married lady, even though of your own age, a richer style of personal ornament and dress is admissible and customary than is permitted to unmarried young ladies, like yourself. For the wife in case is allowable as much costly elegance in dress as her husband's means can afford her; but for the wife only in posse, merely a style of modest simplicity.

SNOWDROP's pretensions to be considered good-looking must certainly be admitted; and, if it will in any way add to her gratification, we are inclined to make the same admission as regards "Wallace;" though it would be as well, we think, did "Snowdrop" intimate to the gentleman that masculine "beauty" is a poor pedestal on which to erect masculine pride, and remind him that "handsome is that handsome does."

C. HESTLEY.—The little lyric is so airy and graceful that we insert it willingly:

TO THE ZEPHYR.

Zephyr, whither art thou straying?

Tell me where?

With laughing girls in gardens playing,

False as fair!

A butterfly's light back bestriding,

Queen bees to honeysuckles guiding;

Or on a swinging harebell riding,

Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble,

High in air;

At noon with Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,

And loose their hair;

Now on tumbling billows rolling,

Or on the smooth sands idly strolling;

Or in cool grottoes listless loitering,

You sport there!

To chase the moonbeams up the mountains

You prepare;

Or d once with elves on brink of fountains,

Mirth to share!

Now with love-lorn lilies weeping,

Now with blushing rosebuds sleeping;

While fays from forth their chambers peeping,

Ory—Oh, rare!

S. R. P.—We believe there was a plan proposed in the time of George III. for making paper from silk rags. The Society of Arts supported the scheme by offering premiums for the best manufactured specimens, and very good white-ash colour and white were made; in making brown paper black silk rags were used. The idea was revived a short time ago; but we are not aware with what, if any, practical result.

W. F. H.—You are in error. Englishmen were formerly quite as much bearded as they are at present; indeed, more so. Curiously enough, too, the practice of shaving came from France; one of the French kings being juvenile and beardless, his courtiers, not to put him out of countenance, denuded themselves of all hirate facial adornments; the fashion was thus set to the nation, and travelled from the French court and people to other countries.

A. M. O.—Hydrophobia is curable, and a mad dog has not a horror of water (as the term implies). The animal in this rabid state has a great inclination for water but is utterly unable to drink any; and a person bitten by a mad dog may be cured, and escape all danger, by resorting to either local or general bathing in cold or warm water. A vapour bath, however, is perhaps the most efficacious as a curative agent, by extracting the virus through the pores of the skin.

D'A. D'A.—There is not any fixed subjects of examination in the case of candidates for superior clerkships under the Poor Law Board; the Civil Service Examiners confining themselves to ascertaining that the candidates have received a liberal education, and are personally intelligent, they being very much guided by the nature of the candidates' previous studies. The limits of age are from 18 to 25.

I. J.—Supposing that your question does not refer to the "muff" carried by ladies, but to that other "muff," which has been often defined as something that holds a lady's hand without kissing it, we may inform you that the term comes from the Dutch *mof* (to which the word *moon* is generally added, making its meaning pretty evident); the epithet being applied by the Dutch to all foreigners, and Germans especially, whom they consider as, comparatively, very unclean and verdant persons indeed.

H. R.—As your object is simply to dye the hair, without tinging the skin, probably the following will be the best dye to use.—Take equal parts of litharge and lime, mix well, and make into a paste with water for black, with milk for brown;—then, having well cleansed the hair from grease with a solution of soda, lay on the paste rather thickly when going to bed, and place an oil skin covering on the head. In the morning brush out the paste carefully, and oil the hair. Repeat the operation as often as may be necessary.

POOR EMILY.—We are sorry that you have not stated more clearly under what conditions and in what terms the legacy was bequeathed to you. When a legacy is given by a parent to a child, though the legacy be payable at a future day, the legatee has an immediate right to the interest of the money; not so, however, if the child were a stranger in blood to the testator. If a legacy is given for a particular purpose, and it is found that the purpose cannot be effected, still the legacy vests in the legatee. If an executor withhold payment of a legacy, a suit in equity may be brought

against him, if it is personal property that has been bequeathed; and legacies of this description under £50 may be recovered in the county court.

J. W. Wigan.—By the common law of England the eldest son is heir to his father, and whether the latter die intestate or not, cannot be deprived of his legal right to inherit. You father dying intestate, and possessed of personal property, and your mother having administered to it, she is entitled to one-third portion only, the two children of the deceased being lawfully entitled to the rest. Your mother must certainly not legally "take all, and turn you and your brother adrift."

H. C. J.—Impressions from prints can be obtained by soaking the print first in a solution of potash, and afterwards in a solution of tartaric acid. This produces diffused crystals of bi-tartrate of potash through the texture of the printed part of the paper, a salt which repels oil in this state the ink-roller may be passed over the print, without affecting any portion of the surface, except the parts in which ink was originally applied. The ink of the print prevents the saline matter from penetrating, and wherever there is no saline matter present the fresh ink adheres.

P. K.—The great point which you should set before you on going into society is to carefully avoid all extravagance in manner, dress, and language. In deportment be not over-loud, nor run into the opposite extreme of a blunt rudeness; and in conversation, if you

Learn to speak slow, all other graces

Are sure to follow in their proper places.

C. C. B.—Cemetery burial is not, as you seem to imagine, a quite modern innovation; it is, in fact, a return to the custom of 1,200 years ago, though for a very different reason. Our forefathers originally forbade interments to be made in towns, and only allowed them in fields; but after the introduction of Christianity, interments were permitted in towns. In those times people practised churchyard interment and mural burial through fear and a superstitious dread; but we have made the change on a very proper consideration of the public health.

THEOPHIL.—The popular idea that a man may legally sell his wife in the market-place (as in the recent case of the provinces, to which you allude) is a barbarous relic of barbarous old times, when wives were not uncommonly really bought and sold, even in the better orders of society. A brutal profligate who takes his wife to market with a halter round her neck, to dispose of her, even with her own consent, commits an outrage on decency, which is directly punishable by law as a mis demeanour, by imprisonment, with hard labour.

R. and R.—The Princess Alexandra of Wales descends from George II., not through his grand-daughter Caroline Matilda of England, who was married to Christian VII. of Denmark, but through his daughter the Princess Louisa, who was married to Frederick V. of Denmark. Their daughter Louisa became the wife of the Landgrave Charles of Hesse Cassel, whose daughter Louisa married the Duke of Glücksburg, whose son Christian is the father of the Princess Alexandra. Therefore, in addressing the princess as "Sea-kings' daughter, from over the sea," the poet laureate, Tennyson, employed a poetical licence.

NETTIE R.—The custom of throwing an old shoe after a departing newly-married persons is generally supposed to, in some way, propitiate success in life for the wedded pair. It is very possible, however, that the custom in its origin had another meaning. We read in the Scriptures that the giving of a shoe was either a symbol of asserting or accepting dominion or ownership, or the rejecting or resigning it; which renders it probable that the throwing of an old shoe after a bride was originally a symbol of renunciation of authority over her by her father or guardian, and of its transference to the bridegroom.

LUCK W.—We cannot object to your long note that it is lengthy and not sufficiently explicit, for you have stated the respective cases of yourself and friend very clearly; and yet there is considerable doubt attaching to the matter. We doubt whether either of you acted with proper reliance at the beginning of the acquaintance—whether you took sufficient means to satisfy yourself and your friend as to the gentleman's "respectability;" and whether, after all, you have not mistaken overtures of friendship for evidences of love. This last is a mistake easily and frequently committed; and before taking any further step, we advise you to make certain that it has not been so in your case.

OBLED. not having hitherto had facilities for mixing in ladies' society, requests us to introduce him to our lady readers as a Coletts in search of a wife. He is twenty-five years of age, 5 ft. 11½ in. in height, rather dark complexion; holds a good position in a mercantile house in Manchester, and from the interest of invested property and his many combined, possesses a good income. He desires that his wife (on whom he would make a marriage settlement) should be a lady from eighteen to twenty years of age, who has had a good domestic education, is able to take the management of a house as it should be, and would, in return for the love of a husband, make him a happy home.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Idaho" intimates, for the further information and satisfaction of "Solitary Walter," that she (like himself) is not blessed with too much of this world's goods—"Harold" is willing to exchange *correspondence* with "Cedar Leaf;"—"J. W." is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with "Louisa." Is twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 6½ in. in height, with dark brown hair and blue eyes, and of a quiet disposition.

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